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ABSTRACT

This volume of a 1991 conference proceedings contains the conference's addresses and awards, a listing of the panels and workshops, and abstracts of those papers which were withdrawn from the proceedings to be published elsewhere. Among the papers in this document are: "Reading and Literacy: a Lifetime Work" (N. Bagnall); "The Image of the Child in the Picture Books of Ezra Jack Keats" (W. Nikola-Lisa); "Contemporary Childhood: Terror, Containment, Community" (A. Moss); "Literacy and Empowerment" (L. Pope); "Secret Garden II: 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' as Palimpsest" (J. A. Plotz); "Two Images of the Victorian Child: Stevenson's and Rossetti's Differing Views" (C. C. Amelinckx); "Kate Douglas Wiggin's Portraits of the Artist as a Girl" (P. Bixler); "The Illustrated Postmodern" (G. R. Bodmer); "Images of Hawaii for Children: Cultural Deprivileging and Reprivileging" (S. Canham); "The Blue Tortoise Tattoo: The Quixotic Reader in 'Jacob Have I Loved'" (J. D. Chaston); "The Image of the Child in Lindgren's 'Pippi Longstocking'" (S. Erol); "'We Dance to the Music of Our Own Time': Reflected Images of Granddaughters and Grandmothers" (S. W. Gravitt); "'Every Mother's Dream': Cynthia Voight's Orphans" (B. Greenway); "Faulkner's 'The Wishing Tree' as Children's Literature" (N. D. Hargrove); "The Child Is Mother of the Woman: 'Heidi' Revisited" (L. Hendrickson); "The Image of the Child as Artist and Aesthete" (M. H. Holden); "The Suffering Child's Plea for Peace in Japanese Picture Books" (A. M. Hotta); "Images of Contemporary Japanese Children by Japanese-American Immigrants" (K. N. Hoyle); "The Legacy of Peter and Wendy: Images of Lost Innocence and Social Consequences in 'Harriet the Spy'" (J. G. John); "The Image of the Child in Chinese Folktales" (J. V. Lechner); "Pippi Longstocking: Images of an Iconoclast" (Y. Lindholm-Romantschuk); "The Image of the Curious Child" (G. D. Little); "The Spy and the Poet: Young Girls as Writers in 'Harriet the Spy' and 'Anastasia Krupnik'" (J. Q. McMullen); "The Image of the Child in Picture Books: Adult/Child Perspectives" (J. Nist); "Reflected Images: The Child in Modern Children's Literature" (R. Pauly); "The Baroque Child" (J. Perrot); "Playing Oz: The Bridge from Page to Stage" (P. A. Rooks); "The Image of Children as Daydreamers in Marie-Louise Gay's Picture Books" (C. H. Sibley); "Notes from a Dark Side of the Nursery: Negative Images in Alphabet Books" (M. A. Taylor); "A Nostalgic Image of Childhood: Nancy Ruth Patterson's 'The Christmas Cup'" (M. Usrey); "In the Image of Young America: Girls of the New Republic" (L. M. Vallone); "Images of the Child in French Literature" (F. Van de Poel-Knottnerus); "The Fable Child's Image in Words and Pictures" (W. Van Goor); and "Hansel and Gretel as Abandoned Children: Timeless Images for a Postmodern Age" (V. A. Walter). Abstracts are presented of papers by A. Allison, L. R. Kuznets, R. McGillis, and E.-M. Metcalf. (NKA)

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The Image of the Child

Proceedings of the 1991 International Conference of The Children's Literature Association

University of Southern Mississippi
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

30 May - 2 June 1991

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Editor
Sylvia Patterson Iskander
University of Southwestern Louisiana

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Editor
Sylvia Patterson Iskander
University of Southwestern Louisiana

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Introduction

The Proceedings of the Eighteenth Annual International Conference of The Children's Literature Association contains the addresses and awards presented at the conference held at the University of Southern Mississippi, May 30 to June 2, 1991, together with, for the first time, all the papers presented, plus a listing of the panels and workshops presented and abstracts of those papers which were withdrawn from the Proceedings in order to be published elsewhere. Although it has always been the policy of The Children's Literature Association to allow papers printed in the Proceedings to be published elsewhere, some journals are now refusing acceptance if a paper has appeared anywhere else.

Participants are solely responsible for the content of their papers.

The success of the conference was largely due to the efforts of the Local Arrangements Committee: Dee Jones, Curator of the de Grummond Collection (chair), Anne Lundin, and Terry Latour; the Paper Selection Committee, Sylvia Patterson Iskander (chair), Anne Lundin, and Nancy Verhoek; and to the support of the conference by the de Grummond Collection, the University of Southern Mississippi, the Library of Hattiesburg, Petal and Forrest County, and the City of Hattiesburg.

I would also like to thank the outgoing president, Norma Bagnall, for answering many questions about procedure; the former editors, Sue Gannon and Ruth Anne Thompson, for their invaluable advice; and my colleagues: Willard Fox for repeatedly lending his time and expertise about MLA style as well as Word Perfect; Barbara Cicardo and Becky Patterson for transferring Mac manuscripts and scanning papers for conversion to Word Perfect; and Laureen Tedesco for proofreading and more proofreading.

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The Presidential Address
Reading and Literacy: A Lifetime Work

I came into the presidency two years ago very nervously, not knowing for sure if I could do the job. I had taken copious notes in board meetings the day before about the vice president's job, the office I expected to fill in 1989. It is not my wont to look too far into the future; I planned to learn how to be president at the 1990 board meetings.

That first year I would have floundered had it not been for an extraordinary executive board who were working hard to do their jobs and to help me look good as well. I kept a journal of tasks completed and find that I answered a surprising number of letters from people interested in some aspect of children's books. There is one I want to share with you because it expresses the importance children's books have on just about anyone. The writer wanted to find a book he remembered from the 1920s or early 1930s to share with his grandchild. I paraphrase his description.

It was a small picture book with black and white photographs of animals dressed up, mainly rabbits. It was about Mother and Father Bunn and their children; one was Algernon. He was a good child even though he used the expression "OK" all the time. The climax of the story came when the young rabbits, led by Algernon, rescued the Easter Bunny who had been tied up by some bad boys. The Easter Bunny rewarded the bunnies by letting them distribute Easter eggs. They took off in a sort of dirigible captained by Algernon. One scene showed Mother and Father Bunn listening to an old-fashioned radio with a rounded top. The authors emphasized in the preface that none of the animals photographed had been forced to pose or had been mistreated in any way.

This is an amazing recounting of explicit details of a book the writer has not seen for over forty years. That is, it is amazing unless one realizes that books can have this effect on children. Those things we learn early, we remember long; memories of a book read in childhood can be remembered over a lifetime.[1] That is one of the reasons I tell the story here to emphasize something you in this audience know well; children's books can leave a lasting impression. Another reason is that in a crowd such as this one, someone may recognize the story and be able to give the writer a better answer than I could in December, which was, "I don't know."[2]

The Children's Literature Association was formed because of the importance children's literature professors and scholars placed on this body of literature. The discipline had been largely ignored by mainstream scholars and English departments.

It was, and in too many places still is, looked down upon, considered a punishment, or at least a developmental stage for some lowly professor to have to teach before he can advance to teaching "real" literature.[3]

The Association has changed, and continues to change, that attitude. Rebecca Lukens likened our problem in attracting new members to the problem a modern union has making converts now. Working conditions are so good that workers see no need to join a union. I'm not sure that we've made children's literature so accepted in academe that we don't want to join an organization that promotes critical attention to it, but Lukens' point is valid. Students studying for the Ph.D. in English are encouraged to have at least one other specialization in order to make themselves "more marketable" once they have finished their course work and are in the job market.

I didn't do that. In my Ph.D. program, I talked with each professor before signing up for a course. If he would not let me write my major paper on some aspect of children's literature that suited the topic, I chose another course. The result was that I wrote papers on Alice in Wonderland, Little Women, and children's editions of Beowulf, among others. My attitude expressed an independence which may not have been overly wise--especially in the all-military and, until the year I matriculated, all-male Texas A&M University; however, I secured the job I wanted in a place I like to live.

Some of you know that I was an early "non-traditional" student. I began college at age thirty-nine when the youngest of our five children entered kindergarten, and I was enough of a traditionalist to arrange my courses so that they coincided with her class schedule, so she was with a sitter only occasionally. I can't recall that anyone expected me to succeed. My husband's Aunt Margaret told me that I should not hope to do as well as younger students. I signed up for a course in basic algebra, and my engineer husband pointed out to me something I already knew: the course did not earn college credit. "But, it's been twenty years since I studied algebra," I replied. "They're using language I've never heard of, like binominals." "Binomials," he corrected, but he saw my point.

I remember well the years prior to becoming college educated, embarrassed because people might find out that I hadn't been to college and might think that I was stupid. We were always part of a college-educated crowd, whether in church, in the neighborhood, or at parties, and I cringed when people asked where I had gone to school. Sometimes I got by with the response, "St. Louis," but all too often, they persisted with questions about Washington or St. Louis University, and I had to admit it was Fairview High School. Those memories are indelibly etched on my mind. Like the people Mike Rose teaches (in Lives on the Boundary), I know what it is to feel inadequate.

Becoming President of the Children's Literature Association was a major life goal, and it frightened me once I realized I had attained it. "Where do I go from here?" I wondered. Part of the journey will take me into communities, such as the one I grew up in, and to people similar to those I know. To make education work for all kinds of people seems like a lifetime work and certainly a worthy goal.

In St. Joseph, I review children's books for our local newspaper, direct the Writing Project, and teach children's literature. These occupations work together in many ways. Through the review column, I invite children to borrow books from my office shelves, new books not yet in their libraries. If they really like the book, the kids, ranging in age from seven to seventeen, return the book with a specific comment or two about it. Then I read the book. If the youngster and I agree that the book is worthy, I include the child's name, the school's name, and his or her specific comments about the book in the monthly review column. When youngsters return to my office, they pick up the books that they have responded to; they are theirs to keep. This method has proven to be a great incentive to reading and to responding to a book with specific comments. No book reports are wanted or required, just one or two good sentences.

This summer, in addition to conducting the invitational Institute, which is a part of the National Writing Project, we have initiated a Junior Writing Project for children, ages eight through twelve. I feared that the seminar wouldn't be popular, but all slots were filled within ten days of the public announcement, and we have children on a waiting list. Parents tell me repeatedly about how their child loves to write, a love which is not borne out by their public school experience. In addition to writing and publishing their own works, these children will be invited to read their choice of the new books in my office and become co-reviewers with me.

The Junior Writing Project will include children whose tuition is paid for by the Missouri Western State College Foundation because otherwise they would not be able to attend. It is important to us that children who want to write be encouraged to do so. The children we reach in this way are not only limited financially, but they are also often impoverished in the ways so many children in America are now. Dysfunctional families where a parent supports a crack habit and where neither Mama nor Papa has any visible source of income are not limited to large metropolitan areas. They exist in small midwest American towns; they are certainly in St. Joseph.

A grant proposal that I have just had funded will bring writers to St. Joseph, into our downtown library, the YWCA, and the literacy center. These writers are intended to be motivators and role models for our most disadvantaged citizens. To promote family reading, we will give each participating family a new children's book. We will follow up writers' appearances by using

Writing Project Teacher/Consultants to teach adults in community centers to tell, write, and publish their own stories.

Dorothy Strickland begins our program in September; you probably know her work with young children and literacy from her book, Emerging Literacy. Her approach to inventive spelling and her acceptance of pre-schoolers' own writing would have been good news to me when I was four. My sister had gone to school, and I lay on my stomach on the living room linoleum with paper and pencil. Mother was in the basement washing our clothes. I had seen handwriting and thought what I was doing was the same thing. I called to Mother and showed her what I had produced. I still remember the short and vulgar word she said, and I understood at once that I was not writing.

St. Joseph isn't the world or even a large part of it, but it is where I try to make a difference. You've told me that you are doing similar things in your communities, and that is heartening. We want to see all of our population able to use language well and able to think critically and creatively because words are important. Words can encourage us, or they can serve to stifle us. They can help us improve our world, help us see ourselves clearly; they also provide pleasure and enjoyment when used wisely.

If you remember Algernon Bunn, write and tell me what you know. I will contact the man who remembers him after all these years and enable him to share a memorable reading experience with his granddaughter. Serving as president of this organization was a wonderful experience, but I am happy to turn over the responsibilities to Jan Alberghene. She is capable, energetic, conscientious, caring, and kind. It is a good combination, and we are lucky to have her. I have been honored by you and thank you for the splendid experience of being president of this, my favorite, group.

Notes

[1] Participants at the Children's Literature Institute at Simmons College, 1977, were asked to tell the title of a favorite book that had been part of their childhood. Every participant had a title or two to suggest, and every one of the books mentioned was remembered by at least one other person there as well.

[2] Caroline Hunt told me, following the conference, that she believes the book about the Bunn family is part of a series because she remembers the characters but not the dirigible. She also suspects that there may be multiple authors/photographers, but my point is made; we remember our childhood books.

[3] Twenty years ago when the Children's Literature Association was in its gestation stage, a professor was almost always "he."

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East Meets West in Lafcadio Hearn

"Oh, East is East, and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
at God's great Judgment Seat . . ."
Kipling, "The Ballad of East and West"

I know Rudyard Kipling's poem by heart, and it must have been in my mind when I picked a title for this paper. But it was only much later that I realized how much the two men, Rudyard Kipling and Lafcadio Hearn, had in common. Both were alien westerners in eastern lands that they loved. Both lived most of their lives on the brink of blindness. And both saw the East so vividly with the inner eye that they made us see it. Both were exemplars of literary style at a high level. Both left that style as a legacy for children in some of the most dramatic stories ever told.

Like many children of my generation, I was brought up on The Jungle Books and the Just So Stories, but I knew nothing at all about the stories of Lafcadio Hearn or about their author until I was working as a children's librarian and storyteller in the Boys and Girls Room at Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh in the 1950s. Forty years later, I am still fascinated by him.

Who was Lafcadio Hearn? A new biography, Wandering Ghost: The Odyssey of Lafcadio Hearn by Jonathan Cott, received a full-length review in The New Yorker of April 22 (Leithauser), as one of half a dozen that have appeared over the years since his death in 1904, but none exhaust the possibilities for wonder; one feels there must be yet more to tell.

He was born in 1850 on the Greek island of Levkas. His parents were an illiterate woman of unstable temperament and an Anglo-Irish surgeon with the British Army. They named him Patrick Lafcadio Hearn, and the father sent the mother and child to live with grandparents in Dublin. It was an unhappy arrangement for all concerned--the father now posted to the Caribbean; the mother miserable in the northern climate, among strangers with strange ways; the grandparents put off by the alien practices of this passionate, intensely religious, dark-eyed woman. When her son was four years old, she returned to Greece, never to be seen again, and the marriage was annulled. He never got over the loss. At the age of forty-three, he wrote of her, "I have memory of a place and a magical time in which the Sun and the Moon were larger and brighter than now. Whether it was of this life or of some life before I cannot tell. . . . And all that country and time were softly ruled by One who thought only of ways to make me happy" (Leithauser 110). The early loss of his mother may explain in part why so much of his writing is haunted by ghosts, usually benign ones. He seems to have forgiven his mother's desertion, even though he felt, as he once wrote to a friend, "alone, and extremely alone" (Leithauser 110). But his sensitivity, the cause of much pain, was part of his genius.

The other part was his ability to write like an angel. This he must have learned through the demands and opportunities of school. A great-aunt, the only Catholic in the Hearn family, sent Lafcadio to Catholic schools in France and in England, as long as she could afford it, and his reward, as it so often is in such schools, was a command of the use of words, exact, polished--and often deeply moving. Wordsworth in "Resolution and Independence" called attention to this part of genius, the "Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach/Of ordinary men" (95-96). And we "ordinary men" resound like a bell when we are struck by the "choice word" of a master bell-ringer. Lafcadio Hearn was one of these. But one of the prices he paid for his schooling was the loss of sight in his left eye after a schoolyard accident. After that, his right eye began to fail as well.

When Lafcadio's great-aunt fell on hard times, he was sent off to the United States to find or make his fortune. It was not a cruelty. Many another young man--he was now nineteen--boys less educated and even younger than he, had found places for themselves and flourished in the New World. But Hearn was to have a hard time of it. He was self-conscious about his looks; he was only five feet tall, and his sunken left eye embarrassed him. His chosen profession of journalism was not an easy one to break into. From time to time, writes Jonathan Cott, in Wandering Ghost, Hearn "found himself destitute, homeless, and sleeping on the streets and alleyways . . . of Cincinnati and New Orleans" (Schwartz 13). But the editor of the Cincinnati Inquirer finally hired him on the strength of a review he had written of Tennyson's Idylls of the King, (a new book at that time,) and from then on he was constantly at work for newspapers, keeping a roof over his head and with a growing reputation.

But the odyssey of this "wandering ghost" was not over until he reached Japan. He arrived there in 1890, intending to write some articles, and immediately fell in love with what he called "the land of dreams." Japan was beginning to become commercialized, like the West, but it was the old Japan that he loved. He himself admitted that he knew "nothing, for example, about a boat, a house, a farm, an orchard, a watch, a garden. Nothing about what a man ought to do under any possible circumstances" (Schwartz 13). Yet he did know how to live in Japan. He married a Japanese lady, a member of the samurai class, hereditary warriors, raised a family of children, became a professor in the Imperial University of Japan, where he taught English literature, and editor of the Kobe Chronicle, an

English-language newspaper. He was bringing the West to the East. And during the remaining years of his life--he died in 1904--he wrote twelve books about Japan.

Hearn's wife, Setsu Koizumi, had a father who adopted Lafcadio for reasons to the advantage of his Japanese children. With adoption went a new Japanese name, Koizumi Yakumo, and a new Japanese citizenship to protect the children's interests in case of his death. Setsu gave him much more, a rich fund of Japanese folk tales. He transformed them, as Hans Christian Andersen had transformed his native tales--Hearn was a great admirer of Andersen--and they found an audience in both East and West.

I first crossed Hearn's path, as I have said, in the 1950s, when Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh had a radio, later TV program, "Let's Tell a Story." This had evolved from a Junior League of Pittsburgh radio program, "The Children's Bookshelf," and became eventually "Tell Me A Story," nationally distributed on public service stations. Throughout, the main emphasis was on folk tales from all nations of the world, and it was my happy task to choose them. I ran across a little book, early in the game, called How to Tell Stories to Children by Sara Cone Bryant. Some of you may remember it, a small volume, not very prepossessing, but full of gems. It was there that I found "The Burning of the Rice Fields" retold in simple language. I told it at first in Sara Cone Bryant's words, but I noticed that her source was Lafcadio Hearn's Gleanings in Buddha-Fields. Off I went one day, down into the bowels of the library, the stacks, and came up with Hearn's 1897 book with his subtitle, Studies of Hand and Soul in the Far East. I found the legend midway through his text, with no indication that he was thinking of children as his readers, yet with a voice that would reach into them and waken echoes. I tried to retell the tale so that Hearn's voice could be heard again. This is the scene as the story opens.

Ojiisan is a good and wise old man who lives high on a mountain above a seaside village. His little grandson Tada lives with him and gives him the obedience due to one so dear, so old and wise. In Hearn's words:

> One day when the air was very hot and still, Ojiisan stood on the balcony of his house and looked at his rice fields. The precious grain was ripe and ready for the harvest. Below he saw the fields of the villagers leading down to the valley like an enormous flight of golden steps.
>
> At the foot of the mountain he saw the village, ninety thatched houses and a temple, stretched along the curve of the bay. . . .
>
> "This is earthquake weather," said Ojiisan.
>
> (Hodges, The Wave 13, 15)

An earthquake comes, nothing unusual in that part of the world, but it is followed by something that Ojiisan has not seen in his lifetime. Here is Hearn's voice again:

> As the quaking ceased, Ojiisan's keen old eyes looked at the seashore. The water had darkened quite suddenly. It was drawing back from the village. The thin curve of the shore was growing wider and wider. The sea was running away from the land! . . . None of the village people seemed to know what it meant.
>
> But Ojiisan knew. In his lifetime it had never happened before. But he remembered things told him in his childhood by his father's father. He understood what the sea was going to do and he must warn the villagers.
>
> . . . There was no time to tell the temple priests to sound their big bell. There was no time to stand and [talk]. . . . (19, 21)

What Ojiisan does is to speak to his little grandson Tada, obedient Tada. "Quick! Light me a torch!" (21) Tada brings a burning stick from the hearth, and Ojiisan sets fire to his rice fields:

> all of his work for the past year, all of his food for the year to come.
>
> He thrust the torch in among the dry stacks and the fire blazed up. The rice burned like tinder. Sparks burst into flame and the flames raced through Ojiisan's fields, turning their gold to black, sending columns of smoke skyward in one enormous cloudy whirl. (22)

The villagers, one and all, come running up the mountain to put out the fire. "But the old man held out both arms to stop them. 'Let it burn!' he commanded. 'Let it be! . . . There is a great danger!'. . . All looked in sorrowful wonder at the face of the old man. And the sun went down" (28, 31).

Tada thinks that his grandfather has lost his mind and the men are angry, muttering, "He will destroy our fields next!" Then Ojiisan raised his hand and pointed to the sea, [saying,] "Look!" (32)

Now comes the climax of the story, Lafcadio Hearn at his most powerful:

> Through the twilight eastward all looked and saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long dim line like the shadow of a coast where no coast ever was. The line grew wider and darker. It moved toward them. That long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff and coming toward them more swiftly than the kite flies.
>
> "A tidal wave!" shrieked the people. And then all shrieks and all sounds and all power to hear sounds were ended by a shock heavier than any thunder, as the great wave struck the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills. (32, 35)

I have given you only a sample of the story as I retold it from Lafcadio Hearn's text under the title of The Wave. Houghton Mifflin accepted it, Blair Lent did some magnificent art work for the illustrations, and publication was set for 1964. Then, horrible to relate, another book appeared, The Burning Rice Fields, with Sara Cone Bryant's text. The pictures were bright, appealing. Would this upstart make The Wave redundant before it could hit the beach? I feared so. But I need not have worried. Lafcadio Hearn's poetic prose and Blair Lent's magical pictures carried the day. The Wave was a runner-up for the Caldecott Award of 1965.

Twenty years later, in September, 1985, my husband and I were finally able to make the thrilling crossing from our western world to the Far East. We had Lafcadio Hearn very much in mind. Fletcher is as much a Hearn fan as I am, and we planned to go by train from Tokyo to Matsue, where Hearn had lived and where we knew there was a museum in his honor.

There was a change of trains at Okayama, where a wonderful young man in an official uniform not only found the right track for us but took us there and carried the heaviest bag. He asked, "For what purpose are you going to Matsue?" And when I said, "Because of Lafcadio Hearn," he said at once, "Ah yes, the famous writer." "I like his writing very much," I told him. "The novels? The poems?" he asked. "The children's stories," I said. "Ah!" with a big smile. How often have any of us had such a conversation with a railroad official in our country?

Lafcadio Hearn went to Matsue by jinrickshaw. Our train to Matsue was clean, smooth, air-conditioned, for which we were grateful because the air was very hot and still. It was earthquake weather. We were getting into the mountains and saw everywhere rice fields leading down like enormous flights of golden steps. The precious grain was ripe and ready for harvest. In this somewhat remote part of Japan life had not changed entirely. Hearn would have recognized what he loved. I have brought slides to show you what we saw in Matsue.

In 1989, I retold The Voice of the Great Bell, which Hearn had translated from a French text that he found in New Orleans and included in a collection, Some Chinese Ghosts, first published in Boston in 1887. It begins:

> Hear the great bell! Ko-Ngai! Ko-Ngai! All the little dragons on the high-tilted eaves of the green roofs shiver to the tips of their gilded tails under that deep wave of sound. All the hundred little bells of the pagodas quiver with desire to speak. Ko-Ngai! Even so the great bell has sounded every day for five hundred years--Ko-Ngai! First with stupendous clang of brass, then with a golden tone, then with silver murmuring. Now, this is the story of the great bell.
>
> Nearly five hundred years ago the Emperor of China, Son of Heaven, commanded a worthy man, Kouan-Yu, to

> have a bell made so big that the sound might be heard for a hundred miles. The voice of the bell should be strengthened with brass and deepened with gold and sweetened with silver, all added to the cast iron, and the bell should be hung in the center of the Chinese capital to sound through all the many-colored ways of the City of Peking. (Hodges, Voice [1, 3])

Twice the workmen try to make the bell as Kouan-Yu gives the orders with utmost care, but twice the bellmaking fails. The Emperor is angry. He commands that Kouan-Yu try a third time, on pain of death if he fails. Then his exquisitely beautiful daughter Ko-Ngai pays an astrologer to tell her how she can save her father's life. And the advice comes:

> "Gold and brass will never join one with the other, silver and iron will never embrace until a pure maiden is melted with them in the crucible."
>
> So Ko-Ngai returned home sorrowful at heart . . . and told no one what she had done.
>
> At last came the awful day for the third and last effort to cast the great bell. Ko-Ngai, accompanied by her servant, went with her father to the foundry. They took their places upon a platform overlooking the working molders and the lava of molten metal.
>
> All the workmen toiled in silence. No sound was heard but the muttering of the fire. And the muttering deepened into a roar like the roar of great waves, and the blood red lake of metal slowly brightened like a crimson sunrise, and the crimson became a radiant glow of gold, and the gold turned to a blinding white, like the silver face of a full moon. . . . [Ko-Ngai leaps into the cauldron.]
>
> [T]he lava of the furnace roared to receive her. Flakes of flame spattered to the roof and burst over the edge of the earthen crater and cast up a whirling fountain of many-colored fires. . . .
>
> And the servant of Ko-Ngai, dizzy and speechless, stood before the furnace, still holding in her hand a shoe, a tiny, dainty shoe, with embroidery of pearls and flowers--the shoe of her beautiful mistress. For she had tried to grasp Ko-Ngai by the foot as she leapt, but she had only been able to clutch the shoe, and the pretty shoe came off in her hand. . . . ([10, 12, 16, 23])

The legend tells that the voice of the great bell is the voice of Ko-Ngai's ghost, asking, calling for her shoe.

On our trip to the Far East my husband and I traveled by train from Hong Kong to Beijing (on what must get five-star rating among the worst trains in the world) and I wondered, through two sleepless nights, if I could possibly see the great bell. If it had ever really existed, did it still exist? At least we could ask. Our guide in Beijing, a young man, pleasant, intelligent, infinitely attentive to our elderly needs, said that the bell did indeed exist. But first he took us through the splendors of the Forbidden City; more gold art objects than we had ever dreamed of--crowns, Buddhas, cups, pagodas, ceremonial robes and suits of armor from the Ming Dynasty, and the imperial seal. The story tells us that the angry Emperor "sent his messenger to Kouan-Yu with a letter written upon lemon-colored silk and sealed with the Seal of the Dragon, saying, 'Twice hast thou betrayed the trust we have placed in thee. If thou fail a third time in fulfilling our command, thou shalt die. Tremble and obey!'" Then our guide took us to a Buddhist monastery, not on the usual tourist trek, in whose peaceful green garden stood many bells, some of them taller than we were. But all of them were small by comparison with the Great Bell. It hung in a building by itself, and it was at least twenty feet high, covered from top to bottom with Buddhist writings. How it was cast in such a size and with such perfection was, and is, a mystery. No wonder a legend grew up about this bell whose voice once sounded for miles around Peking. It is worth knowing that bells are always slightly out of tune. The overtones of a bell do not naturally fall into place. They must be built into the bell by careful design. The minor third is the false note in the series. Because of it, no bell is ever as joyous as poets imagine. Always there is a plaintive, minor-key overtone to its ringing.

There is a great bell in Korea--our Korean granddaughter-in-law knows its story--and there was a great bell in Moscow that was destroyed in a fire. But the great bell in Beijing is now the biggest in the world. It is sounded only twice a year now--at the Chinese New Year celebration and on their national holiday, for bells have to be treated with care. They are fragile. A touch, a scratch, may break the largest bell. A finger pressed on the surface, a thread tied around the barrel [or waist] while it vibrates, will break the bell as surely as a sledge hammer. And there is no end to the vibrations set up in our psyches by the voices of bells. No wonder The Voice of the Great Bell is such a powerful story. It is not for little children, of course. It belongs with folklore collections in libraries, and there I hope it will hold its place for a long time to come. I believe it will, because we are learning that picture books are not for little children only, but for older readers of any age in this eye-minded century of ours. The pictures are the work of Ed Young, who is himself Chinese and who won the Caldecott Award for another Chinese tale in 1989, the same year when The Voice of the Great Bell was published. His Chinese name is Yung.

Things have changed in China. No longer does the Emperor, Son of Heaven, have the power of life and death over his trembling subjects, no more does the ideal of filial piety hold sway as it once did. But the more things change, the more they are the same. We still see a ruthless and oppressive regime in place. And an idea new to the youth of China has been born before our very eyes--an idea for which they found their model in our country. On TV we have seen a young man in Tiananmen Square leaping in front of an armored tank that threatened to annihilate him, looking into the jaws of death for the idea of freedom. "Let freedom ring!" I pray that that young man is still alive. Isn't he the spiritual descendant of Ko-Ngai in his capacity for self-sacrifice? I think so. The story also says that when you want to make a perfect thing, you must not count the cost. Lafcadio Hearn's story of the Great Bell is one for the ages, or so I believe.

A special reward for me in my research on Hearn has been an ongoing correspondence with his grandson Toki Koizumi, who helped me find the original story by tracing it to the Chinese manuscript. Toki Koizumi also put me in touch with Toyama University, which has long had a Hearn Collection and requested a copy of The Voice of the Great Bell. Then, in 1988, a Lafcadio Hearn Library was dedicated in Ireland's Tokyo Chancery with ceremonies led by Toki Koizumi, by the Irish ambassador, by Japan's Minister for Home Affairs, and by Irish-born Dr. Anthony J. F. O'Reilly, chairman and president of H. J. Heinz Company. Heinz Japan has underwritten the Lafcadio Hearn Library. At the dedication Dr. O'Reilly said, "It is my fervent hope that the Lafcadio Hearn Library will function as a cultural exchange linking three continents: Ireland, where Hearn was raised; Japan, his dearly beloved second homeland; and the United States, which provided the foundation for his success" (17). The Irish ambassador, Sean G. Ronan, has written a preface to the catalogue of the new library in which he says that "gifts of books, memoirs, letters and articles about Lafcadio Hearn will be especially welcomed and prized." Some of you here today may have books by or about Hearn on your shelves that would be suitable gifts. I should add here that the Elizabeth Nesbitt Room in the School of Library and Information Science at the University of Pittsburgh treasures among its historic books for children an especially charming one. It is Japanese Fairy Tales by Lafcadio Hearn, printed in color by hand from Japanese wood blocks on crepe paper, fastened together in a linen binder: "The Boy Who Drew Cats," "The Old Woman Who Lost Her Dumpling," "Chin Chin Kobakama," "The Goblin Spider," and "The Fountain of Youth." There is a copy in the Howard-Tilton Memorial Library at Tulane University which recently held an exhibit commemorating the centennial of Hearn's arrival in Japan. That exhibit has now closed, but all are welcome to visit the Hearn Collection. We plan to see it before we go home to Pittsburgh.

As a final token of East meeting West, a Japanese friend in Pittsburgh translated for me an article from a Japanese journal in which Toki Koizumi describes a visit to Levkas in May, 1985. The occasion was the dedication of a monument honoring Hearn on the 80th anniversary of his death in 1904. The mayor of Levkas and Mr. Koizumi exchanged greetings and gifts, and Levkas and Tokyo were declared sister cities as the places of Hearn's birth and death. Toki Koizumi said of that day, "When I visited Levkas in May and stood in the center of the town plaza looking down on the beautiful Ionian Sea and the bay of Levkas, the landscape reminded me of Matsue. The scenery around Lake Shinji and the sea as seen from the town were very much alike" (83). As so often happens, things had come full cycle, and a wandering ghost had come home.

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The Image of the Child in the Picture Books of Ezra Jack Keats

"The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart."
Mencius, The Book of Mencius

This essay starts--unabashedly--at the point of confession: both in casual conversation and in my own ruminations and writings, I have been referring too casually to the image of the child that appears in Ezra Jack Keats' picture books as "archetypal." In an earlier article (Nikola-Lisa and Donaldson), I refer to the spontaneity and playfulness of Keats' characters as an indication of their archetypal nature.

Certainly, such qualities are representative of the young child, and, in the parlance of popular psychology, it is easy to see how they have given way to the characterization "archetypal." However, as Lindley points out, it is precisely due to its common use that the term "archetype" has become "fuzzy" (56). Consequently, the aim of this paper is twofold: on the one hand, I intend to explore the various ways in which the concept "archetype"--especially the "child archetype"--has been used in literary and psychological history, while, at the same time, applying the concept to the image of the child depicted in the picture books of Ezra Jack Keats.

The Divine Child

First to give modern significance to the concept "archetype" was Swiss psychiatrist C. G. Jung. In the aftermath of his break with Freud, Jung delineated his ideas regarding the transpersonal aspect of the unconscious. Jung found within this transpersonal dimension--known as the "collective unconscious" or "objective psyche"--"inborn modes of functioning" (Lindley 57)--the archetypes. Although ultimately irrepresentable, the archetypes function as a governing pattern manifesting themselves indirectly through images, ideas, or physical events (Lewis 52).

Jung's most celebrated attempt to explicate the phenomenon of the "child archetype" surfaced in response to Kerenyi's work in classical mythology, specifically Kerenyi's discussion of the "primordial child." Jung saw in this archetype a symbol of wholeness. In particular, the child archetype, on the personal level, represented the transformative link between the individual's conscious and unconscious mind. At the same time, on the transpersonal level, it symbolized "the pre-conscious childhood aspect of the collective psyche" (80). As a symbol of wholeness, it is a unifying symbol appearing with its own distinctive characteristics, as Young has so aptly summarized:

> The [archetypal] child is often divinely inspired and in some cases literally radiates light or is shrouded in an aura of divinity. The child is sometimes seen as hopelessly fragile, surrounded by forces that threaten to consume or destroy it, yet the child in such a setting may miraculously surmount all the dark forces that oppose it, in some cases emerging as a hero figure. This child is sometimes portrayed as having a special affinity with nature, or of being attuned to a divine presence permeating nature. Finally, the child often functions as a herald bringing spiritual revelation, or as a healer capable of miraculously curing or saving the sick and the lost. (65)

Applying these criteria to the work of Ezra Jack Keats, we are not struck at first with their relevance. Although Keats' many young characters portray an array of sensitivities that reflect similar qualities, if we adhere strictly to Jung's criteria, we can at best find only one example in Keats' work that approximates the "child archetype" characterization--Keats' retelling of the popular folk story _John Henry_.

With obvious admiration, Keats sings the praises of this popular folk hero. The style is lyrical, the tone heroic, and the imagery reminiscent of Jung's description of the divine or archetypal child, the most distinctive feature being John Henry's invincible nature. However, what first signifies the child archetype in Keats' story is not John Henry's heroism, but rather his miraculous birth which sets the tone for the entire story:

> A hush settled over the hills,
> the sky swirled soundlessly round the moon.
> The river stopped murmuring,
> the wind stopped whispering,
> and the frogs and the owls
> and the crickets fell silent--
> all watching and waiting and listening.
> Then--the river roared!
> The wind whispered and whistled and sang.
> The frogs croaked, the owls hooted,
> and all the crickets chirped.
> "Welcome, welcome!" echoed through the hills.
> And John Henry was born,
> born with a hammer in his hand!

Although John Henry's robustness at birth counters Young's description of the vulnerable, fragile, archetypal child, it does not falsify the original concept, as Jung points out: "Sometimes the 'child' looks more like a _child-god_, sometimes more like a young _hero_" (84). Here the distinction is summarized by Jung:

> The god is by nature wholly supernatural; the hero's nature is human but raised to the limits of the supernatural--he is "semi-divine." While the god, especially in his close affinity with the symbolic animal, personifies the collective unconscious which is

> not yet integrated in a human being, the hero's supernaturalness includes human nature and thus represents a synthesis of the ("divine," i. e., not yet humanized) unconscious and human consciousness. Consequently, he signifies a potential anticipation of an individuation approaching wholeness. (85)

In the John Henry story, Keats deals with these symbolic elements in very tangible ways. First, although Keats utilizes a diverse palette throughout his book, there is a decided tension between light and dark. This tension is amplified in the final episode where John Henry, deep in the belly of the tunnel, is pitted against the steam drill. Both the tunnel and the drill are rendered in swirls of black and gray. John Henry, in brilliant contrast, sports an orange-yellow t-shirt, an image which foreshadows the conclusion of the story:

> Suddenly there was a great crash.
> Light streamed into the dark tunnel.
> John Henry had broken through!
> Wild cries of joy burst from the men.
> Still holding one of his hammers,
> John Henry stepped out
> into the glowing light of a dying day.

The gaping hole that John Henry created is filled with the same orange-yellow hues of his shirt. The surrounding tunnel walls, on the other hand, are a uniform and toneless gray. In Jungian psychology the dichotomy between light and dark, day and night, is symbolic of the dichotomy between the conscious and unconscious mind. The hero personifies this tension in his confrontation with "the monster of darkness."

> It is the long-hoped-for and expected triumph of consciousness over the unconscious. Day and light are synonyms for consciousness, night and dark for the unconscious. . . .[T]he "child" distinguishes itself by deeds which point to the conquest of the dark. (Jung 86)

For Keats, "the monster of darkness"--represented by the steam drill--is civilization corrupted by the indiscriminate use of technology. Keats' John Henry, on the other hand, as the child-hero, represents all that is good and close to nature, especially human nature. As Keats observes: "I did John Henry because he was an inspiring hero. He competes with the machine, a modern problem, and proves the superiority of man over the machine" (Bratman 4). Keats' celebration of nature--both human and nonhuman--is implicit in Jung's archetype of the child: "The 'child' is born out of the womb of the unconscious, begotten out of the depths of human nature, or rather out of living Nature herself" (Jung 89).

Although in no other book does Keats treat so transparently the child archetype, at least in the prescriptive sense of Jung's criteria, we do find in Keats' work a persistent return to the world of the child. In Keats' hand, the young child is sensitive, vulnerable, inspired, curious, innocent, but in appearance not necessarily reminiscent of Jung's child-god or hero. Does this mean that the child archetype is not truly present in Keats' work? Perhaps we should take Jung's own advice on this point:

> No archetype can be reduced to a simple formula. It is a vessel which we can never empty, and never fill. It has a potential existence only, and when it takes shape in matter it is no longer what it was. It persists throughout the ages and requires interpreting ever anew. The archetypes are the imperishable elements of the unconscious, but they change their shape continually. (98)

The Ideal Child

Let us roll back the clock--not too far--and visit another time, another place. In the poetry of the English Romantic period, we find indications of the child archetype, not, as in Keats' John Henry, the child-hero, but the child-god or divine child sketched above. This is the image of the child characterized by "the fusion of heaven and earth" (Boas 52). Although not uniformly portrayed in Romantic poetry, the divine child is particularly present, as Young notes, in the poetry of Wordsworth:

> The child, prattling, bashful, or curious, is a recurrent image in the poetry of William Wordsworth. Some of Wordsworth's poems are addressed to particular children, such as Coleridge's son Hartley or Wordsworth's own sons and daughters. Children usually appear in Wordsworth's poems simply as an essential element in the panorama of life. Sometimes, however, children take on the special aura of the divinity; they are invested with holy light or they function as inspirations to others. These special, rather superhuman children in Wordsworth's poems show many of the features of what C. G. Jung has called the "child archetype." (64)

Perhaps the most obvious and significant characterization of the divine child appears in Wordsworth's Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood. In the Ode, one of Wordsworth's most memorable poems, the child figures as a central image. However, unlike Keats' robust and full-bodied John Henry, Wordsworth's child bears an ethereal lightness. This "lightness" comes from its symbolic nature: Wordsworth's child is a poetic abstraction, a representation of those characteristic childhood qualities variously revered throughout the ages, i.e., wonder, curiosity, spontaneity, and innocence.

Although John Henry--as the "naive primitive"--exhibits many of these characteristic childhood qualities, it is not to John Henry that we should look to find the explicit exhibition of such qualities in Keats' work. Throughout Keats' picture books an ebullient sense of wonder characterizes most of Keats' young protagonists. Peter, in The Snowy Day, for instance, is a clear example of this phenomenon. Peter lives in a magical world in which all things become tangible objects of contemplation. However, just as the snow transforms the urban environment, Peter transforms the snow through his teeming curiosity and imaginative play.

Not only do Wordsworth and Keats share the same fascination with childhood, and the qualities which it represents, but they also share a similar developmental point of view: that in time--with adulthood--the very qualities that make early childhood so desirable ultimately disappear. For Wordsworth, this view is particularly evident in the Ode, as Bowra observes:

> In the Ode and elsewhere Wordsworth portrays two apparently incompatible modes of awareness: the "vision splendid" of the simple child and the prosaic sight of adulthood. In the Ode Wordsworth describes the gradual drawing away from the spiritual awareness of childhood that accompanies growing up. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," he says, "but shades of the prison house begin to close/ Upon the growing boy," though he still "beholds the light." (69)

Like Wordsworth, Keats, too, recognizes the inevitable: "Children are open. That's the most important word when you think about life. As you grow up you get punched so much that you get closed up. But children are in a state of grace" (Bratman 2-3). Although Keats is not as explicit in his picture books on this subject, there is evidence--in a curious way--that supports this view. As Peter, Keats' most memorable character, matures through the cycle of seven picture books in which he appears, he progressively takes a backseat to the focal action, so much so that by his last appearance in Pet Show!, as a spindly adolescent, he literally becomes a blur in the cast of background characters supporting the main action. About this phenomenon, Keats writes:

> At first, I was unaware that Peter and his friends were growing. Then, with the third book, I realized they were getting older. In fact, when I was working on Peter's Chair, I noticed that Peter did not fit into his old chair; and I became aware of how much older he was than he had been in The Snowy Day. Since that time, Peter has grown so much that a new character, Archie, has entered the spotlight; and Peter is now an older, protective friend. (308)

A third view, perhaps the most penetrating and fundamental, is also shared by Wordsworth and Keats: each maintains a persistent belief in the "creative imagination," the sine qua non of the poetic mind, which the child--innocent, naive, full of wonder and curiosity--ultimately represents. As Bowra notes, "In childhood Wordsworth sees the imagination at work as he has known it himself in his finest, most creative moments" (96).

Although Keats is not as conscious of this originating source, in the opening conversation between Louie and Barney in Regards to the Man in the Moon, Keats tells us in no uncertain terms his belief:

> "What's up, Louie? Why so sad?" Barney asked.
> "The kids are laughin' at me."
> "Laughin' at you! Why?"
> "Well--"
> "Come on, you c'n tell me. I'm your pop now."
> "Well," Louie said, "they call you the junkman."
> "Junk?" Barney growled. "They should know better than to call this junk. All a person needs is some imagination! And a little of that stuff can take you right out of this world. . . ."

Although many similarities can be discerned between the views of Wordsworth and Keats, it is important to remember that Keats' youthful characters are quite different from Wordsworth's "child" of the Ode. Whereas Wordsworth presents an idealized child, of semi-divine, even angelic origin, Keats' children--though idealized--are earth-bound: they are tangible, full-bodied representations of a lived and felt childhood forged from Keats' own early childhood experiences. In discussing the image of the child in Keats' work, then, it becomes just as important to talk about Keats' childhood or, in more contemporary terms, the memory traces of his "inner child."

The Inner Child

Whereas Jung unearthed the child archetype, a divine child with superhuman qualities, and Wordsworth fashioned the ideal child, an angelic child of incalculable innocence and purity, neo-Jungian writers have discovered the "inner child," the child within us all--actual, lived, and ideal--that dwells in the deepest recesses of our mind.

The inner child, according to Abrams, is a hybrid; it is both a developmental actuality and a symbolic possibility: "It is the soul of the person, created inside of us through the experiment of life, and it is the primordial image or the Self, the very center of our individual being" (1-2). Although Jung stressed the symbolic component of the divine child, his criteria for recognizing this phenomenon is tied strictly to the language of classical mythology, thus making it difficult to recognize its more contemporary outward appearance. On the other hand, Wordsworth and the Romantic poets deified the child to the point of abstraction, making it a poetic symbol beyond the reach of the living, breathing child within.

Neo-Jungian emphasis, meanwhile, by defining the "inner child" as a "developmental actuality" and a "symbolic possibility" has made both the archaism of Jung's archetypal child and the abstractness of the Romantics' ideal child. accessible. Again, citing Abrams:

> The inner child is the carrier of our personal stories, the vehicle for our memories of both the actual child and an idealized child from the past. It is the truly alive quality of being within us. It is the soul, our experiencer throughout the cycles of life. It is the sufferer. And it is the bearer of renewal through rebirth, appearing in our lives whenever we detach and open to change. (5)

The image of the child in the work of Ezra Jack Keats is reflective of this dynamic. Though sensitive to the world of the spirit, Keats does not depict, in the tradition of mythology, the divine or archetypal child; nor is the image of the child in his work purely symbolic--an idealized child. Keats seems to be constantly wrestling with his own childhood, a childhood still felt and experienced--a childhood played out during the early decades of this century in New York City. As Lillie and Martin Pope observe:

> It was this environment that shaped Keats' childhood and adolescence in the twenties and thirties. The times were marked by political and economic turmoil as working people fought for a better and more secure life. It was a time of idealistic vision, and Keats was captivated by the dream of a humane, just, and democratic society. He developed an extreme sensitivity to and empathy for the underdog and for the handicapped. He understood well the ordinary life crises that children experience, such as moving, the birth of a sibling, the loss of a pet, and the oppression of the small kids by the big kids. (15-16)

As the Popes demonstrate, the impact of Keats' childhood experiences on his work is direct and immediate. For instance, The Trip echoes a stormy segment of Keats' own life: just as Louie, Keats' young, sensitive protagonist, experiences the trauma of moving away from his friends and familiar surroundings, a young and impressionable Keats experienced the trauma of an inevitable move--the result of worsening family finances--to the crowded tenements of New York's east side, an experience that left an indelible image in Keats' mind.

Even the physical features of Keats' tenement experience shape directly his picture book art: "In Dreams, we see the tenements and the closely packed flats. Down below is the dimly lit street with the jungle-like combat between cat and dog. On the roof are the little chimney and vents that closely resemble those on the house in which Keats lived" (Pope and Pope 16).

Along with these characteristic physical features that recur in Keats' books, and that ultimately contribute to the overall atmospheric quality of his art work, are the many faces of young tenement children, especially young black and Hispanic children.

Keats' choice to represent these faces was a conscious gesture. In particular, Keats' portrayal of black children was a direct reaction to the prejudice exhibited against African-Americans during this time: "The choice of a black child was an act of tenderness on Keats' part, an attempt to grant these children the same rights to joy, pride, and even disappointment that all children had" (19-20). On this point, Keats writes:

> I wanted to do The Snowy Day with a black child as a protagonist because I felt that it was important for a black child to have a book whose main character he could identify with. Such a book would be equally important to white children. I had spent many years illustrating other people's manuscripts, not one of which was about a black child. So, I wanted to do my own book, my own way, and do it so that Peter would not be a white child colored brown. (306)

Keats' interest in representing the minority child, however, was fueled less by sociopolitical concerns than by his empathy in general for the "underdog." In book after book Keats leads us into the world of the naive, sensitive--sometimes even autistic--young child. In Whistle for Willie, Peter, shy and wistful, suffers the embarrassment of not knowing how to whistle. In Goggles!, Peter and Archie, vulnerable and defenseless, narrowly escape the neighborhood bullies. In Apt. 3, the blind harmonica player, brusque yet compassionate, awkwardly confronts Sam and Ben. In Maggie and the Pirate, the pirate, withdrawn and alone, struggles to overcome his alienation.

It is, however, in Louie that the motif of the underdog is most evident. Keats depicts Louie as a painfully shy and alienated child who overcomes his reticence with the help of Gussie, Susie's hand puppet. Whereas many of the ideas for Keats' stories come from actual childhood memories, the impetus for Louie came as a result of a story Keats heard from a puppeteer while visiting a Buddhist kindergarten in Japan. The puppeteer told Keats about a young retarded boy who became so enthralled with the puppets that during a matinee he stood up, much to the consternation of everyone else, and shouted "Hello" to the host of puppets on stage. His shouting persisted until one of the puppeteers came out and reassured him that after the performance he could come backstage and talk to the puppets. This placated the young boy, and the show continued. When Keats heard this story, he recalled:

> I was very touched by this story of how this boy was awakened so profoundly by a creative image, the puppet. And so, I built the story of Louie around this moving experience. In my story, he is not a retarded child, but a silent and very alienated one who, through a similar experience, moves on to the various adventures of Louie. (qtd. in Weston Woods 3)

In all of these situations--whether black, white, or brown; frail, shy, or defenseless--Keats' youthful characters are always shrouded in a cloak of innocence and wonder. But, unlike the Wordsworthian cloak woven from the idealization of childhood, Keats' garment is a protective coat--sewn from the very fabric of Keats' own childhood experiences--shielding his young, vulnerable characters from the harshness of life, the inequities of childhood.

What then appears to be an idealization of childhood, in the Wordsworthian sense, turns out to be a revelation of childhood, an unbidden disclosure of both the joy and pain of growing up. In this sense, then, Keats is much closer to the neo-Jungian perspective that emphasizes the reclamation of the inner--and, ofttimes, wounded--child.

> Those childhood injuries to the soul create a child within the adult who longs for understanding, love, respect, and possibly justice. Rediscovery of the inner child is often painful, because it returns to consciousness the memories and emotions of childhood wounds. Typically, these wounding experiences have taken place in the family. Reconnecting to the wounded child brings us into contact with our parents, whom we tried to please and satisfy. We must also face our angry, sad, and injured Self. Redeeming this inner problem child means, at the very least, reparenting him or her in ways we have longed to be loved, cared for, and nourished. (Abrams 167)

Keats' journey to his "inner child" was through the creation of his own family. Although he never married or had children, Keats' books made him a parent. Peter, Archie, Louie, Susie, Amy, Paco, Sam, Roberto--these are his children. As Keats once pointed out, "Peter and his friends grow, have fun, problems, fears, and successes--and I've been with them through it all. I love these children, and it's been one of the greatest pleasures in my life to raise them and see them off into the world" (307-08).

In Abrams' sense, then, Keats "reparented" himself by being a constant parent to these children, the offspring of his fertile imagination. Keats healed himself by caring for and nurturing these children--not only these, his storybook children, but all children with whom he came into contact. If there is any one quality that characterizes Keats in his relationship to the world, it is his unerring respect for children. As Hautzig observes: "The quality one immediately senses in Ezra Jack Keats is his genuine love for children. And what is more important, he not only loves children, he respects them, understands them, and listens to them" (364).

A Child Shall Lead the Way

I have tried to demonstrate in this paper that the image of the child depicted in the picture books of Ezra Jack Keats is built upon three forces or psychological perspectives: the divine child, the ideal child, and the inner child. Although all three points of view are necessary to enrich our understanding of the complexity of Keats' work, it is the third dimension--the inner child--that brings us to the center of Keats' artistry, an artistry awakened by the child archetype, colored by the ideal child, but ultimately shaped by the dynamism of the inner child. Although Keats' story lines are often slight, his imagery--built upon the intensity of his childhood experience--is always moving and emotional. This expressed emotionality is at the heart of Keats' aim as a picture book artist.

> My purpose in creating books for children is to share my experiences with them, ranging from the real world and feeling to fantasy. I hope children, whoever they may be, will discover that they are important, resourceful, and that they can have hope and self esteem. (qtd. in Mander 511)

Perhaps it is a sense of Self that is ultimately at the center of Keats' art. If it is, then Keats' journey into the world of the young child is really a journey into the depths of his own soul, a journey in which he truly believed a child shall lead the way (Keats 363). This is the hope and expectation, as Stone and Winkelman reaffirm, of discovering the inner child:

> The discovery of the inner child is really the discovery of a portal to the soul. A spirituality that is not grounded in understanding, experience, and an appreciation of the inner child can move people away from their simple humanity too easily. The inner child keeps us human. It never grows up, it only becomes more sensitive and trusting as we learn how to give it the time, care, and parenting it so richly deserves. (184)

If there is one thing that Ezra Jack Keats gave us, it is a visual tableau--a record--of his journey to the soul. It is a journey that ultimately led him to his own "simple humanity," a journey that needs little explanation, as it speaks directly to the child within us all.

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Contemporary Childhood: Terror, Containment, Community

Last January, as I rocked my brand new grandchild, Emily, in the relative safety of our home, I meditated on the plight of parents and grandparents in other parts of the world and tried to imagine their terror. Emily dislikes loud and sudden noises, just as all babies do. What must it be like, then, for Iraqi parents and Israeli parents as they try in vain to calm their frightened children day after day, night after night, amid deafening, life-threatening explosions? Emily screams with all her tiny might when she is hungry. What must it be like for Kurdish parents or Ethiopian parents without the essentials to feed and shelter their children? For that matter, what must it be like to be a homeless American parent trying to protect and to provide for one's children in a shelter or on the street?

My impressions before the flickering screen as I rocked Emily are all too readily verified by grim statistics. In his report, The State of the World's Children 1990, James P. Grant, Executive Director of UNICEF, writes that after a century of unprecedented progress in improving conditions for the world's children, the final decade promises advancing poverty, malnutrition, ill health, and illiteracy for the children of half the world's countries. Grant notes that this shameful circumstance results almost entirely from the fact that the world's governments devote half of their expenditures to maintaining the military and to the servicing of debt. According to Grant, the 145 billion dollars spent on the military in developing countries in 1988 alone would be sufficient to end absolute poverty within the next ten years. With that sum, human beings all over the planet could provide food, shelter, water, health care, and education for themselves and their children (1-3).

To pay for the military, the world's poorest children have been forced to sacrifice normal growth, health, education and their lives. In 1990 the Convention of the Rights of the Child was finally brought before the General Assembly of the United Nations, a document establishing minimum standards of protection for children's survival, health and education. The document urges all the nations of the world to establish children's rights to survival, health, and education as the first among each society's concerns and priorities. At present we are tragically far away from these ideal conditions. Every week one-quarter of a million of the world's children die of easily preventable diseases (Grant 4). The President of the United States asserted early in his administration that "our national character can be measured by how we care for our children" (Grant 5). Yet by the end of this year at least one-half million children will be homeless in the United States. The President succeeded in a fashion in the Gulf, but he has violated virtually every campaign promise concerning policies to enhance the quality of life for the nation's children. In all areas affecting the lives of children--poverty, education, housing, health, child care, child-labor violations, safety--conditions are worse than they were two years ago (Chan and Momparler 44).

These overwhelming images of contemporary children's suffering the horrors of war, famine, poverty, and disease assault us daily. It is too hard to take it all in. The helplessness and pain make us feel too powerless, too implicated, and too vulnerable. More than one children's writer--Maurice Sendak and E. Nesbit prominent among them--have assured us that their powerful depictions of child life come not from observing and studying actual children but from maintaining a potent contact with their own childhoods. Contemporary critics would assure us perhaps that such a connection is actually impossible; what we do is to reconstruct, reinvent, half-remember, half-create our childhoods. And, moreover, we are not even in charge of that; ideas of childhood are really socially constructed myths to be used by the power-elite to oppress actual children. I admit all of these liabilities. Undoubtedly my remarks will deconstruct themselves or perhaps self-destruct by the end. Nevertheless I begin with my own childhood experience because knowing and telling my own story may finally be the best bet for attending to the stories of others.

Vividly remembered childhood terrors figure prominently in many children's stories, and terror looms in my own memory as the dominant emotion of my childhood. Billie Holiday said that there were two kinds of blues, a sad blues and a happy blues, that she just sang her life. If I could sing half as well as Billie Holiday, I wouldn't even be here. I would be somewhere in a tight black evening gown singing all kinds of blues; it would be a nightclub like the ones I saw in the movies without the smoke. I can't sing like that, but I can tell some childhood tales of terror--some chillingly delicious, some unspeakable.

One steamy Mississippi Sunday morning when I was five years old, my beautiful mother, the one with shining blue-black hair and eyes the color of the Atlantic ocean on a stormy day, dressed me for church--what the Baptists at home called "Preachin'," though the Methodists and Episcopalians attended church services. "Sit right here on the porch until we get ready," Mama said, giving my hair a final pat. But it's hard to be still when your legs and arms are only five and want so badly to bounce, to run, to "celebrate the marriage of flesh and air," as my favorite poet says. It is impossible to be still when your dotted Swiss pinafore is starched so stiff that the seams itch and prickle and tight patent leather shoes pinch your toes. I thought it must be the picture of the rooster inside the shoe come to life to peck my toes. And your head is sore from sleeping in metal curlers so that your hair will fall nicely into Shirley Temple curls all because your big sister can't stand to see ragtail little children in church with straight hair. I must have been sitting there wilting like a gardenia in the sun a long time when our amiable cow-herding dog, Sue, bred from sturdy Australian stock, wandered onto the porch and invited me to go on an adventure in the pasture, where the jimson weeds swayed like frothy green plumes. "I can't, Sue," I said, "Shoot, I have to go to church and hear the preacher yell about sin and abomination in the sight of the Lord." But sweet old Sue insisted or maybe it was Satan's influence; anyway I couldn't resist. After all, Sue had recently been blown away in a tornado. She stayed away three whole days and then came limping home in an exception- ally bad mood. She didn't resemble Toto in the least. She didn't look as though she had been anywhere near Oz, much less the Emerald City. Considering all her suffering in a natural disaster, I owed Sue some companionship.

The jimson weeds made it hard to spot those objects you always want to watch out for in a cow pasture; sure enough, my patent leather shoe landed right in the middle of a fresh manure pile. I also noticed ugly grass stains near the rip in the dotted Swiss pinafore where I had climbed through the barbed wire fence instead of going properly through the gate. Suddenly I knew the spirit of the Lord was not with me on that Sabbath--too late even to pray. So I hurried back through the fence, ripped the pinafore again as well as my leg. My Shirley Temple curls were a tangled mess, and my hair ribbon had disappeared. My efforts to clean up the cow mess just made it worse; now it was on my socks too. The artesian well that fed the pasture pond seemed a possible solution, so I took off my shoes and tried to wash them, but the well was covered with rusty mineral deposits. Pretty soon the mess was so bad that I couldn't even see the rooster any more. "Ha!" a gloating voice said, "You're going to get whipped, but you'll still have to go to church!" I knew the voice was right. I'd do better to get a big dry switch from the bridal wreath bush and take it to mama; otherwise she would get one of those little green stinging kind. Holding the switch, I cried at the back door for Mama to come whip me. She wasted no time obliging either.

Later that Sunday morning when I was dressed in still another uncomfortable starched pinafore, the preacher ranted about all our guilty stains, and I knew just what he meant. I do not remember his text, but he raced up and down in front of the congregation shaking three large rusty nails at us. As his volume increased and his voice cracked precariously and his breath came in painful gasps, I hid my face on my daddy's shoulder and finally whispered, "Are we saved, Daddy?" because the preacher was describing how terrible it would be if we died on the way home without salvation. The preacher said to watch as well as pray, that Jesus would come in the night like a thief when you least expect it. "He won't sneak up on me," I thought. And it was hard to stay awake long enough every night to patrol the heavens for the next several years to postpone the Second Coming, but you can see that the strategy worked; we're still here. "We're never going to get any dinner," my daddy muttered, but he was wrong. An impressionable young woman always obliged us by rededicating her life to Christian service. That meant we could go home and eat fried chicken, double-cut fried corn, and banana pudding served in a pink depression dish.

After dinner, I donned my printed flour-sack shorts, my red Montgomery Ward shoes, my Bugs Bunny watch, my Mickey Mouse sun glasses and met old Sue by the barn. We headed for the pine woods where I became Lorna, Girl of the Jungle, a free and supple creature who did not worry about guilt or stains.

Preachers were not my only source of terror. Greenbrier Cemetery near our house often assumed a ghastly luminous glow on rainy nights. That phosphorescent phenomenon made me urgently afraid to look out our window, get a drink of water, or go to sleep. My brother was off fighting in the Korean Conflict; at least I thought he was. I did not know that Fort Sam Houston was not in Korea and that my brother was safe in the arms of a pretty Texas girl just about any chance he got. We had to practice air raid drills at school; bombers buzzed overhead from the Strategic Air Command base near our home. The threat of war was on my mind--a constant worry in fact. My mother often said she wanted to leave the farm and go to California where they had everything required for happiness--giant redwood trees, grape vineyards, sunshine, and Art Linkletter. At such times fierce quarrels would break out between my parents. I learned to fear the angry voices in the night and dread the tightly set faces in the morning. Tornadoes were a constant source of psychological terror and actual danger. Storm shelters were no good because they were infested with rattle snakes. Little children came down with polio; it usually started with a sore throat, and I had those often because after my best friend, Lois Goodlink, died in first grade, I was afraid to have my tonsils out.

I did not escape terror at school either. Bullies like Robert Majors enjoyed cutting my jump rope into three useless links, but he was the least of my worries. First grade was indeed a garden of bliss presided over by a kindly lady named Mrs. Whitehead, who read us real stories, not just those silly ones about Dick, Jane, and Spot, sat us on her lap often to comfort us, and made us miniature cakes on our birthdays. She only paddled us once gently because we got our feet wet wading mud puddles at recess. That was a sorrowful day, but we knew that Mrs. Whitehead paddled us for our own good. In second grade, though, I encountered a terrifying teacher, Mrs. Bright, who must have been close kin to Dickens' Miss Murdstone. Mrs. Bright's bitterness had settled into an angry frowning question mark right in the middle of her forehead; she was never good but always horrid. All her smiles must have departed years before I knew her. Her creed, whatever it was, showed firmly in the set of her jaw which worked convulsively with rage and frustration. She disliked all of the children, except the principal's smooth-haired daughter, Frances. Mostly I avoided Mrs. Bright, but in reading circle I had to face her, or rather face her knees. In my tiny chair, I cowered beneath her gigantic knees which loomed over me like the terrible gates of Hades. Decoding words was not the barrier between me and literacy; Mrs. Bright's unfortunate knees were the obstacle. Possibly I could have grown accustomed to the knees, maybe even fond of them, except that Mrs. Bright slapped me out of my chair every time I missed a word.

Actually, I didn't even blame her for slapping such a slow and stupid girl. Mrs. Bright quite literally made me sick. During that year I developed secret symptoms I now know to call obsessive-compulsive disorder. I created elaborate sets of rituals, mythic attempts to exorcise Mrs. Bright from my life forever. I told no one about my sufferings except a bored and arrogant tom cat named Riley, who kept the secret very well. I often sought revenge on some innocent kittens unlucky enough to be born in our barn that year. Each Sunday morning I dressed them in the most uncomfortable doll clothes I could find, dumped them in a red wheelbarrow unflecked by rain to contain them, and then preached vehement sermons to them, urging them to repent and be saved. I also chastised them for being poor readers. The cats played their parts as "sinners in the hands of an angry god" most satisfactorily. They writhed and mewed piteously as they heard about the awful torments of the hereafter.

Luckily no adults heard or witnessed these performances, or I should have become a famous child evangelist. Here we see terror and containment in an efficient partnership. It is well-known that oppressed people seek weaker creatures in their own group to subjugate. Actually the kittens didn't seem to mind these services too much. We always ended the rituals with a sumptuous communion of fresh cream.

You can see that my life in rural Mississippi was truly resonant with vivid terrors. It seemed so to me at the time, and it seems so now. Mrs. Bright's persecutions amounted to very real psychological torture; doubtless the residual effects linger now, despite my play therapy with the hapless kittens. Yet compared to the black children in my community, I must have enjoyed a privileged childhood indeed. Just about every day I played with Lon and Son Acker. It is telling that I do not know their last names. We all went to hear an elderly black lady named Roxie Franklin tell stories; her specialty was ghost stories, what she called "haint tales." Her arthritis never hurt so painfully that she could not thrill us with chilling tales that made us run fast past the cemetery on the way home. My favorite one was about a beautiful lady Roxie saw rising from the ground in a whirling funnel of smoke, riding a white horse. I watched intently for this creature and once almost saw her out of the corner of my eye, but then she was gone. I did not like or understand the fact that Lon and Son Acker could not come to my school or church. I had attended funerals at their church, and wished I could go all the time because their music was so much better. Their preacher yelled a lot about salvation too, but he made it sound so much more attractive than our minister. When fourteen-year-old Emmett Till was murdered and thrown in the river, the children in my class cheered when they heard his murderers had been acquitted by an all-white jury. They had learned their racist lessons well. I didn't cheer--not because I really understood much about the horror of Emmett Till's murder but because Lon and Son Acker were so distressed about it and so frightened. They were unable to tell me about their terror, but I began to sense in them a bottomless, unimaginable fear. Only years later did I realize how much more terrified white Southerners must have been to commit such brutal crimes--terrified of themselves most of all. At home I heard nothing direct about racial hatred, but a sense of something terrible and wrong began to seep into my being, as it must have into all Southerners whether they could admit it or not. My parents did not forbid me to play with Lon and Son Acker, but I could not spend the night with them, go to the picture show with them on Saturday afternoons, or invite them to birthday parties. Lon and Son Acker could not tell me what it was like to live in a society ruled by terror, but Mildred Taylor has done so in her fine series of books about the Logan Family, a black family living in rural Mississippi during the Great Depression. Cassie, Little Man, Christopher John, and Stacey feel direct and immediate effects of racial oppression in virtually every aspect of their lives--on the road to school when the school bus for white children regularly not only degrades and humiliates the Logan children but actually endangers their lives simply for the amusement of white children whose culture has taught them to regard the Logans as less than human. In all of her fine books--The Song of the Trees, Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry, Let the Circle Be Unbroken, The Friendship, The Gold Cadillac, and most recently, The Road to Memphis and The Mississippi Bridge--Taylor unflinchingly confronts in her fiction the darkest aspects of racial oppression: the burning of young black men by Night Riders; unrelenting economic pressure; constant threats to life, family, property; and sexual threat to young black women whose families are powerless to protect them from rape and intimidation.

Teachers sometimes tell me that they fear using these books in their classes because they are too upsetting and controversial. Black students grow angry; white students become defensive. Racial tensions and incidents are on the rise throughout the country, they say, and such books may only aggravate these hostilities. Other teachers tell me that Taylor's books have quite the opposite effect, that discussing the fiction becomes an important way to confront issues too painful to discuss directly. My guess is that the teachers in both instances provide the cues for the students' responses. Reading books about such painful realities is not supposed to be painless. For me at least, experiencing the pain of remembering the worst events in our history is an absolutely essential part of transcending it. Besides, Taylor not only gives us an acute social analysis of the times and an astute psychological analysis of the dynamics of racism; she offers an affirmative picture of home, family, community, storytelling, and creative problem solving. Though the reality in Taylor's fiction is grimly accurate, our children have already experienced versions of these realities. These books are rich with social being and solidarity. All of the Logans sacrifice for one another, for their land, and for their community. Networks of relatives extend from the Logan farm to Jackson to Memphis to Chicago to Ohio. People help each other. Members of the community organize not merely to resist an oppressive society but to change and to transform it.

The Logans can resist oppression more effectively than their neighbors because they are educated landowners. Mary Logan's education allows her at least to some extent to compensate for the battered textbooks, inadequate buildings and supplies, and other unjust liabilities at Great Faith School, a telling reminder that separate never meant equal. In The Road to Memphis Cassie remains determined to go to college and perhaps even to law school, not to secure power and comfort for herself, but to help her people and to improve social conditions for everyone. Cassie explains her views to attractive newspaper editor Solomon Bradley. Her family's lawyer, Mr. Jamison, has taught her that United States law takes precedence over state law, but that this precedence depends in large measure upon interpretation of the law:

> "He says if the United States Supreme Court interprets the law different from the Courts in Mississippi and says the Unites States law is right,then the United States law has to take precedence. He says that's how some things get changed. Thing is, though, right now folks in the rule of things--white folks--they aren't much calling for any interpretation of the laws concerning colored folks, and that's partly why the laws stay the same. I was thinking that if I got to know the law as well as they do, then maybe I could get some different interpretation. If we know the law like they do, then we can use it like they do." (Taylor 245)

Education works for Cassie Logan, just as it worked for my Aunt Mary Lou, who pulled my family out of illiteracy near the beginning of the century. My father drove her to the depot in the buggy. She caught the train in Amory, changed in Meridian, and arrived at this university, wearing a nice print dress and a roll-brim hat faced in pink. She came when the University of Southern Mississippi was a normal school for teachers. Later she earned a graduate degree, became a college teacher, and helped to educate many of her brothers and sisters, who then joined the comfortable ranks of the middle class. Education worked for me too. Fortunately not all of my teachers were as tyrannical as Mrs. Bright. Education has worked for thousands of people like me, Cassie Logan, and Aunt Mary Lou. But it has not usually worked for oppressed people, and for increasing numbers of students, education's effectiveness is declining. I just returned from a meeting in Boston a couple of weeks ago and read an article in the Boston Globe which indicated that forty percent of the 2,500 students just graduated from Boston schools cannot read. A host of political theorists argue that education has in fact been one of the most effective institutions for conditioning human beings to accept the status quo. Marxist theorist Louis Althusser, in fact, claims that the schools are the most effective ISA; that is, "Ideological State Apparatuses" (Brantlinger 92). Paulo Freire writes convincingly in The Pedagogy of the Oppressed and other works that the technological ideology of advanced capitalism dominates all aspects of education. According to Freire, this situation results in a "mode of massification" of technical man or woman, whereby a functional pragmatism is dedicated to maintaining the current reality and not to transforming the structures of oppression and relations of domination, and is fostered by a technological elite (62-63). The results of Valerie Suransky's ethnography of daycare centers in various cities in the United States reported in her book The Erosion of Childhood confirms Freire's arguments. She discovered that in even the best of these centers, the lives of the children did not really matter. What happens is that the children are forced to conform to a corporate model of existence: "[T]he children are disconnected from the alien institutional universe to which they do not belong and become actors upon a 'home-less' and barren stage; for they are deprived of their human vocation as meaning-makers" (Suransky 190).

What Suransky observed repeatedly probably won't surprise us; children who did not fit into a daycare's prescriptive structure became deviants. A curious and creative child who attempted to restructure an activity was usually coerced into docility and passivity. This model prevails not only in daycares but in primary, secondary schools, and in the university. In contrast to this model Freire advocates an emancipatory pedagogy which involves "dialogical encounter" and an awakened consciousness in students leading them to question and to resist power structures and possibly even to transform them. A truly liberating pedagogy, then, would not only encourage children to become the authors of their stories but to invent new stories entirely. I have to agree with Althusser, Freire, and other theorists who see educational systems as perpetuating the power structure of the status quo. In his powerful book, The Night Is Dark and I Am Far from Home, Jonathan Kozol writes:

> The containment of youth, which lies at the heart of school indoctrination, depends upon the demolition of a child's ideological and ethical perceptions quite as much as psychological obliteration, tedium and torpor. . . . School is the ether of our lives by now: the first emaciation along the surgical road that qualifies the young to be effective citizens. (10, 13)

Characters in children's stories have long known about these constraints and have escaped the repressive atmosphere of schools whenever and however possible--hence Tom Sawyer's joyous escape from school and church to the pastoral pleasures of Jackson's Island or E. Nesbit's Bastables' joyous holiday adventures out of school. Of course, these examples of rebellion are not serious. No one plays by the rules more strictly than Tom Sawyer. Virginia Hamilton's characters Junior Brown and Buddy Clark are serious; they seem to realize that going underground entirely is preferable to being in the hands of school authorities. Learning requires hiding out and taking cover from repressive social institutions.

Ironically the serious counter-culture myths which angry youths invent to evade the system usually only secure their bondage and continued oppression. This year in my city, school officials have confiscated weapons in junior high and high school on a daily basis and to a lesser extent in elementary schools. Needing someone who loves them best of all, millions of teenaged girls become parents each year. Needing community and a sense of belonging, angry youths form gangs about which such writers as S.E. Hinton, Walter Dean Myers, Robert Cormier, and others have written with such power.

A few moments ago, I mentioned that not all of my teachers were Murdstone clones. Although I have many other stories about tyrannical teachers, the few benevolent guides made an absolute difference in my life. Many of you, I know, can say the same. At least temporarily these imaginative and sensitive people transformed the school from its ugly status as an ISA into something like a community. When I was a fifth-grader at Amory Elementary School, I did not doubt that my English teacher, Mrs. McKinney, was the most brilliant and beautiful woman on the planet. Her hair, a lustrous lilac color, curled into the poodle style fashionable at the time. Hair the color of freshly-bloomed hydrangeas, we thought, must have been dusted by fairies. We only later learned that this magic came from a sleek bottle in Marie's Beauty Shop on Main Street. Her cat-eyed glasses, rimmed with sparkling rhinestones, struck us as entirely elegant and not at all tacky in the mid-Fifties. Mrs. McKinney wore taffeta dresses, navy blue with a big silver buckle on the side to show off her tiny waist. The softest velvety freckles adorned her dainty hands. I used to wish for freckles like that; they seemed to add so much character to plain hands. Here in middle age, that wish has come true, except that fade cream ads assure me that these are unsightly age spots. But it was Mrs. McKinney's voice that enthralled me the most. Reared in south Mississippi, she spoke a soft plantation version of Southern English. "Children," she would say melodiously, "Don't say *whar*; say *wheah*." Her refined accent settled gently among the harsher hill accents of the country children and somehow invited us to be her companions in learning. She was a seductive one, our Mrs. McKinney. If she had ever met a fairy godmother, I can imagine her saying with a confident smile, "Eat your heart out, deah!"

Every day Mrs. McKinney would trip up and down the aisles on her spike heels, her taffeta rustling, peering through her dazzling glasses with enormous brown eyes, nodding her approval as we dutifully underlined the subject once, the predicate twice, and drew a neat arrow from the adjective to the word it modified. Later our grammatical operations became increasingly complex; as subjects and predicates became more compound, sentences grew more complex, and verbs somehow transmogrified into gerunds, infinitives, and participles. I realized later that all of this grammatical foreplay was moving towards a climatic encounter with a nominative absolute, but that's another story entirely. If we performed all of these tasks correctly, efficiently, and patiently, and if we passed our spelling test, Mrs. McKinney would suddenly surrender to the right side of her brain, bring her Western, linear, rational ways of knowing to a full stop, and read us a chapter in a children's classic for no reason whatever, to satisfy no competency or objective other than pleasure--a little pie in the sky on this side of the grave. In this way I met Tom Sawyer, a rodeo boy called "Little Britches," a girl named Betsy who experienced incredible dangers in a Conestoga wagon on the Oregon trail, Chad Buford, the hero of The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, dramatically torn between his loyalty to the Confederacy and his Bluegrass roots on one hand and his Appalachian foster family and the Union on the other. Since all of our grandmothers belonged to the Daughters of the Confederacy, we could not really understand how Chad finally chose the Union. Mary Lennox, predictably, pleased me the most.

Mrs. McKinney doubtless did not realize that schools are the most effective ISA, but she must have sensed how impoverished many of our lives were. She must have intuited that literature can somehow hold out utopian and visionary promise even as it reifies the status quo. Mrs. McKinney had not heard of the value of whole language approaches to reading and writing. If she had, she may have invited us to tell and to write our own stories. We never wrote stories in school, though I learned to endure those long terrifying sermons by scribbling lurid detective stories; I felt only a little guilty stain when my Sunday School teacher, Miss Jodie Thornton, praised me for taking notes on the sermon. Mrs. McKinney did understand the power of literature, and I have to say that her influence on my life was more powerful than any other.

My passion for story was not only inspired by Mrs. McKinney however. My father was the best storyteller I ever knew. Like Mark Twain, he could remember anything, whether it happened or not--like that giant phantom catfish that he had been trying to catch since boyhood. The creature was cunning, endlessly evasive, for sure and certain known to have devoured livestock and even children foolish enough to wade in the murky waters of the Tombigbee. He could remember in vivid detail how seven black hoop snakes rustling in the grass had suddenly thrust their tails into their mouths, rolled across the pasture when it was just about dusky-dark. And what about that job he once had selling second-hand coffins? My father and Mrs. McKinney did not know about whole language or literacy events, but they provided those experiences nevertheless, initiated me into a lifelong engagement with books, enabled me to escape my poor-white origins for a poor-academic destiny but anyway to enter a profession I dearly love, even if it is a powerful ISA.

Education news in general is depressing, yet committed teachers subvert the containment function of schools every day and create a lively community of active readers and writers. For the past three years I have seen dozens of classes intensely engaged in discussions of children's books, writing, revising, and sharing their own stories with peers, adapting stories for dramatic presentations, or just reading quietly with total absorption. In such classes I cannot distinguish the gifted from the skills students; all are participating in the community. I have seen highly imaginative stories by children about everything from Hurricane Hugo to the terrors of violence, sexual abuse, and homelessness, to fanciful tales about a little girl who transforms herself into a unicorn, experiences mysterious adventures, and at last falls asleep wearing her book bag, and also about the antics of a terrible villain called Ozone Sam.

Similarly, current children's writers have not hesitated to write about dark and dangerous topics, but many also affirm the possibility of not only survival, health, and education, but community as well. In his recent book, The Call of Stories, Robert Coles describes the methods of two professors during his residency. One, brilliant and quick to conceptualize, pushed the young resident for an early diagnosis of patients. The other, Dr. Ludwig, quiet and self-effacing, encouraged his student to attend to the stories of his patients, to defer diagnosis. As Coles describes the experience in retrospect:

> I now realize that my supervisor was actually arguing for a revolution--that the lower orders be the ones whose every word really mattered, whose meaning be upheld as interesting. We had to change our use of the very word "interesting": no longer were we to appropriate it for ourselves. What ought to be interesting, Dr. Ludwig kept insisting, is the unfolding of a lived life rather than the confirmation such a chronicle provides for some theory. (22)

In turn Coles learned to listen to his patients' stories, to share his own stories with them--those he had lived and those he had experienced through reading. He introduced a fifteen-year-old polio victim, for example, to Huck, Jim, and Holden Caufield, characters who helped the paralyzed boy imagine a future for himself. Coles remembers that the boy:

> loved the blunt earthy talk of Twain, and Salinger's shrewd way of puncturing various balloons. He didn't like being paralyzed, but he did like an emerging angle of vision in himself, and he was eager to tell me about it, to explain its paradoxical relationship to his misfortune. "I've seen a lot, lying here. I think I know more about people, including me, myself--all because I got sick and can't walk. It's hard to figure out how polio can be a good thing. It's not, but I like those books, and I keep reading them, parts of them, over and over." (39)

For Coles and his young patient stories became the vehicle for creating community. The boy belonged to the stories; the stories belonged to him. They helped him to make sense of an overwhelming and chaotic situation, to overcome for a time at least, what Frank Conroy describes as the paralyzing sloppiness of life.

Recently many children's writers have represented oppressed, homeless, abused children facing overwhelming terrors. Many of these books also powerfully affirm our human capacity to heal, to laugh, to form friendships in the most unlikely contexts. Of the many children's books featuring homeless characters, one of the most striking this year to me is Eve Bunting's picture book, Fly

Away Home, in which a boy and his father live in the airport. The most important task to survive in the airport according to the child narrator is not to get noticed. So the two change airlines often: "Delta, TWA, Northwest. We love them all." The trendy term for such characters is "marginalized"; Bunting emphasizes the condition without the word: "Not to be noticed is to look like nobody at all." Yet something like community emerges in this subculture of the airport homeless. All of the airport regulars know each other, but the need not to be noticed curtails communication sharply. Exchanged glances have to suffice.

The boy's father works hard as a janitor on weekends and tries to find other work, a telling detail to demolish the notions uttered from the highest office in the land that the homeless choose their condition. The careful details about the cost of food items communicate all we need to know about the boy's diet. His father can afford milk and doughnuts but juice only rarely. The father spends hours and precious coins on the pay phones trying to locate an apartment. The outcome is always the same; the rents are just too high. Eve Bunting's book dramatizes the grim fact that the richest nation in the world chooses not to provide affordable housing for its citizens. Emotions in the book alternate between rage and sadness, despair and hope. In the final scene the boy gazes at a departing jet and remembers that once a bird had unwittingly entered the airport: "It took a while, but a door opened. And when the bird left, when it flew free, I knew it was singing" (Bunting 32). Appropriately, then, the book ends with the boy's imagining a song he has never heard and may never hear.

In 1987 North Carolina novelist Kaye Gibbons created an unforgettable character who names herself "Ellen Foster." A victim of violence and incest, Ellen often seeks protection in the home of a poor black neighbor, where she becomes attached to a child named Starletta. Ellen harbors all of the racial attitudes a racist culture has taught her, just as Huck Finn did. After Ellen's abusive father and grandmother have died, Ellen sees a lady in church accompanied by several children of all ages. "Who is that?" Ellen asks her cousin Dora, who replies, "[T]hey are the Foster family and that lady would take in anything from orphans to stray cats" (Gibbons 115). This woman becomes Ellen's new mama. Not only does this "new mama" take in Ellen Foster; she says it is fine to invite Ellen's friend, Starletta, for the weekend.

Ellen's new mama knows how to comfort orphans--feed them, listen to their stories when they are ready to tell them, accept their friends, especially friends of another race, and rub their backs gently. Sometimes Ellen needs special attention: "[T]here have been plenty days when she has put both my hands in hers and said if we relax and breathe slow together I can slow down shaking. And it always works" (Gibbons 141).

Like Robert Coles' brilliant professor, Ellen's counselor pushes for a diagnosis when he works with her. He won't let her tell her story; he wants to both tell and interpret it for her.

Focusing on the reason why she has discarded her old name and assumed the name of Foster, the counselor exhorts this damaged child, "'Get that pain out of Ellen and she won't have to be somebody else.' 'Lord,' Ellen says,'I hate to tell him he's wrong because you can tell it took him a long time to make up his ideas. And the worst part is I can see he believes them'" (Gibbons 103).

It is too bad this counselor lacked the advice of Robert Coles' wise teacher. Poet-physician William Carlos Williams, like Dr. Ludwig, believed in attending to the story. He once advised the young Coles:

> We have to pay the closest attention to what we say. What patients say tells us what to think about what hurts them; and what we say tells us what is happening to us--what we are thinking and what may be wrong with us. . . . Their story, yours, mine--it's what we all carry with us on this trip we take and we owe it to each other to respect our stories and to learn from them. (Coles 30)

We can't really protect our children or ourselves from terror, but we can tell stories about it honestly. We can share with children what Suransky calls "an authentic existential landscape," in which both terror and safety, structure and freedom, conflict and resolution operate as powerful dialectic potentials. We can invent community in which we celebrate conflict and creative energy rather than coercing these life-giving qualities into a dangerous containment. As I mentioned earlier, the Children's Defense Fund recently gave the Bush Administration and the nation failing grades in all aspects of policies affecting the lives of children. The rather inflammatory headline read: "The facts and figures: This president doesn't like other people's children" (Chan and Momparler 44).

In discussing Erik Haugaard's The Little Fishes, our colleague Lois Kuznets has eloquently written of the need to love everyone's children as we love our own: "[T]o limit one's love and concern to the children of one's family, or tribe, or even nation is an intolerable exclusiveness" (68). Ellen Foster's new mama clearly rejects such exclusiveness. It was easy to hold Emily a little closer and watch the bombs explode on CNN. But Emily isn't safe either, and neither are we. I want to conclude with the powerful words of Marian Wright Edelman, founder and president of the Children's Defense Fund, a tireless worker on behalf of children, a person for whom the words "giving up" and "burnout" are not part of the lexicon. Despite profoundly discouraging setbacks, she continues her urgent work and suggests that we need considerably more than a "thousand points of light":

> I am confident that our first step, together, should be to protect our futures by rallying to the needs of our children. Only by fighting for the rights of the littlest among us can we construct a larger sense of national purpose. Only by making our world safe for children, can we fill the empty void in our spirits, to create a shared sense of community, democracy, and

> freedom--a dream that has been set aside for too long. . . . (77)

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Books for the Post-Revolutionary Reader

I take my text from Maria Tatar's book, The Hard Facts of the Grimms' Fairy Tales:

> For many adults, reading through an unexpurgated edition of the Grimms' collection of tales can be an eye-opening experience. Even those who know that Snow White's stepmother arranges the murder of her stepdaughter, that doves peck out the eyes of Cinderella's stepsisters, that Briar Rose's suitors bleed to death on the hedge surrounding her castle, or that a mad rage drives Rumpelstiltskin to tear himself in two will find themselves hardly prepared for the graphic descriptions of murder, mutilation, cannibalism, infanticide and incest that fill the pages of these bedtime stories for children. (3)

But that was then, and this is now. Long before Walt Disney gelded the Grimms, we'd found ways to discount them. After all, the brothers had been born into a Europe seething like a cauldron in the genocidal aftermath of the French Revolution. Besides, they were Germans and perhaps worse: philologists.

Just as well there were no child psychologists then to gauge the Grimms' effect on their first little listeners. From our distance we can even take the lofty view that the Europeans would doubtless have been at each other's throats through much of subsequent history even if the Grimms hadn't been so . . . grim.

Moreover, from early childhood the young have a perennial taste for the gothic. Inside every child is a Bela Lugosi struggling successfully to get out.

Today only a handful of children deeply immured within the middle class hear traditional tales at their parents' knees. From pre-school on, the American young learn their murder, mutilation, and infanticide from the television and the rented video, if not in their own homes, then in another. The television screen becomes itself an agent of infanticide.

I've already said more about early childhood than I know. When my books and I meet young people, the die has been cast. They are either quivering on the brink of puberty or are in its abyss or are scrambling out the other side. By then they've memorized movies I have never seen. Nightmare on Elm Street, New Jack City, all the Friday the 13th's, Texas chain saws, poltergeists, endless slasher films, along with the commercialized mayhem of Saturday morning cartoons. By the time they are eighteen, the statisticians tell us, they've watched twenty-two thousand hours.

Before books of my sort reach this audience, heads have rolled. Blood flows freely on television and so does language that could get any faculty member but the coach fired. Journalism is far more outspoken now too, though the young have very little taste for non-fiction television. Teachers who have asked their students to watch a documentary on some topic relevant to school work have learned how annoyed are the young at this interruption of their regular programming. They do, however, like Oprah Winfrey who adds gynecology to the gothic. But you could fire a missile through any high school without knocking down a viewer of Ted Koppel, let alone MacNeil and Lehrer.

Still, any third-grader in front of the set when a program called 20/20 aired last month met three women bringing suit against their father for incest. If you didn't know what incest is, in graphically descriptive terms you learned.

The only common cultural experience of modern children is film. In our schools we would not now have a national curriculum of shared readings even if our students could read them. The trend howling out of our universities is in quite the opposite direction.

Every turn in history's road strengthens the hold of the camera upon children. In defense of television, Eric Sevareid once said that in many American homes, television is the only coherent voice ever heard. The flickering image is bigger than we are and will grow beyond our imaginings as the literacy level of schools and colleges continues its decline. Why even belabor the point? Because writers and their co-conspirators, librarians and teachers, are being sent mixed messages.

Hardly a week passes in my life without a letter from a young reader who wonders if I've read Stephen King. The American young are not very good students, but they're excellent teachers and full-time critics. My young readers appear to think I could be a better writer, possibly better all round, if I were more like Stephen King or like that madwoman who wrote Flowers in the Attic.

I'm not opposed to a whiff of the non-gory supernatural in the grand tale-telling tradition. Four of my novels follow the exploits of a young girl who can do a little discreet time travel and a boy unnerved by the occasional manifestation of a ghost. In fact Walt Disney filmed one of them--for television.

Although not meaty enough for many jaded young tastes, these comic entertainments have placed me on the forbidden book list of the religious fundamentalists and their political leaders. Phyllis Schlafly in her syndicated column warns her readers that teachers are threatening to flunk students who refuse to read my occult works. Would that they were.

The young urge us to vulgarize our work to keep pace with their television taste while certain parents, perhaps their own, attack the books and textbooks of libraries and schools. The link is clear. When you cannot control your child's television addiction, or your child, you have need of scapegoats. More than any previous generation, parents today have reason to fear the loss of control of their children and for the loss of their children's innocence. But they didn't lose that control to books. Books aren't that powerful, and their children aren't that innocent.

The sinking literacy rate plays its own role. When your child is not achieving, a face-saver is to attack the school. We would be much nearer nirvana now if parents feared schools more and their children less.

It's into this maelstrom that we send our books. Early childhood books provide an unequal alternative to the bad art and persuasive commercials of television. Now we have that more mysterious field called "Young Adult," novels about the private lives of the pubescent and adolescent. The self-directed chaos of being young today fuels our fictions and hands us our themes. Novels are not about people living through easy times. Novels are the biographies of survivors.

I write in this field because of a boy I met in childhood, Huckleberry Finn. He was living proof that a novel could look at the world through the eyes of the young. I write because of a boy I met in adolescence, Holden Caulfield. Although his fate wasn't encouraging, it was the first book I ever read that I didn't have to translate.

Today we have an entire literature about Holden Caulfields who are often female and Huckleberry Finns who are sometimes suburban. We don't write for young adults, of course. Young adults are people making their own livings, and beds. We write for a completely different group, practically on another planet. We write for the "PLs," the pubescent literate.

They are a willing minority to whom we are now reduced in schools that no longer have the authority, the political will, or the parental support to stretch everybody's attention span to fit the page because reading is a discipline before it can be a pleasure.

Our readers are three years on either side of the age of thirteen, the most unreachable of all readerships and the most central because this is the age at which we've traditionally lost most people to reading for all times.

The young adult field in its present incarnation is a scant twenty-five years old. Still, it has a history. It's a field that derives from five landmark novels that came out of nowhere a generation ago:

Betty Smith's A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,
Carson McCullers' The Member of the Wedding,
John Knowles' A Separate Peace,
William Golding's Lord of the Flies,
and the big one, The Catcher in the Rye.

These books forever changed our view of the young, of being young. The great American theme had always been Coming of Age, and these books cut through the patronizing sentimentality. In a way that seems inevitable now, they created the young protagonist for a nation obsessed by youth all along without noticing who the young really are. They were the books that the writers of a later generation read when we were young and impressionable, and they left their mark. But it was to take a watershed in American history far more profound than five books to set us in motion.

I spent most of the years between those five books and a tentative first one of my own as a teacher. I taught my first class in 1958 in the week I came out of the army. Entering teaching in 1958 was the moral equivalent of moving to Rome just ahead of the Visigoths. The world in which we taught, the world we tried to prepare our students for, had less than a decade to run.

I taught through that greatest watershed in our history, that time when power in this country passed from adults to children. I saw it passing across the desk in my own classroom. I taught well into that era in which school administrators found it easier to discipline teachers than to discipline students. I taught through the era of grade inflation which mortgaged the future in an attempt to get through the present.

The 1950s had been a time of verities, a time made safer by diagrammed sentences, draft cards, and chaperoned dances. Then, the young were never more than five minutes from the nearest adult, and that solved most of the problems about which we'd write for a later generation living nearer the edge.

Somewhere in the 1960s between one semester and another the balance shifted, and the center would not hold. But the seeds of our destruction had already been sown, in those education courses we'd had to take in college, those courses that hadn't prepared us for one minute of classroom survival.

Those classes taught us that the basis of all teaching is motivation and that if the students aren't motivated, it's the teacher's fault. That was a lie and a big one. We were told to forget what we'd learned in our own histories, that the basis for all learning, unfortunately, is fear. Fear of the consequences of not learning. The wholesome fear of a teacher that caused many of us to learn more than we'd meant to. And that led on to the more refined and useful adult fear of showing your ignorance in public, fear of being turned down for a job because you could not express yourself or negotiate with an adult.

When our young ceased to fear the good opinion of teachers, they began to fear one another, and a great novel was written, Robert Cormier's The Chocolate War.

In the education course we'd been told that the great impediment to learning is damaged self-esteem. My teaching revealed the reverse. My students' great learning disability was the idea that what they didn't already know wasn't worth knowing. It was a conviction that killed the study of foreign language and dealt a mortal blow to English.

What we were never told was that in each year of their learning, the young look for a source of absolute authority before they can look for themselves. The young demand leaders they cannot reason with.

In the late 1960s that authority collapsed in families. Then we learned a moment too late that the tone of an American school never rises very far above the tone of the home lives of its students. In the typhoon of the 1960s schools could no longer save the children of inner cities from each other or the permissively reared from themselves.

Having broken their adults' hold, the young grew tribal, and a great novel was written. A high-school girl in Tulsa wrote it about a black-leather gang. The Outsiders is a sentimental group portrait about a gang that never was: a surrogate family freed of parents. That book remains a curious blend of wish-fulfillment and an acute view of a suddenly lost generation. It became one of the most widely read novels in the history of print.

The revolutionary late 1960s were so full of sudden bad news that we adults staggered between denial and rephrasing. A suspicious number of people could not remember voting for Johnson, while in the faculty lounge we people of the word looked for new vocabulary to define what we could no longer control. A pseudo-clinical vocabulary of dyslexia, bulimia, hyperactivity, anorexia.

There could no longer be fat, dumb, uncontrollable kids. Now they were hyperactive, bulimic dyslexics. Their parents swallowed those terms whole and shrugged off the rest of their responsibility, expecting scientific school cures for their own family failures, and they expect them still.

All the while the young watched us from their barricades, cowed by stronger leaders than we were, and waited for us to come to our senses and save them. But we heard only their screams and not their cries.

We saw their Strawberry Statements on nightly news. We saw how the young will crush all dissent. Although teachers knew that all along, I began to catch glimpses of the theme that would one day inform every novel I would write. Since no reviewer has ever discovered that theme, I reveal it now: You will never begin to grow up until you declare your independence from your peers. As a teacher I'd noticed that nobody ever grows up in a group. Now we saw that nightly on television against a backdrop of burning schoolhouses.

Although the news camera never quite captured the young, we learned more about them than our teachers had learned about us. We learned that schools racially and ethnically integrated by adults were segregated from within on the following day by the students. We learned that although parents can hide, their children cannot, and that suggested a thousand thoughtful books. We began to learn what the camera never caught: that the young lose every battle they win. And a literature was born.

Amid all this high drama I was still going off to teach school every day. Indeed, I was still doing homework years after my students had to. I suppose if I had been allowed to teach as I'd been taught, I'd be a teacher still. My teaching had begun on an encouraging note back in misty 1958. My first assignment was college freshman composition, and students entered college then far better read and spoken than today. I taught next in the burgeoning high school of an affluent suburb in the time when suburbs were still seen as a solution, perhaps because Judith Guest had not yet written her first novel, Ordinary People.

Every step I took toward the classroom led me to writing. A novel is, after all, about the individual within the group. That's how I saw young people every day, as their parents never do. I was twice blessed. I was an English teacher, and I saw in writing what my students dared never say within hearing of their powerful peers. The voices in those pages still ring in mine.

Then one day in the midst of life one of those events occurred that altered every minute thereafter. This profound change is, I see now, reflected in every one of my novels. I'm convinced that we learn chiefly from the experiences we would have avoided if we could.

It happened to me. I was assigned junior high.

Nobody chooses to teach junior high. You get assigned, and I was. I looked around one day, and I was the only one in the room not going through puberty. It gets worse; it was a girls' school. Moreover, it was a school for the "academically gifted," and so I was the only one in the room who was not gifted, for whoever heard of a gifted grown-up? My students had not. And I hadn't had the education course I needed, the one called "Communicating with the Pubescent" because it doesn't exist.

Puberty is the darkest time in life for while it is the death of childhood, it isn't the birth of reason. You wake up one terrible morning, and nothing works. In America, at the age of twelve you can divorce your own parents, charging irreconcilable differences. I have a private theory that puberty lowers the I.Q. ten points just as car ownership at sixteen lowers it another five.

And where was the reading curriculum for these people, I wanted to know? You can get just so much mileage out of "The Red Pony." Just over the Hudson River from where I taught, a dentist's wife was writing Are you there, God? It's me, Margaret. But she wasn't writing fast enough to save me. Down in Tulsa that high-school girl was writing, but she wasn't writing fast enough either. I met Judy Blume and S. E. Hinton later, in person, when we were all three writers because nothing had saved me as a teacher.

I had entered teaching as a frustrated writer, to teach composition. In a school conspicuously lacking a junior-high composition program, I looked around for nonexistent help. One notable trait of the junior-high people I noticed at once was their tireless anger. They came into class fuming and left bickering. Very little of their wrath was directed at me because by then teachers were barely visible. Still, their anger intrigued me, and I conceived a naive writing assignment to harness some of this emotion. One morning I dictated the opening line of a composition. It was "The one thing that really makes me mad is . . . ." I invited the students to fill the page.

They fell to it, and it was the first quiet hour I'd ever spent with them. I thought I'd lost my hearing. But on the subway home that afternoon, I never quite got past the first line of the first paper. It read, "The one thing that really makes me mad is when my mother talks back to me."

At least this experience cured me of asking them to keep journals.

My teaching ground to a halt in that school in that era. In fact I may be the only person I ever knew who really was liberated in the 1960s. The world had turned upside down, and the career I'd chosen really didn't exist any more. When I was young, adults ran the world. When I was an adult, the young were running it. On darker nights, I thought I'd lost out twice. But of course I hadn't because novels are never about people living through easy times; they are the biographies of survivors.

I quit my teaching job after seventh period on May 24th, 1971, liberated at least from my tenure and my hospitalization, liberated from my attendance book which was, come to think of it, the first work of fiction I ever wrote.

A new field of writing was being born because nature abhors a vacuum. "YA" books rushed in to cover the collapse of the family and curricula because novels of serious intent have questions to ask that the anchor persons of television can't think of.

Novels are always about private life. Even a novel called War and Peace is about the intimacies of a family. And now the young had more private life than I had ever known. More private life, more unearned freedoms, more lethal choices. Nobody had ever asked me whether I wanted to learn, or not; whether I wanted to read, or not; whether I wanted to be a member of my own family, or not; whether I wanted to serve my country, or not.

Novels are the reflections of their times, whatever the deconstructionists decree. We were to write novels on topics and themes arising in an abruptly altered world. Early in my career, I was to write a novel called Are You in the House Alone? when I learned that the fastest-growing, least-reported crime is rape and its chief victim is a teenager, perhaps one of my readers. I wrote the novel in a time when rape was far rarer than it is today, and I hadn't the prescience to set it in Palm Beach. I set it in suburbia because most of my readers live there, and novels reach for readers where they live. I didn't write to tell young readers what rape is; they already know. I wrote it to ask them to consider their attitude toward victims, to point out that real life is nothing like television in which the criminals are caught just before the final commercials. It's a book full of bad news without a happy ending, and the positive response to it allowed me to write the next one.

What is a "Young Adult book"? I'm at work on my twentieth, and so I'm still learning, but here's what I think it is:

1. It's the story of a step that a young character makes nearer maturity, even now when maturing itself has become an elective. We dare never leave our characters at the end of the book where we found them at the beginning because we are novelists, not remedial reading teachers.

2. And so a young adult novel is the biography of a role model, even linguistically since our main characters can speak all the way through the length of a book without ever saying "like" or "you know." Our characters speak as our readers would if they had the immediate and radical speech correction they require.

3. A novel is always a question, never an answer. All young adult novels turn upon the same question: "When was the first moment in your life when you realized that you would, after all, be held responsible for the consequences of your actions?"

4. A novel is by definition an entertainment. A novel must entertain first before it can do anything else, but a young adult

novel must do more. While it must entertain on every page, it needs to annoy on three pages. Never to challenge the young: their terrible herd instinct, their holding patterns and blame-shifting, their dangerous demand for the happy ending in and out of books replicates the error of the permissive home and the elective course.

5. And above all things, a young adult novel is a novel about how to read a novel, about how fiction can be truer than fact, about how a novel can be about the person reading it.

My next novel is to be called Unfinished Portrait of Jessica. It occurs to me that I'm writing now for the children of my first readers. The great 1960s revolution is to them something that happened to their parents, if it happened at all. Like all post-revolutionary peoples, the young now celebrate strong leaders and nurture their privacy.

My novel is a very private one about a girl lost between loyalties in the aftermath of her parents' divorce--perhaps because the 1960s people visited upon their children a divorce rate unparalleled in history. It is a novel as timely and as timeless as I can manage. Once we had a generation gap. Now it's an uncrumbled Berlin Wall as adolescence at home and school and university is no longer the preparation for adult life that once it was. As teachers and librarians and writers, we send our messages over that wall, in love and concern and little bursts of exasperation, hoping they'll be heard.

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Literacy and Empowerment

We are surrounded nowadays by signs of a recession-depression. Rudely, we have been transported into a world with increased joblessness, with great dissonance between the skills of the unemployed and the skills needed on the few jobs that are available.

As members of the employed elite, or the employable elite, we have little appreciation of the perspectives of those not so fortunate, the chronically unemployed--those lacking the skills that we take for granted.

Employment is power.

We have in recent years created a rich new vocabulary to label the many changes that have taken place in the past decades: "empowerment" is part of that vocabulary, and it is an important word for us as teachers, librarians, educators, and parents: "empowerment." Through the ages, personal, individual empowerment has been a goal difficult of achievement for many. It was traditionally available to royalty, to nobility, and to the bureaucracy, those whose services were needed by the aristocrats. Not until the advent of democracy, with its premise of equality and promise of equal opportunity, was the hope of personal empowerment available to a greater number of people. Yet without a job there is no personal empowerment.

Let me read to you a short selection from Ezra Jack Keats' memoirs on the relationship between employment and empowerment during the Great Depression:

> I sold watermelons. I used to earn a dollar a day, and I supported my family. It was during the Depression. Nobody was working.
>
> Suddenly I found I had tremendous power. I didn't mean to throw my weight around because I was earning a dollar a day. But nobody else was working in the family. The boss would always give me a leftover hunk of watermelon. I'd bring it home, we'd carve it up. It would be a delicious dessert.
>
> I also found that when I spoke, everybody would stop speaking and listen. It was an unspoken tribute. They had a special regard for me because I was the bread-winner; I brought in as much as a buck a day.
>
> If I said--very innocently, "I think it's gonna rain," everybody would sort of nod and agree. "Ezra says it's going to rain--yes."
>
> Previously, no matter what I said, either they wouldn't listen, or they'd ridicule me. Or if I said

> something funny, everybody would laugh and my brother'd say, "You didn't make that up. You hoid it someplace."
>
> But now I was a power.

Now, as we approach a new millennium, literacy has become an essential tool for employment, for empowerment, for self-confidence, and for a satisfying quality of life. No longer can we send the illiterate to work on the farm or on the belt line. Machinery has taken his place on the farm; the computer has taken his place on the belt line. Ninety-five percent of our jobs require literacy: the ability to read instructions, to use the computer, to read a contract, to read a menu.

Estimates on literacy vary: conservatively, between 20 and 60% of our adult population is illiterate. And as we view the crisis in education in this country today, we anticipate no changes in these figures as our young people become adults. Our schools are failing; we have not supported them adequately, and this is a sad commentary on our national values and priorities.

Literacy is in truth low on the totem pole of our country's priorities. Our government's professed commitment to education is not consistent with its budgetary appropriations for education, the arts, and the humanities.

Coinciding with the failure of the educational establishment is the impact of television on literacy. Admittedly, there are many reasons for the failure of schools to equip children with the tools necessary to understand and convey careful thought. Environmental, social, emotional, and biological problems may contribute to difficulty in learning, as does poor, inappropriate, and inadequate schooling. For those who have difficulty in learning to read, television in many cases eliminates the felt need to read, the desire to learn to read, the desire for literacy. Commercial television provides lazy or passive access to information: superficial, biased, limited, while at the same time strait-jacketing the imagination. In other words, if it is not necessary to read to get information or to share the thoughts of others, the printed word will diminish in importance, as will the book.

Our schools, our universities, and our libraries have not yet mounted a defensive war against a rescheduling of our national values and priorities, or against the erosion caused by television. And unless we do so, the book, as we know it, will either disappear within two or three decades, or return to the domain of the elite.

We who are professionals tend to be passive, to conform to our ivory tower images. Yet we are in jeopardy unless we join forces with the powerless and share with them our skills. We must make use of our power--on the job, in the voting booth, assertive citizens and professionals: to change budgetary priorities, to counter the force of television, and to do our best in our everyday work and living situations to protect the values that we hold dear.

How do we in the field of children's literature relate to the problems that I have raised? Workers in the field of children's literature are in the ideal position to fight illiteracy in the next generation. The first step in that struggle is to instill in the child a love of the printed word, a love of the book: the sounds, the feel, the look, the touch, the smell of the book. And to associate pleasure with the printed word. Thus, pleasure is the first prerequisite for literacy. Write for the child and the parent; illustrate for them; read to them; give them pleasure. Then they will want to learn to read, and they will learn. That is your role in this struggle.

We at the Ezra Jack Keats Foundation invest our efforts in celebrating the book and the printed word. We support programs that encourage children, not only to love the books that you create, but to create their own books as well. I have brought with me some of these books to show you, books written by children whose backgrounds are diverse, and many of whom have no books at home to serve as models. This type of encouragement is our investment in the future.

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Ezra Jack Keats' Neighborhood

Ezra Jack Keats was born seventy-five years ago on March 11, 1916, in the East New York section of Brooklyn. I met him in 1930 in Junior High School 149 (now called the Danny Kaye Junior High School; Kaye was our contemporary and school clown at the time), and our friendship remained firm until the sad day in 1983 when I felt his life slipping away in my hand. Keats is best known as an urban author and illustrator of children's books, and his works can best be understood by reference to the time and place of his youth, which spans the period from 1916 to 1940.

As you know, there was the Great Depression in the thirties. Unemployment was a crushing burden to countless families, including Ezra's. In our neighborhood, men skilled for example in carpentry, plumbing, and painting would assemble at specific street corners with their tools semi-wrapped in newspaper, waiting for someone to come by who wanted an odd job done. Men sold apples on street corners. People pawned their watches, their rings so that they might buy food. The street call "I cash clothes" could be heard several times a week. Junk dealers came around frequently, offering small sums for objects that might be discarded. They appear in Louis' Search. Poverty and hunger were everywhere.

It was common to see a young man or woman on a box, espousing a course of action that would forever end the cycle of boom and bust. Such soapbox lectures drew crowds, and since tempers were short, arguments erupted that were often settled physically. Ezra listened to many of these discourses, and he was certainly affected by those that were highly idealistic. This influence may be noted in the complete absence in his works of any ethnic, racial, or sexist slur.

Our neighborhood in East New York consisted mainly of four-story walk-up tenements, all connected in a solid phalanx across an entire block. There were four apartments on each floor, and the sights, sounds, and smells that were met on each landing were pictured in his Apt. 3 and Dreams. The roof was a refuge where one could go to get a feeling of spaciousness, to see the full expanse of the sky, to feel free as a bird. Scenes from the roof were depicted in the earliest oil paintings of Keats. The roof was also a place to fly a kite made of a paper bag and fruit-box wood. It was thrilling to send small paper messages up along the string, where, urged by the wind, they would climb to the kite itself. These messages were collected when the kite was drawn in.

Ezra's family was poor, and as did many other families, ran up an embarrassing debt in the local grocery. Children tried to earn money. They sold lollipops, pretzels, and ice cream on the beach at Coney Island; they carried telephone messages from the candy store (the only telephone in the neighborhood) to the tenements; they gave out handbills. The moneys we earned went into the family till. Every penny counted.

Garbage cans tended to overflow. Garbage cans decorate the scenes of Keats' books. Games that required no expense were the most popular. We played Hide-and-Go-Seek, and other games whose official names I do not know, such as Off the Drydock, Ring-a Leavio, May I, and Pyramid. Ball games included handball, punch ball, stick ball, softball, and touch tackle.

In Junior High School 149, Ezra won the drawing medal, and this medal was precious to him. Although Ezra won many awards in his life, the Junior High medal always accompanied him, and it resides in the same box, now tattered. The thrill of winning a prize is featured in Pet Show. The medals awarded by the Foundation are a reflection of the importance of that medal to Ezra.

In high school, Ezra was of course the premier artist, and he illustrated the yearbook. Upon graduation from high school, Ezra found it necessary to seek work that would help support the family. Jobs were hard to get. Although he was a gifted and serious artist, Ezra knew that most artists were unemployed. Let him tell you about one of his first experiences while looking for a job:

> I'll tell you about my first experience applying for a job in the great comic books industry. I saw an ad in the paper--for an assistant--what is known as a clean-up and background man. Well, I thought I was great as a background man. I'd been in the background for a long time, and figured I might as well earn some money at it.
>
> I called and he told me where he was. It was way out in Manhattan. He said, "Bring your own brushes," because he didn't want me to ruin his brushes. And I could show him how I worked.
>
> I took the trip all the way out there carrying my own brushes. I entered a dimly lighted studio with a naked light bulb hanging down. It was the home of a miser. He could hardly find his way around, and I was supposed to sit there and work. I had to strain my eyes to see anything. He had some drawings, and I was to ink in the backgrounds; it's known as "feathering." It means that you start with a very thin line that becomes thicker and thicker, and then still another. It produces a shading effect, and also creates a form, as the thicker lines meet to become a darker area. It gives the appearance of three-dimensionality.

> I sat there for almost an hour in this poorly-lit room, following his pencil lines. The drawing was terribly corny. It consisted of cliches carried to the most florid and grotesque extremes. He had a comic book he was putting out, with these dreadful drawings. There I was with my background in the great, great art. The art of El Greco, Van Gogh, Modigliani--I can't bear to mention those names in the same breath with what I had to do. But I tried very hard to apply myself. I did what I thought was a pretty good job. In some places it was clumsy. Imagine being clumsy in this context. Trying to render this dreadful, rotten, stuff. And I was clumsy at it. I didn't reach the heights of finesse that he expected of me. I showed him the stuff and he said, "This won't do. This won't do."
>
> I tried so hard that I worked up a sweat, and my hand ached. I showed him my next effort.
>
> "No, it won't do." So, I put my jacket on--my coat and cap. I was ready to leave, defeated.
>
> He said, "I'm sorry, you know. I can't use you. And you owe me fifteen cents."
>
> I said, "For what?"
>
> I had used his India ink. Fifteen cents worth of India ink. And you know, I paid him. I was tired, bewildered, and disoriented. I had failed to get this job. I put the fifteen cents for his ink into his grubby hand with the dirty fingernails, and went home.

To summarize, Ezra Jack Keats' stories tend to be drawn from real-life situations, and in many cases, reflect the problems Keats grappled with as a child. But from the travails of his youthful years came the determination to help young artistically talented youngsters as he would have liked to be helped.

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Phoenix Award Honor Books:

Ursula LeGuin for The Tombs of Atuan
William Mayne for A Game of Dark

Book Award:

Joel Myerson, Daniel Shealy, and Madeleine B. Stern for their edition of The Journals of Louisa May Alcott (Boston: Little, Brown, 1989).

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Celia Anderson and Marilyn Apseloff for Nonsense Literature for Children: Aesop to Seuss
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Research Fellowship Winners:

Bruce A. Ronda, Director, American Studies Program, University of Colorado
Valerie Lastinger, Department of Foreign Languages, West Virginia University
Rafael Ocasio, Department of Spanish, Agnes Scott College

Carol Gay Memorial Essay Award:

Not given this year

Margaret P. Esmonde Memorial Scholarship:

Not given this year

Weston Woods Media Scholarship:

Not given this year

Best Paper of the Conference

Secret Garden II: Lady Chatterley's Lover as Palimpsest

Just as palimpsest reveals an earlier script beneath a later one, so the image of a children's book may lie beneath an exigent and sophisticated modernist work. In this paper I shall argue that Lawrence's Lady Chatterley's Lover (1928) is patterned on Burnett's The Secret Garden (1911). Despite the antithesis between the two tellers, the two tales show striking resemblances in the configuration of characters, in the personalities of the individual characters, and in the dominant themes. The paper will examine patterns common to the two works and speculate on the reasons for the congruence.

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Two Images of the Victorian Child:
Stevenson's and Rossetti's Differing Views

Among the best-known collections of verse for children produced during the Victorian Age are Robert Louis Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses and Sing-Song by Christina Rossetti. Although these two poets were contemporaries and came from similar social and religious backgrounds, they viewed childhood and children in very different ways. These differing views are mirrored in their verses. A strong, positive theme of play--what the French refer to as the "joie de vivre"--runs through the Stevenson poems and ties them together. His verse possesses a universal quality which reaches across boundaries of time and culture to draw the reader in. Children playing "make-believe," swinging high up into the air, scrambling up trees for a better perspective on things, day-dreaming about exotic, far-away lands, playing with toys while sick in bed--these timeless elements of childhood Stevenson has captured, encapsulated in his delightful, joyous little poems.

In contrast to Stevenson's child-centered, play-oriented verses, most of the Rossetti poems are written from an adult point of view and tend to be didactic. Rossetti writes about love between mother and child, about death, nature (plants and animals), but unlike Stevenson seldom about play or the imaginative aspects of childhood. There is no overall feeling of freedom or joy on the pages of her book; instead there is always the sense that an adult authority-figure is talking to a child--warning, advising, reminding or admonishing. And Rossetti's children seem stilted and artificial, when compared to those of Stevenson's verse who freely run and climb and play.

Stevenson's poetry possesses an underlying sense of the joyous abandon of childhood. The characters in the poems are imaginative: they play pirates in the meadow; conjure up marvelous scenes to help them fall asleep; dream about having adventures in other times and places; and go "sailing" on the stairs 'til tea-time, to name but a few of their fanciful experiences. These children express a strong spirit of freedom in the ways in which they think and dream and play. The little boy in "Bed in Summer" feels deprived when he must "go to bed by day," because the daylight and blue sky outside his window represent wasted playtime. His freedom has been temporarily suspended, and he envies both hopping bird and passing adult whom he can see and hear as they move unhampered beyond the prison of his room. On darker nights, as he is falling asleep, he uses his imagination to create "a show" as "fine" as any "circus on the green," complete with "armies, emperors and kings" in a glorious "caravan" ("Young Night Thought").

Sometimes the hayloft provides a place for creative play ("The Hayloft"); at other times the parlor becomes "a hunter's camp" ("The Land of Story-Books"). A glowing fire creates an opportunity for the child character to pretend he is marching in an army, watching "phantom cities" being devastated by war ("Armies in the Fire"). At home, alone, with no available playmates, he defies boredom by closing his eyes and sailing off "to the pleasant Land of Play" ("The Little Land"), where he can make himself as small as a spider, a fly, or an ant in order to better observe the activities of these tiny creatures. He is thus able to climb the "jointed grass," and to sail around a puddle in a miniature boat, observed by some of the same little insects whom he has previously been watching. When he has had enough of being small, he opens his eyes and returns to the reality of his own room, like the little boy in Sendak's Where the Wild Things Are.

Nearly every page of Stevenson's wonderfully imaginative volume of verse has some reference to play and a sense of the joy of being alive. I believe this sense is evident because Stevenson's poems are written from the child's point of view, and in the child's own voice, almost always in the first person. As Hinkley tells us, Stevenson described his own poems as possessing a "smile, . . . a childish treble note, . . . a child's voice" (205). Adults are mentioned in some of the poems--a lamplighter named "Leerie," who seemed to have a "magic touch about the way . . . [he] could conjure up light so dextrously" (Hennesy 41); "Nursie" (Allison Cunningham, Stevenson's beloved childhood nanny, to whom the book is dedicated); an "auntie"; and the child's parents; but center stage always belongs to the child himself.

Jenni Calder points out that as a child Stevenson "would tell himself stories, fantasise richly, take himself on fabulous journeys, and fight epic battles." With his cousin he "turned everyday occurrences into endless games. They invented imaginary kingdoms, . . . explored, . . . and fought over them" (36). Hinkley also comments on Stevenson's imaginative "adventures"--playing "soldier, hunter, sailor, pirate, explorer" (10). All of these early experiences, with their strong elements of fantasy and play, would later find their way onto the pages of A Child's Garden of Verses, and vicariously into the lives of those who read his book. Steuart refers to Stevenson's poems as "a radical reconstruction or re-creation of his infancy and childhood" (4).

In Rossetti's Sing-Song, less than a third of the poems are written from a child's point of view. R. Loring Taylor, in his preface to a collection of Rossetti's works for children, mentions the "didactic stance of an adult explaining about the world" which he sees in the Sing-Song poems (xiii). He notes as well their emphasis on the theme of death, especially the death of infants (xi), and on the moralistic implications with regard to "illegitimacy" and "social class" (xiii). Ralph Bellas sees the poems as being "directed to older children and . . . to adults who would be expected to interpret them to young listeners." "In these poems," he comments, "the reader is conscious of the prevailing adult point of view and of the hand of an accomplished poet who is controlling the subtle melody and the thematic development" (91).

Rossetti's major themes, even in her poetry for children, as Battiscombe points out, are "love, death and parting" (144). She seems more concerned with the realistic aspects of life--"motherless children," illness, the demise of birds and babies, for example, than about the world of imagination which allows the child to escape, if only temporarily, from these harsh realities. Play as a theme is given short shrift in her Sing-Song collection, which, although it includes more than ten poems related to death has only four about play, and each of these seems to be either directed to a child by an adult or spoken about a child, rather than being written from the child's own perspective as most of Stevenson's are. In one of these play-poems, for example, there is the mere mention of a child playing with a lamb:

A frisky lamb
And a frisky child
Playing their pranks
  In a cowslip meadow:
The sky all blue
And the air all mild
And the fields all sun
  And the lanes half shadow. (77)

The reader is not drawn into the poem because the child is so nebulous and the play is described with such little detail no real visualization or empathy can take place. In a second example, Rossetti makes use of catchy rhythm, repetition, and key words to produce a much more interesting verse than the first example, but the reference to play seems almost an afterthought, and the poem is spoken by an adult to a child:

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
  Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,--
  Catch it if you can. (78)

And when these brief verses with their undeveloped themes of play are compared with two of Stevenson's poems, the difference is at once strikingly obvious. In "A Good Play," for example, the reader can not only visualize the children's imaginative adventures, but can also empathetically share in the delight generated in the poem:

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"--
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me. (22)

And his well-known "Land of Counterpane" provides another example of a child's wonderfully creative imagination as he turns his sick-bed into a miniature universe:

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.
And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane. (27-28)

"Stevenson," says Roger Ricklefs, "regarded youth with more affection and less condescension than did almost any other English writer" (14). Bess Porter Adams feels that Stevenson has never been "surpassed . . . in his ability to express what the young child thinks and feels" (271). Eaton sees the poet as possessing the ability to capture the essence of the "whole contour of the child's . . . world in a child's voice, from a child's perspective" (270).

Rossetti's view of childhood is a much more limited one. Waller describes her as viewing children "very much like birds and flowers--she liked their innocence and prettiness and gentle ways, but apparently had no special sympathy for them" (239). This linking of child and animal has already been noted in her poem about the "frisky child" and the "frisky lamb" playing together in the meadow. Waller also seems to question Rossetti's ability to "enter into a child's mind" (239), and herein, I believe, lies the greatest difference between the two poets.

"In the child's world . . ." writes Stevenson, in an essay entitled "Child's Play," "play is all in all. 'Making believe' is the gist of his whole life. . ." (40). He then recalls how as a child himself, he would play at being a man by using burnt cork to draw a false moustache on his upper lip. This simple act of making believe, he writes, created in him an "expansion of spirit," and a corresponding sense of "dignity and self-reliance" (40).

I believe that the poems of Stevenson and Rossetti are in part, at least, reflections of two very different personalities and ways of looking at life. Calder describes Stevenson in her biography of him as one possessed of a "sparkling . . . personality" who "longed for life to be full of colour and drama." She quotes his friend Edmund Gosse who called him "the most entrancing personality" he had ever encountered (7).

Rossetti, on the other hand, has been described as "self-effacing," "self-conscious . . . , particularly about writing poetry," and even as having "guilt feelings about . . . enjoying praise for her poetic achievements" (Bellas 25). Rosenblum refers to her as being "reticent" (3), "self-denying," "introverted" (33), and "'melancholy,' . . . to the point of morbidity" (37). I believe these traits are reflected in her Sing-Song verses, just as I see Stevenson's more positive traits echoed in his poems. And although many of her rhymes are appealing, Rossetti's children remain faceless, colorless, indistinct, without personalities, unable to truly play or to leave the pages of her little book. Stevenson's child characters, on the other hand, are allowed free rein to imagine, to pretend, to be themselves. They project images of real children--from across the street or across the years--joyous, happy, immortal, and thus the verse appeals to the child in each of us--the child we were, will ever in some sense remain.

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The Descent into Light
A Post-Romantic Image of the Child

"Where the blackness is blacker than any,
Like a great open mouth, like a jaw,
You must do what you can with your gumption
And your sunflower hat and your traw."

(The King of the Squirrels' advice to Bronwen in Bronwen, the Traw, and the Shape-Shifter by James Dickey, 3: 2)[1]

That literature for children should contain an element of hope is an almost universally held precept among commentators on this genre. The demand for hope is not, however, necessarily a demand for a happy ending. A number of child protagonists descend into an underworld of fear, disillusionment, illness, or death itself, and only some of them emerge individually triumphant. This raises the question: hope for whom? Is it hope for the character in the story or for the child reader or for the adult reader who wishes to be assured of the triumph of humankind over the forces that beset it? In my judgment, one powerful post-Romantic theme in children's books is the child's journey through darkness to find a light that will illumine the human consciousness--adult or juvenile.

Many authors have flung their young heroes and heroines into such a quest. In George MacDonald's At the Back of the North Wind there is the classic instance of Diamond's journey in the night-black hair of the North Wind to the other side of death. Ultimately he does not return from the last of these journeys, but before that he has taught his parents to accept death as a part of life. In the present century, David, in Randall Jarrell's Fly By Night, reaches a subconscious resolution of his loneliness during his nightly dream floating through his everyday landscape, and Maurice Sendak's Ida, borne through the night on her mother's billowing yellow coat descends into a seaside cave where she rescues her baby sister, learning in the process to accept the status of responsible member of the family. In each of these adventures, the child who braves the darkness receives the gift of enlightenment. One recent example that serves well as a focal point for this important theme in children's literature is James Dickey's Bronwen, the Traw, and the Shape-Shifter.

Scholars of Dickey's work generally place him in the Romantic tradition and point out how he has changed and carried that tradition forward. Arthur Gregor gives this view succinctly when he says in his essay "James Dickey, American Romantic":

> The facets of the sacred--reverence, magic, and the terror that often follows a deep engagement with it--are qualities that distinguish James Dickey's work and set it apart in the contemporary scene. Rapture and terror, ecstasy over the beauty of the terrible and faith in the ultimate supremacy of light are the ranges of his essentially romantic vision. . . . [It is] the transformation itself and its passions that Dickey is centered in. . . . In this passion and conviction he belongs firmly in the tradition of the great romantics, . . . however different his manner and language. (77-78)

But as these scholars are writing on Dickey's work for adults, they mention his attitudes toward childhood only incidentally, and those attitudes represent an evolution of Romantic thought.

In Bronwen, the Traw, and the Shape-Shifter, a gentle mock-epic of 494 lines, Dickey, who says he likes "to mythologize my children and grandchildren" (flyleaf of the paper jacket), writes of his young daughter Bronwen's mythological dream journey to the island of the flying squirrels, where, with the help of a magically charged garden traw, she overcomes the shifting shapes of the malignant force that the All-Dark sets on the small creatures of the world. Before her test,

> Bronwen knew that the All-Dark would find her
> As it did in its path every night;
> It would come as though coming behind her
> And blank everything else out of sight. (1: 10)

The All-Dark, which hangs "like the wrong side of brightness" (1: 12), "lies like a great bed of nothing, / . . . And is everything there that is there" (1: 13), has blinded Bronwen with a fear of half of her world. It is only after she has dared to confront the many sides of the natural world that she gains both day and night vision.

The idea of the child growing toward the light of understanding is, of course, the antithesis of what we conceive of as the Romantics' view that adulthood is a more darkened state than childhood. William Blake's Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience are commonly cited as examples of this view, and the most famous single example is William Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." James Dickey, when asked about his writing for children, quoted from Wordsworth's poem:

> It seems to me that the main thing that you should encourage children in is that exercising of their own imagination and fantasy life. That dies out as one gets older when [as] Mr. Wordsworth says, "Shades of the prisonhouse begin to close / Upon the growing boy." Isn't that good? Before the shades of the prison house are fully closed we should give the child some imagination. His innocence is like the first day of creation and to him it is. We should give that full license and full play. (qtd. in Page 230)

Dickey is indeed giving "full license and full play" to fantasy and the imagination in Bronwen, the Traw, and the Shape-Shifter, but the definition of innocence that emerges from Bronwen's trial against the All-Dark is radically different from Wordsworth's. Bronwen, although clearly in league with light as her "sunflower hat" which "turns sunward / And against all the force of the night" (3: 8) attests, is imprisoned by her innocent fear of the shifting, unknown shapes that inhabit the dark.

> For the All-Dark was more than the evening
> And wasn't the worst thing of all,
> For the All-Dark turned loose the Shape-Shifter. (1: 11)
>
> . . . .
>
> The worst is the Shapes that come from it,
> And the last is as bad as the first. (1: 15)

The Shapes that the All-Dark turns loose are essentially the powers of nature, which Dickey divides, medieval fashion, into "earth, water, fire, and air" (4: 13). It is nature as the unknown and untamed that frightens Bronwen; far from being a free spirit because of her innocence, she is a captive of her ignorance. However, after she is placed in the center of a mystical fountain that whirls with the unified brightness of animals and angels, "And three drops fell misting together / On the traw and its three tingling tines" (3: 16), Bronwen has the power to see each shape for what it is and to dig at the roots of her fears with the now glowing tines of her traw. Only then is she at home in both light and shadow, whether in the sunlit garden, before the hearth's flames, or in her darkened bedroom.

The tone of the poem is lyrical and lightly humorous even in its central moments, and this combination is also a post-Romantic trait of Dickey's and other contemporary writers' picture of childhood. Consider this early stanza, which seems a playful subversion of Blake's "The Sick Rose":

> The fat worms knew she meant business,
> As, with ointment of zinc on her nose,
> She dug for the magical color
> That comes up through the stem of the rose. (1: 6)

Bronwen's determined gardening attacks the problems of sick roses and "The invisible worm / That flies in the night" (Blake 23).

Her battle with the All-Dark, the invisible Shape-Shifter that flies in the night, also combines elements of lyricism and homespun humor. When, at the crisis of the action, Bronwen herself is sent spinning in the Shape-Shifter's whirlwind, her sunflower hat (obviously another tribute to Blake) "stayed in place, although cockeyed" (3: 24). Touching the foot of the wind and then of the fire, and the crest of the threatening wave with a tine of her fountain-charged traw, she subdues them. With the three tines now drained of their magic and "the endless deep black of the earth" (4: 1) opening beneath her, Bronwen stands fast, although she knows that this is "death's go-for-broke birth" (4: 1). The squirrels call to her to step back, but, using sturdy, simple words, she answers,

> No, I'll stand once again . . .
> I'll stand with my traw and my hat;

I'll stand, for the world's frightened children;
If it's that, it'll have to be that! (4: 3)

Fortunately, the handle of the traw her father made her "[w]as a new living blaze in her palm" (4: 5), and at its touch "the earth healed entirely around her" (4: 9). Bronwen and the small creatures who asked her help are saved--not from death but from what is worse--the fear of death.

As in much of Dickey's poetry, his mysticism and magic are intertwined with everyday objects. Bronwen's talismans are merely a straw hat and a tin digging tool; returned from her night flight and battle with the All-Dark, she sees that "the sheaf of the rainbowing sprinkler / Turned round like the fountain she'd seen" (4: 31). The fountain itself is cosmic

And the shapes that danced there like the moon
Were angels and horses and dolphins
That went and came back as they spun.

And sometimes they danced altogether
So the horse and the dolphin were one
And you could not tell running from swimming
Or how this bright mystery was done. (3: 14-15)

Both the text and the illustration here suggest an affinity with the Oriental concept of a wheel of life and with Jakob Boehme's and Emanuel Swedenborg's theories of the great chain of being. With this image of the whirling fountain of life, Dickey is handing his daughter (and other young people who read the poem) a distilled version of the philosophy that informs his own poetry. As Howard Nemerov says in his essay on Dickey, "Poems of Darkness and a Specialized Light":

> My impression of the process of his poetry is that it runs something like this: water--stone--the life of animals--of children--of the hunter, who is also a poet. . . . The intention seems often enough this, a feeling one's way down the chain of being, a becoming the voice which shall make dumb things respond, sometimes to their hurt or death; sensing of alien modes of experience, mostly in darkness or in an unfamiliar light; reason accepting its animality; a poetry whose transcendancies [sic] come of its reconciliations. Salvation is this: apprehending the continuousness of forms, the flowing of one energy through everything. (14)

Take, for example, two poems from Dickey's first book Drowning with Others: "The Movement of Fish" and "The Heaven of Animals." From the first, consider the lines, "Where he is now / Could be gold mixed / with absolute blackness" (Early Motion 11), and from the second:

At the cycle's center,
They tremble, they walk
Under the tree,
They fall, they are torn,
They rise, they walk again.
(Early Motion 13)

In a much more recent poem, "Undersea Fragment in Colons," we find a similar, if somewhat more cryptic message:

The slant ladder of soundlessness: word: world: sea:
Flight partaking of tunnels   fins, of quills and airfoils:
Word: unwitnessed numbers nailed noon enchanted three minutes
Of the sun's best effort of height   this space   time   this
Hang-period   meridian passage:
Sing.   (*Central Motion* 137)

Other mystic/mythic elements, pervasive in *Bronwen, the Traw, and the Shape-Shifter* and common in children's literature, are found throughout Dickey's poetry: a magical, almost totemic use of animals and the animation of objects. As Robert Kirschten notes in his book *James Dickey and the Gentle Ecstasy of Earth*:

> Dickey's romantic exchanges with animals are really the products of extensive series of magical metaphors that blend a dramatized particular movement . . . with the contagious energy from their local animating mixtures.
>
> Insofar as his universe is populated with objects that seem to have their own principles of motion, his world becomes as magical as that of a fairy tale in which frogs turn into princes. . . . Dickey's optative magic operates in a primitive world of personification. (95)

Kirschten cites the mythology of the Hupa Indians as an example and concludes that a similar "method of personification conveys the fairy tale quality of Dickey's world, which seems religious in the sense that some spirit of movement inhabits inanimate objects and gives each its own life" (95). Kirschten is describing Dickey's poetry for adults. In the poem Dickey wrote to and for his daughter Bronwen, magic and animation are all pervasive.

Furthermore, Dickey's claim that he likes to mythologize his children and grandchildren is certainly made good in *Bronwen, the Traw, and the Shape-Shifter*. That the parents named their daughter Bronwen, presumably after the legendary and brave but tragic Welsh Queen Branwen, speaks for this tendency. The poem itself is a play on a number of mythological themes. For example, the very notion of a Shape-Shifter recalls Ulysses' wrestling match with Proteus. And when, task completed, Bronwen must climb a mountain-top pine tree, "the nearest / This country can get to the sky" (4: 17) to launch her return flight with the flying squirrels, Richard Jesse Watson's illustration reinforces the idea that this is a Carolina version of Yggdrasil, the life tree, which, as Thomas Carlyle put it, "has its roots down deep in the Death-Kingdoms, among the oldest dead dust of men, and with its boughs reaches always beyond the stars" (*Past and Present* 37). "The wide grey star-bright river" (2: 15) across which the flying squirrels carry Bronwen is, in its nighttime existence, a version of the River Styx. Furthermore, Bronwen, by descending into "[t]he All-Dark's main cave and his lair," which is "like a great hole" (3: 12), joins those epic heroes who have traveled to the underworld and by dint of cleverness and courage returned to the world of light.

There is also an element from the mythology special to fairy tales and children's literature: the presence of talking animals. Neither dead warriors nor kings nor slain queens come to Bronwen as heralds from the other world, but flying squirrels, small creatures with soft fur and a "leaf's voice" (2: 8). Lying in her bed "in the ring of the All-Dark" (2: 1) and hearing a knock on her window, she sees

> A shape like the shape of a mitten
> . . . .
> Who would let such a soft thing stay warmless?
> Bronwen lifted the sash from the sill. (2: 4-5)

Her generous impulse to let the creature in places Bronwen among the countless folktale heroes who help animals that are seemingly insignificant but are actually possessed of magical powers. When the golden-pawed king of the squirrels asks her to fight "the great-spreading All-Dark" (3: 5) who gives power to "all things that can see without light" (3: 6), Bronwen, although demurring "And I SURELY don't know know how to fight!" (3: 8), consents "to do what you asked me to come for" (3: 11). Her reward is not, however, a prince or riches, but simply the peace that comes from courage. In the last stanza of this narrative poem we find our child heroine in the "All-Quiet" of bedtime, having bravely turned out the lights herself:

> With all children safe from the Shifter
> And the traw's dented glow on the shelf
> Bronwen slept like lilies and dahlias
> And the All-Dark slept in itself. (4: 36)

Authors like James Dickey, George MacDonald, Randall Jarrell, and Maurice Sendak, although in the Romantic tradition, have gone beyond the Romantics' version of innocence as a blissful and untested state. These later authors' child heroes achieve a state of positive innocence by venturing into a dark and often perilous world and, like Bronwen in her sunflower hat, following the light instead of leaving it behind them with their morning-time. And isn't that what hope is all about--looking forward instead of looking backwards, growing wings of mind and spirit instead of dragging sorrow for lost brightness?

Let the poet James Dickey have the final words:

> I always had
> These wings   buried deep in my back:
> There is a wing-growing motion
> Half-alive in every creature.
> ("Reincarnation II," Poems, 1957-1967 248)

Notes

[1] Bronwen, the Traw, and the Shape-Shifter is unpaginated, but its 122 stanzas are divided into four books, and for convenience in citing, I refer to my own labeling of book and stanza, i.e., (1: 16) or (3: 7).

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Kate Douglas Wiggin's Portraits of the Artist as a Girl

According to Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar in The Madwoman in the Attic (1979), some nineteenth-century female writers tried to avoid being attacked for presumptuous authorial ambitions through the "self-denial" of "writing in the 'lesser' genres" such as "children's books" "or by limiting their readership to 'mere' women like themselves" (72). Studies of authors such as Louisa May Alcott and Frances Hodgson Burnett have shown that this strategy did not necessarily shelter such writers from being attacked nor from having critical condescension affect their authorial self-image. Such insecurities can be seen in Kate Douglas Wiggin's autobiography, My Garden of Memory (1923); and the difficulty with which nineteenth-century women defined themselves as authors can be seen in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (1903) and New Chronicles of Rebecca (1907).

Wiggin's autobiography reveals a woman who consistently underplayed her talents as musician, actress, oral reader, and writer. From her youth, she spent much energy pioneering in the kindergarten movement, and it was a long time before she saw herself as an author. Writing her autobiography in her mid-sixties, she repeatedly avows the modesty of her literary talents, ambitions, and achievements; moreover, she tries to convey her acceptance of this modesty. Often she convinces, because her memoir is generally good-humored and because she communicates much satisfaction with her many activities besides authorship. Sometimes, however, the reader is not totally assured. Emphatic that popularity does not indicate literary quality, she is sensitive to the critical patronizing books with wide circulation received. She says she "didn't particularly wish" to write a book that would find "itself among the 'best-sellers'" "because of the critics who invariably remark that the Walter Paters, the George Merediths, the Samuel Butlers, and the Matthew Arnolds have to content themselves with a small but select company of readers, while the best-sellers cater to an ignorant, raving mob " (324).

Wiggin's reaction to patronizing criticism of the play version of Rebecca when it opened in London (1912) suggests that she had not entirely given up the desire to be recognized as a major talent. In a letter to her husband she wrote, "They say that plays by women are seldom reviewed with anything but condescension here, and it is idle to pretend that American plays are sympathetically regarded at the moment." Despite this acknowledgement, however, Wiggin was unwilling to accept the idea that negative criticism might result from a reviewer's own limitations: "I do not believe personally, and never did, in these forms of antagonism." Rather, she accepted such criticism as a valid measurement of her talent and achievement: "If it had been a better play, it would have overcome" the critics' "peculiar form of aversion" (406). She had to lecture herself into acceptance of her modest achievement: "I must remember that up to this time Rebecca has been one of the happiest experiences of my life. . . . I should be able to bear a slight disappointment with philosophy" (407).

Writing for "mere" women did not entirely satisfy Wiggin. "When I feel a trifle depressed that my audience is chiefly one of girls and women," she says, "I re-read an occasional letter from men"; then she quotes Jack London's letter gushing about Rebecca (353). Her anxiety about male approval is demonstrated also by comments about her high school readings:

> I freely confess that it is with great trepidation that I approach boys. . . . The girls invariably complain . . . because they say that I pay so much more attention to the boys than to them. It is quite true, although I did not imagine it was obvious; but I

> am secretly terrified by youthful persons of the male sex--afraid of not pleasing them, knowing that a great inventor, explorer, or aviator could give them the needful things. (423)

Finally, Wiggin could not decide whether her authorial goals were appropriately modest or inappropriately ambitious:

> Years and years ago I said: 'To write a book that two successive generations of children might love, read twice, and put under their pillows at night, oh! what joy of joys, greater than showers of gold or wreaths of laurel!' Some people would call that a humble wish, viewed from the standpoint of their own ambitions; others would deem it too great to be realized. (354)

By 1922 when she was writing her autobiography, she probably could have claimed to have satisfied "two successive generations of children" with Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, published in 1903. But she was unwilling to acknowledge her success: "Fortunately, I shall never know whether I have even once achieved my goal, for only the passage of years can decide the ultimate fate of a book" (354).

It is not difficult to read Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and New Chronicles of Rebecca as portraits of the artist as a girl which reveal some of Wiggin's own attitudes toward authorship, especially since the autobiography suggests that Rebecca's character was modeled significantly on her own. Wiggin stresses Rebecca's talents in music, dancing, art, oral reading, and writing. Citing Wordsworth often, Wiggin portrays Rebecca as a typically Romantic child artist. Especially sensitive to and inspired by Nature, Rebecca has "a child's poetic instinct" to perceive experience through metaphor (83). Moreover, Wiggin pays considerable attention to Rebecca's efforts as a writer, giving us several poems and a fairy tale she writes; in two chapters of New Chronicles, Wiggin includes extended excerpts from Rebecca's diary or "Thought Book."

Wiggin's portrayal of Rebecca, as well as her portrayal of herself in the autobiography, in several ways fits the pattern described by Linda Huf in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Woman: The Writer as Heroine in American Literature (1983). In male portraits, high aspirations are applauded, while, especially in the nineteenth-century, female artistic aspirations are chastised as "monstrous egotism" (1). Unlike the artist hero, the artist heroine must choose "between her sexuality and her profession," "between her aspirations as an artist, requiring exclusive commitment to work" and "her role as a woman, demanding selfless devotion to others" (5). One has to wonder how much Wiggin's modest literary aims arose from her having internalized social disapprobation of female assertion and self-display. The socially useful goal of raising money for her school prompted her first publications, and her long committment to the kindergarten movement and other civic activities severely reduced time for writing. Intermittently taking rest cures for nervous exhaustion, she was not the only nineteenth-century women who needed illness as an excuse for the self-indulgence of reading and writing--Rebecca was conceived and largely written in a sanitorium. Rebecca, like Wiggin as a youth, educates herself to be a teacher rather than writer because of a family needing her earnings. But Rebecca also aspires to authorship, continually seeking assessment of her writing gifts and guidance in their development. She makes humorous attempts to use the stilted diction prescribed by Miss Dearborn, works to please the more sophisticated Miss Maxwell, becomes the first female editor of the Wareham school paper, and wins the girls' composition prize, funded by Mr. Ladd.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm stresses how family economics and a provincial milieu fetter Rebecca's creativity. That there were internal barriers as well is powerfully suggested by a dream Rebecca records in her Thought Book in New Chronicles. A school committee member, Dr. Moses, has demanded that Miss Dearborn's class produce compositions on the question of "which has been the most Benefercent [sic] Influence on Character--Punishment or Reward?" (73) After struggling for some days with this "dreadful question," Rebecca writes:

> Last night I dreamed that the river was ink and I kept dipping into it and writing with a penstalk made of a young pine tree. I sliced great slabs of marble off the side of one of the White Mountains . . . and wrote on those. Then I threw them all into the falls, as not being good enough for Dr. Moses. (78)

At the most obvious level, Rebecca's dream images her fear that she cannot meet the demands of this "very hard composition" (78). However, later in the same chronicle Rebecca tears up and throws into the river a story Uncle Jerry Cobb had "made fun of" ; and in her Thought Book she writes that his criticism took away her "hope" to be a "writer," that she has instead "decided to be a teacher" (87). The dream and its context can thus also be interpreted as expressing the more general anxiety about assuming a male-defined authorship which Gilbert and Gubar described as endemic in nineteenth-century female writers. The dream's imagery suggests both the grandeur and phallic nature of the authorial task: She writes on "great marble slabs" and uses a pine tree as a penstalk. The dream's context suggests a fear of male disapproval for this authorial presumption: She must write about rewards and punishments and she fears or receives disapproval from two male critics, the authoritative law-giver, Dr. Moses, and the usually encouraging substitute father, Uncle Jerry. Fear of criticism and punishment are internalized and result in self-aborted effort: She throws her work into the water. One is reminded of the paternal lover, Professor Bhaer, who put a stop to Jo March's sensation fiction, after which she turned to writing children's stories.

Male interruption of female artistic development frequently occurs in the female Kuenstleroman, according to Huf. For the artist hero, women serve as inspirations or muses. For the artist heroine, males bar creativity, whether as critics who become internalized censors or as spouses who demand a devotion taking precedence over the artist's dedication to her art. This latter kind of male interference is acknowledged by Wiggin, perhaps unconsciously, in several ways. The story Rebecca tears up and throws into the river portrays lovers who meet and marry by a river. And it can be argued that Wiggin refused to write a sequel to Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm because she knew Rebecca would have to face a marriage proposal from Mr. Ladd. In Rebecca, Wiggin insists on Rebecca's sexual latency and her reluctance to acknowledge Mr. Ladd's transparent interest in her as a potential spouse. In New Chronicles, Wiggin wrote not a sequel but a gathering of other episodes in her life as a child. Wiggin said she wanted to allow readers to write their own endings to Rebecca's story (Smith 322), and she allows her readers several options in the last chapter of New Chronicles. Wiggin admits that Rebecca is now "half awakened" (268) to Mr. Ladd's love for her, and Rebecca wonders, in the book's last sentence, "if anybody" will ever come "to carry me out to sea!" (271) For readers who want a book to end in a love match, Wiggin offers the substitute engagement of Rebecca's best friend, Emma Jane Perkins--much as Louisa May Alcott delayed Jo's marriage by offering first Meg's and then Amy's. Alcott eventually found a spouse for Jo, but Wiggin allows readers to imagine an alternative to marriage. Earlier in this last chronicle, Rebecca observes that Aunt Jane and her mother are strong enough so that she can now pursue any of what "Mr. Aladdin" calls her "cast-off careers" (247). Teaching is probable, but like her Wareham mentor, Miss Maxwell--or Wiggin herself--she might combine teaching and writing.

Gilbert and Gubar point out that while male authors are threatened by their literary precursors (experiencing the "anxiety of influence" identified by Harold Bloom), female authors seek models to legitimize their own rebellious artistic ambitions (to relieve their "anxiety of authorship") (45-49). In addition to Miss Maxwell, Wiggin provides Rebecca an important precursor in the painter Miss Ross, who Rebecca says "sowed the first seeds in me of ambition to do something special" (Chronicles 240). Miss Ross not only gave her the desire to be a painter but also brought her from Paris two gifts symbolic of the tools she would need. The first, a pink parasol, a female accouterment in shape resembling a pine tree, could suggest a painter's brush or writer's penstalk. This first gift being notably phallic, the second is distinctly

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female, a bead purse--a receptacle for the "seeds" of "ambition" Miss Ross planted in her, perhaps, as well as for the money to support and reward her artistic endeavors. What happens to the parasol, however, suggests that receiving the artist's tools from a female precursor does not make one immune to punishment, for it is very difficult to be an artist as well as a "good" and "proper" girl. In Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Rebecca is so absorbed revising a poem that she does not notice the fresh paint sign on the bridge she leans on and thus ruins her best dress; to punish herself she throws her cherished parasol down a well. Rebecca's treatment of the purse in New Chronicles shows a similar worry about whether she can carry her artistic ambitions into adulthood and still be a "good" girl. Just before she has her penstalk dream, she writes drafts of her composition on rewards and punishments which refer to both parasol and purse. To illustrate a past example of self-punishment, she describes the parasol event; as a current example, she records, "I . . . wrapped up my bead purse in three papers and put it away marked not to be opened till after my death unless needed for a party." When she turns to a discussion of how rewards might influence her character, Rebecca expresses the hope many nineteenth-century female writers must have had to be affirmed for both their gender and their art. Prominent in her list of rewards is carrying the bead purse to school every day. "How joyful life would be," she exclaims, if she could have "a sweet and beautiful character, beloved by my teacher and schoolmates, admired and petted by my aunts and neighbors, yet carrying my bead purse constantly, with perhaps my best hat on Wednesday afternoons, as well as Sunday!" (76)

The bead purse given Rebecca by Miss Ross, in the above context, suggests a longing for artistic ambition and self-display to be permitted. A desire for economic resources allowing time to pursue one's art is suggested by a purse Rebecca imagines Miss Maxwell giving her in the fairy tale she writes to honor this teacher, who herself has appeared in print (Rebecca 188). Rebecca portrays herself as a poor Princess working ceaselessly with a plough. Miss Maxwell is a fairy godmother who daily sends the Princess a strong man to do her work--and a purse of ducats to pay him. As the Princess walks in the forest, she pricks her thoughts on leaves which people read by holding them against the sun. Like Rebecca's Thought Book discussions of the bead purse, her fairy tale posits a life combining the pursuit of art with the approval of authority. The girl Rebecca receives approval for having "a sweet and beautiful character"; the adult Miss Maxwell receives approval, from a male-defined deity, for the socially useful profession of teaching. Rebecca's fairy tale says that "many other little Princesses" prick leaves and send them to fall where they will; and it is conjectured that someday, when the fairy godmother meets the King in person, he will show her the gathered leaves and say, "Read, and know how you sped the King's service" (231-32).

Rebecca does not say what happened to the Princess, for "the end of the story is not come" (231). Her fairy tale like Wiggin's books leaves the reader to wonder what will become of its heroine's artistic aspiration. However, it is likely that if she is allowed to carry it like a purse into adulthood, she will have to combine such self-display with the more womenly pursuit of serving others, whether spouse, family members, or students. Miss Ross cared for her blind father and two brothers as well as painted and made trips to Paris (Chronicles 240). Miss Maxwell continues to teach at Wareham, though it is suggested that she is not entirely happy in this work and nurses an unrequited love for Adam Ladd (Rebecca 188, 192; Chronicles 266). Kate Douglas Wiggin's autobiography would have us believe that she had had it all: happiness with a wealthy husband who supported her in her careers, pride in her work as an educational pioneer, and satisfaction with her albeit modest literary achievements. However, subtexts in her autobiography, in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, and in New Chronicles of Rebecca suggest that, like her more critically acclaimed sisters molded by the nineteenth century, Wiggin did not escape considerable anxiety about being both woman and author.

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The Illustrated Postmodern

Literature of the twentieth century, especially since World War II, is typified by experimentation and a questioning of the traditional ways we attempt to learn from the ordering of experience in stories and books. Postmodern literature, often playfully comic, subverts our expectations and contradicts our faith in the verisimilitude of what we read. Obviously, in one sense children's books need to establish those expectations before they can be attacked. And the most sophisticated experimentation must take place for an audience already well experienced in norms and models. It is likewise our view of children as naive readers that prevents too large a departure from traditional story-telling and illustration. Each book represents an image of its reader, an image of the child, and our image as consumers in how we perceive the child we buy the book for. The developments of postmodernism have pervaded our lives and literature, and likewise shaped the contemporary picture book.

In a chapter from his book The Brothers Grimm: From Enchanted Forests to the Modern World (1988), Jack Zipes takes three contemporary and familiar illustrated texts to task:

> The illustrations by Hyman, Mayer, and Sanderson, despite their artistic qualities, reveal nothing new about Sleeping Beauty and nothing new about the myth that surrounds her sleep. The compositions are not critical commentaries on the text but extensions bound by prescriptions that tie the artists' hands to draw not what they see and know but what the text and society mean to uphold. We pride ourselves in the days of postmodernism, poststructuralism, postindustrialism, and post women's liberation that we have left the sexist connotations of children's books and illustrations behind us. Perhaps, my discussion of Sleeping Beauty, the fairy tale as myth, will reveal that it is not so much Sleeping Beauty who needs to be wakened from a trance, but we as readers and creators of fairy tales, that is, if we want our imaginations really to be challenged and our eyes to behold new horizons qualitatively different from the scenes of our present illustrated fairy-tale books. (163-64)

Zipes is echoing the modern call: make it new, show us something we have not seen before. He is speaking here of a sexist depiction of the fairy tale, but he also raises the question of just what a postmodern portrayal might be. Could there be a postmodern picture book for children, and could there be such a thing as a postmodern rhetoric of picture-making? Clearly, present texts show an advance in the sophistication of pictures from the days when text and words were segregated, the text on the left page and the picture separate on the right. Likewise, the imperfect relationship between word and picture has prompted texts which ironically comment from one medium to the other.

As Perry Nodelman writes in Words about Pictures, the pictures and text of picture books

> come together best and most interestingly not when writers and illustrators attempt to have them mirror and duplicate each other but when writers and illustrators use the different qualities of their different arts to communicate different information. When they do that, the texts and illustrations of a book have an ironic relationship to each other: the words tell us what the pictures do not show, and the pictures show us what the words do not tell. (222)

Rather than merely attempt to exploit the different media, however, Nodelman says that the words and pictures cannot help but be ironic: "Irony occurs in literature when we know something more and something different from what we are being told. . . . The pictures destroy our confidence in the apparent meaning of the words, and the words destroy our confidence in the apparent implication of the picture" (223).

For instance, in 1973, the same year that he published The Juniper Tree, Maurice Sendak also issued King Grisly-Beard, a comic and ironic version of one Grimm fairy tale. The Juniper Tree is a contemporary and unexpurgated translation of Grimm by Lore Segal and Randall Jarrell, with serious black and white line drawings by Sendak, each on its own page with only white on the following leaf. Presumably, Sendak is here presenting as definitive a view of the fairy tales as he had in 1973. In contrast, King Grisly-Beard is a comic-strip like parody which completely overwhelms the printed story. Before the fairy tale begins, a contemporary young boy and girl are seen on the end papers, dressed in winter clothes and galoshes. They are short, round and lumpish, and they meet an "impresario" who offers them a job acting in the subsequent story: "Wanted! Extraordinary Actor & Actress to play the leading roles in Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm's Fabulous King Grisly-Beard--Inquire Within." On the dedication page, they put on their costumes, commenting here and throughout the tale with cartoon speech balloons and always accompanied by the impresario's cynical dog.

The story of "King Grisly-Beard," like The Taming of the Shrew, describes a haughty princess who turns down all her suitors. Her father marries her off to the scruffy Grisly-Beard who feigns poverty, makes her live in a hovel, cook the food, weave baskets, and sell earthen pots in the marketplace until she is suitably humbled; Grisly-Beard is revealed as a handsome prince and she is restored to the luxury of a princess's life. Sendak's pictures here show the four- or five-year-old children, colorfully enjoying their playacting, instead of the "daughter who was very beautiful" that the story calls for.

Perhaps this is the version of the fairy tale that Zipes calls for, for instead of being humbled as the story describes, the children continue after the story into the end papers. When the impresario compliments them on their acting, the plain little girl, back in her snowsuit, says "What did you expect?" Although The Juniper Tree used a contemporary translation, the text for this book is the expurgated 1823 translation of Edgar Taylor, the first English version. Not only is Sendak going back to the first appearance in English of the German tale, but he is undercutting the message of the story, and commenting on the fact that fairy tales today are seen as stories for young children although they concern adolescents who have moved into their sexual maturity. Here the pictures and of course the artist, since Sendak presumably was responsible for the book from beginning to end, gently chide the pre-feminist nature of the Grimms' tales in general. The reader bounces back and forth between words and pictures; though the written text is positioned in the visually superior top half of the page, the pictures, not only contain their own written text in balloons and signs, but they catch the reader before the story properly starts. Although pictures here undermine the written text, they are in fact the book and remind us of interpretation, as an actor fills a role, or as the proper child audience would likely put itself in the role.

The ironic discourse between words and pictures in King Grisly-Beard makes it an enjoyable work, but it is not postmodern. It fits well within what we expect of a dialogic literary work, commenting ironically upon its own text. Although they are discussing graphics and responding to a work of graphics theory, Edward R. Tufte's The Visual Display of Quantitative Information, Ben F. Barton and Marthalee S. Barton recently defined a postmodern approach to the relation of words and pictures. First, there must be equality or non-hierarchy between the two. "A second postmodernist trait of relevance here is the erasing of ontological boundaries" (260); that is, there is no frame to separate the two. The final characteristic is eclecticism, a connecting of fragments and a skewing of the unity of the text.

All picture books are built on the model of the sentence, or the inevitability of forward motion. In our culture, one starts on the left with the capital letter and proceeds to the right to the period. The pictures slow us down somewhat since we stop and look around them in them, from most obvious or most interesting detail to lesser important. In fact, illustrated books present a tension between the forward linearity of the written text and the slowing motion of a picture. Still, the reader is impelled forward, even in a wordless picture book, from the beginning, onward to the right until the story is completed and there are no pages left.

To elaborate on the Bartons' three criteria, contemporary book illustration has advanced to a near equality between pictures and words; still, the words hold a slight edge in their "superior" ability to spell out action, just as the pictures tend to have a predominance due to the interest they hold for the reader's eye. The ontological frame is a signal which suggests that the words and pictures have an explanatory relationship: "look at the picture and see what I mean." A breakdown of this relationship is characteristic of postmodernism in general which mocks the reader for seeking help and a reliance upon traditional cause and effect in story-telling. Finally, the third criteria suggests a mixing of media, a collage, and again a thwarting of the visual expectations of the reader/viewer. The three books I discuss below take part in these experimental reversals of expectations. Anno's U.S.A. and The True Story of the Three Little Pigs, by A. Wolf use familiar stories in unusual ways. The Mysteries of Harris Burdick actually tells no one story from beginning to end, but uses the look of a picture book to trick us and to entertain.

In 1983 the Japanese artist Mitsumasa Anno published the wordless picture book Anno's U.S.A., which shows the journey of a man in medieval Japanese garb as he travels across the United States, from West to East, from San Francisco to Massachusetts' Plymouth Colony. The art work bleeds to the margins here, and as in the Find Waldo series the reader is drawn into every busy page, trying to find the Japanese main character, who is himself an observer. Like a three dimensional graph, his journey works on many axes, as we see American history, American art, and common life as lived here from the seventeenth century until the present. Along the way, Whistler's Mother sits outside a country store, the signers of the Declaration of Independence pose before Independence Hall, Wanda Gág's old man delivers millions of cats to his wife, the Earps wait in the OK corral, Robert McCloskey's fat policeman makes way for the ducklings, and Sendak's Wild Things share a New York City parade with Paul Bunyan and his ox Babe. Skyscrapers coexist with a pioneer village, and cars with buggies. Pictures here tell the whole story, and the intertextuality suggests that our picture of ourselves works on many levels of history and mythmaking. Published (in this form) in

English at an American publishing house, we are reminded of an outsider's view, reversing our traditional East to West viewpoint (which itself is a fiction created by our history and its writing), and even prefiguring the Japanese attack on our self-perceived economic and cultural dominance of the world. Here we are presented with a postmodern vision that upends every scale we feel safe with, providing a "backwards," anachronistic, ahistorical world view that questions our ability to tell fiction from fact.

From the beginning of his career, the beautiful art work of Chris Van Allsburg has threatened to overwhelm his texts, and in The Mysteries of Harris Burdick, we are provided with fourteen luminous black and white drawings, each the beginning of a story but no more. Nominally the work of the eponymous artist Burdick who has since disappeared, each might illustrate one book and according to the book's "legend" has inspired books and stories from those who were intrigued by their mystery. Magic abounds in the images here as stones somehow skip back across the water to the thrower, chairs float up into space, and a vine grows out of a book held by a sleeping little girl. Each of the fourteen pictures teases but is a dead end; there is no solution to the mystery, potentially disappointing the reader who is interested in the closure of a traditional ending. Perhaps this collection is meant to inspire a series of stories for the child reader, but it actually works as a gallery of stunning drawings, turning ever back on itself and calling attention to technique. Van Allsburg has placed each hard-edged rectangular drawing on the right facing page, across from its title and caption, teasing us with a traditional arrangement of words and pictures. Yet the words help us not at all in understanding each picture's position in an imaginary story of words, time, and action. One point here may be that every story, even those we are very familiar with, might have alternative endings if interrupted; fiction is fiction, subject to the whims of creator, artist, and reader.

Finally, Jon Scieszka with illustrator Lane Smith, like Sendak, subverts a childhood tale, this time The True Story of the Three Little Pigs, by A. Wolf. Here unrealistic modernist pictures of a style often seen in political cartoons completely mingle with the written text. Although most pictures are framed, the words are often printed upon them, figures extend out of the frame, and the drawings themselves often form the words. For instance the initial E for the first word of the story has crossbars made of the traditional sticks, bricks, and straw of the three little pigs' houses. The story is the wolf's "confession," trying to explain his behavior with regard to the pigs and rationalize himself out of guilt. The pictures are full of puns; for instance, the police who arrive to arrest him are, of course, pigs. The pictures likewise subvert the wolf's testimony and the book's written text, since he claims innocence of wrong-doing while assembling a tall Big Mac bristling with bunny ears and mouse tails, for instance. The story is modern, with the wolf contending the press blew the story out of all logical proportion and this book claims to show the story from the villain's point of view. Yet it is the traditional viewpoint that is finally supported; the wolf is the typical bully who whines but is not willing to take his punishment. The covers are a collage of yellowed newspaper clippings of sensational events, including the Leopold and Loeb murder. The message here is truly presented in a postmodern manner. The pictures work in a variety of ways, following the wolf's version as well as subverting it. They work as collage, as letters, as traditional pictures separated from text as well as mingling with it. In each of the three of these books, the reader is required to know the "story" already; the words offer no help. And the relation between them rises above the merely ironic. The reader must collect all the information and draw a conclusion from a series of contradictory signals. Perhaps the familiarity of the story is the key to the success of this book and the fact that we never really disliked the wolf or liked the smug pig who built his house of bricks in the original story.

Postmodernism is typified by the play of contradictory messages and the stressing of the artificiality of stories. The more sophisticated and tricky a story is, the less it is going to be seen as appropriate for a child audience, by the adults who buy books for them. There are artists like Edward Gorey who have pushed at the perceived boundaries of the picture book so hard that their work is seen as illustrated works for adults only. Here, Anno and Van Allsburg have a strong reputation as children's artists, so a more experimental work will get a reading. As we have seen, all these books work on many levels. None of the three "tells" a traditional story from beginning to end, and each uses its pictures to remind us of the unreliability of written texts. It is the position of these artists that this is a viewpoint that can be understood by their reader, the postmodern child.

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Images of the Child as Musician

Music is one of the few universal languages: most people in any culture enjoy it in some form, and children may respond the most naturally of all to its appeal. Making music is more specialized, though; many people would like to be musicians, but few have the combination of talent and perseverance required to succeed as performers.

As adults, we know this, but in the books we write for children, what images of musicians do we present? And can one artistic medium (words) ever adequately convey the features of another (music) to an audience?

To answer the second question first, interrelationships between artistic media offer a compelling area of scholarship. It's no accident that Romantic music was being composed and performed as Romantic poetry was being written and read. Even an artist as consummate as Maurice Sendak acknowledges his dependence on another medium--words--for inspiration:

> With me, everything begins with writing. No pictures at all--you just shut the Polaroid off; you don't want to be seduced by pictures because then you begin to write for pictures. Images come in language, language, language: phrases, in verbal constructs, in poetry, whatever. I've never spent less than two years on the text of one of my picture books, even though each of them is approximately 380 words long. Only when the text is finished--when my editor thinks it's finished--do I begin the pictures. _Then_ I put the film in my head (60).

The relationship that Sendak acknowledges between words and art should also exist between words and music, though perhaps in reverse order. That is, books about children making music should begin with the music, and the verbal images that follow should be true--to both the music and to the child musician.

An examination of selected picture books and books for older readers[1] that feature children making music reveals these images as sometimes facile, sometimes narrow, and sometimes true.

The first category--facile books--presents the musician as magician. To be sure, making music can be one of life's great pleasures, but this pleasure usually comes after arduous practice, sometimes with discouraging interludes. However, facile books like Arthur Yorinks' picture book _Bravo, Minski_ suggest that a quick fix--in this case, a chemical formula whose secret ingredient is tea--will enable anyone who drinks it to sing to acclaim at the Milan opera house.

Less blatant but still unrealistic is Kristin Hunter's The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou. Set in a large city, this novel has a melodramatic plot that hardly does justice to its best characters, including members of a family struggling to stay off welfare, as well as gang members. The musical component of the book has promise: Blind Eddie Bell, an aging and impoverished blues pianist, teaches Louretta Hawkins to play the blues. His instruction rings true: the basis of blues piano is three chords, and playing the blues is "simple. . . but it ain't easy" (76). Yet this promise degenerates into a contrivance when Louretta and some of the gang members are heard on a television newscast singing blues/gospel at a friend's funeral. By invitation, they make a record that sells sensationally when promoted by local disc jockey Big Mouth. Shortly afterwards, "The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou" become rich and famous. Hunter moderates this rags-to-riches story a bit by inserting a paragraph toward the end about how "the excitement of improvising the first songs and making the first recording had become the hard work of rehearsing and perfecting numbers for the second" (246), and how Louretta's money does not buy her happiness, but by this time the book's melodramatic twists have prevailed in the reader's mind.

Rosie and the Dance of the Dinosaurs by Betty Ren Wright is less contrived than The Soul Brothers, though its props include a false-bottomed oak wardrobe. Rosie, an appealing child with only nine fingers, is having trouble on several fronts, including her father's job transfer, a prowler in her house, and her inability to perfect "The Dance of the Dinosaurs" for her piano recital. At her father's telephoned suggestion, she realistically solves one part of her musical problem--memorizing the piece--by making up a story about a family of dinosaurs that the music could accompany. The unrealistic solution to the second part of Rosie's musical problem occurs during the recital when she is able to play perfectly a difficult run that she has never mastered in practice, thanks to the diversionary tactics of a mischievous little boy in the audience. Although such a phenomenon could happen, it is so unlikely that Wright seems to have written a false note when she included it.

Another kind of book does not make music seem too easy, but it presents a narrow image of the child as musician: music is either all pleasure or all pain. Although F. N. Monjo's fictionalized autobiography of Mozart, Letters to Horseface, technically falls into this category, Monjo is exonerated because of his subject. Mozart was a genius for whom composing music was as natural as breathing, a fact that neither his father's early promotion nor Mozart's own financial mismanagement could later dim. Monjo's hypothetical letters from the young Mozart to his sister Nanerl ("Horseface") show this pure joy in music.

For lesser talents than Mozart, such a one-sided image rings false. A mild instance of such a presentation is Robert McCloskey's Lentil, about a boy whose harmonica substitutes for the singing voice he lacks. Although Lentil's frequent practicing is realistic, his ability to fill in for an entire marching band strains credulity, as does his unique ability to resist the lemon-slurping menace, Old Sneep, whose antics have disabled the adult band members.

Dicey's Song by Cynthia Voigt also presents an image of young musicians that has some realistic features but fails to give a rounded picture. Dicey Tillerman's younger sister, Maybeth, is musically talented; her teacher, according to Maybeth's grandmother, says "that in over ten years of teaching, Maybeth is the most exciting student he has ever had" (31). Her private success at the piano helps remove some of the stigma from Maybeth's serious difficulties in reading words--a realistic compensation. Yet Voigt later skims over the technical requirements of making music: when Dicey questions Maybeth about how she knows when to play a Bach piece "loud, or fast, or smoothed together," Maybeth simplistically replies, "It's just the way it sounds, when it sounds right" (98). However, if Maybeth has learned from her teacher how to play Bach successfully, she probably understands notations for volume, tempo, and phrasing. Another character, Dicey's friend Jeff, plays ballads and other songs on his guitar; readers learn that Dicey enjoys his music, but we never hear him practice to perfect it. In fairness, music is a motif and not a theme in this book, so Voigt may be excused for not developing it more. Yet she chose Dicey's Song for the title, and she has Dicey acknowledge that music is one thing she uses to "choose people by"; we might wish that Voigt had made the book's musical images a little less narrow.

Of all the books examined, only Betsy Byars' The Glory Girl is negatively narrow with regard to music. Perhaps that is because Anna Glory, through whose consciousness the book unfolds, is the one member of her family, the Glory Gospel Singers, who cannot sing. However, even the singing Glorys derive little pleasure from their music; only their audience reception seems to fulfill them. Consigned to sell tapes and records at their performances, Anna lets us glimpse the gritty, negative side of a low-financed musical production: struggling for bookings, long hours in a dilapidated bus, dreary practices, and internecine squabbles. When the rather contrived plot nears its end, Anna's encouragement comes not from music but from her recently-paroled Uncle Newt: "You're the best of the bunch--you know that?" (119) The rest of the Glorys sing on while Anna digests the compliment; to this family, music is business and not pleasure.

The remainder of the books examined present the realistic image of a child musician experiencing both pleasure and pain as a result of his or her passion. For example, Ben's Trumpet by Rachel Isadora is a superb picture book whose black-and-white artwork reinforces its focus on the city jazz scene. For most of the book, small Ben plays an imaginary trumpet as he hangs around the Zig Zag Jazz Club, longing to make the music he hears coming from inside. At the very end, the trumpeter whom Ben has idolized invites the boy into the club one day. The last page shows Ben sitting on a stool awkwardly blowing a trumpet, cheeks puffed out; the jazzman is showing him how to hold the instrument and promising, "we'll see what we can do." The jazz band's regular practices are as realistic as the provisional promise Ben gets at the end: he does not fill in for an entire brass band, as does Lentil, but someday he just might make a good jazz trumpeter.

Another balanced image of a young musician appears in Patricia MacLachlan's The Facts and Fictions of Minna Pratt. A young cellist with talent, Minna takes frequent lessons at a conservatory in her city, where she plays string quartets--most often those of Mozart--with three other young musicians. The conservatory scenes, characters, and concerns have a convincing verisimilitude. MacLachlan's impressionistic style in this book allows her to present a number of personal relationships, ranging from Minna's with Lucas, the quartet's violist, to that of a street musician with Lucas's family's housekeeper. The plot centers around Minna's longing to achieve a vibrato in her playing; to MacLachlan's credit, Minna begins to acquire her vibrato not during the quartet's important performance at a competition, but later that night in her own room. Unfortunately, the realistic portrayal of Minna as a young musician fails to compensate for the lack of coherence in the remainder of the book. The acquisition of a vibrato is simply too thin a line on which to hang differences in family lifestyles, questions about gender roles, musings on the distinction between facts and truth, a roomful of contraband frogs, and other disparate concerns.

The most balanced and complete portrayal of a child musician in this group of books is that of James Johnson in Katherine Paterson's Come Sing, Jimmy Jo. The music is country, and the feelings are real in this book, both the pleasure and the pain. A reluctant public picker and singer, James is urged onto the stage with his performing family by their newly acquired manager and the manager's surprising ally, James's beloved grandmother. "You got the gift" (28), she tells him; "The Lord don't give private presents. . . . If he give you somethin', it's only because he thinks you got the sense to share it or give it away. You try to keep the gift to yourself, it's liable to rot" (29). Paterson deftly weaves a plot that includes many of the same difficulties that the Glory family experiences in Byars' novel, with the addition of other elements ranging from the appearance of James's hitherto unknown natural father to his friendship with the black youth who rules the school. Unlike Byars, though, Paterson presents the positive side of performing music too: the practices that occasionally go well and the after-concert high that James feels as he rides home in the back of the station wagon after his first overwhelmingly successful stage performance:

> James was too excited to sleep. Lying there, he could feel the humming of the tires in his belly, in his teeth even. He sang songs in his head to the rhythm of it, as though it were a guitar with only one chord, a chord that went with nearly everything. He saw himself singing everywhere--on the porch and in the kitchen at home, on the stage at Countrytime. He had seen pictures of the Grand Old Opry's huge stage, so he put himself on that,

> too, but then backed off. He didn't want to dream so big it would pop in his face (42).

Many problems await James and the family; Paterson resolves some of them and at the end has James feel reassured, not burdened, that he has the gift.

A real musician must both have the gift and develop it through instruction and practice. Some of these books present images of children who meet both criteria. The authors' styles range from MacLachlan's impressionism to Byars' naturalism, though most of the books would be classified simply as realistic. Style seems to have little bearing on the accuracy of the musical image, though; nor does the age of the reader--Isadora's Ben is as probable as Yorinks' Minski is impossible, and both are the protagonists in picture books. As Paterson's James Johnson does, perhaps some authors have the gift: they can tell a story well for their public and resist the temptation to present the making of music as any easier or any harder than it actually is.

Notes

[1] My thanks to Selma K. Levi, head children's librarian at the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, for her assistance in compiling these titles.

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Images of Hawaii for Children:
Cultural Deprivileging and Reprivileging[1]

In a recent visit to Honolulu, President George Bush acknowledged the importance of the Pacific in the remarkably changing world in which we live by formally meeting, for the first time in American history, with the assembled heads of state of Polynesia (Kresnak A1). But palm trees, scantily clad women, strong brown men husking coconuts, and a naively Rousseauian romanticism continue, I believe, to create an amorphous, uninformed image of Polynesia in most Western minds. From utopia to exotica to erotica, Hawaii has been variously presented in book form during the 200 years since its "discovery" by Westerners--an event which occurred perhaps 1,700 years after the archipelago's "discovery" by other people, people of color who lacked the technology of print to tout what they had done.

Every "discovery" carries with it subtexts of preconceptions and perspectives, and the marketing of the Pacific and particularly of Hawaii as a colony and later as a state of the United States in books for children reveals a remarkably consistent Eurocentric bias, despite majority indigenous populations that look not West, but South and East. After all, "the struggle for political control is a struggle for the images in our heads" (Major 4), for the way we perceive and understand a "fact," an event, a culture. In the historical overview that follows, we will see that images of Hawaii and Polynesia have given Westerners more than an eyeful of their own bias as the islands were "opened"--through children's books as well as through missionary zeal and gunboat diplomacy.

While published accounts, especially in England, of the eighteenth-century European voyages of discovery in the Pacific were both numerous and often lavish, their audiences were decidedly adult and their interests lay in cartography and in presenting to "civilized" audiences imperialistic "curiosities" of botany, biology, and anthropology.[2] Privileged children of course had access to these elegant texts, but the first books in English specifically for children about the Pacific did not seem to appear until the last third of the nineteenth-century, usually in the long-to-endure form of journalistic travelogues, such as The Boy Travellers in Japan and China from 1879 or Young Americans in Japan from 1882 [slides 1, 2].[3] There were few nineteenth-century books for children about Hawaii; what were printed were almost exclusively didactic or religious treatises, translations of the Bible or New England primers into Hawaiian for the edification of the "heathen" children now "safely" under Protestant missionary care.[4] But with the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy by armed American forces in 1898 and the subsequent full retention of Hawaii as both an economic and military colony of the United States, books for children--white, mainland children, that is--began to appear with some frequency. Since Hawaii now finally "belonged" to the United States, it became an attractive and apparently "safe" vacation destination, and tourism boomed in the age of the great steamships. Cheap paperbound books, such as Kala of Hawaii from the twenties, the equivalent of today's souvenir t-shirt, marketed an image of a carefree childhood composed of surfing and happily husking coconuts [slides 3, 4]. Kala's father of course does not need to work, he merely surfs at Waikiki with his son, and we must assume that most Hawaiian people do likewise; the history and role of women in the culture is virtually ignored, as it had been by almost all previous Western commentators.[5]

While the production values and plot of Alice Cooper Bailey's Kimo in 1928 are significantly more sophisticated (even if there are clear echoes of Jessie Wilcox Smith and Edmund Dulac in the illustrations), the images tell a similar story: life for the Hawaiian people is filled with nearly-naked pleasure as one surfs, surfs, and surfs [slides 5, 6]. Notice the Caucasian features of the "Hawaiian" girl [slide 7]; even more surprising, however, are what appear to be the snow-clad Canadian Rockies in the background. This is life as the audience dreamed or demanded that it be, not life as it was; the reality was much grimmer--decimation of the Hawaiian people through disease (especially syphilis and measles), alcohol, and economic deprivileging had already relegated the once flourishing culture to the condition of paupers, quaint islanders dancing for the tourists. One did not ask where the cute children risking their health and lives by diving for coins tossed by haole (Caucasian) tourists on Matson Lines ships in Honolulu Harbor actually lived, or even why they were diving for coins--one did not want the myth, the Western construct, shattered. In 1778 when Captain James Cook first entered the Hawaiian archipelago, 800,000 people may have been living in Hawaii; within one-hundred years, there were less than 47,000 Hawaiians (Stannard 50, 46). The Hawaiian language, land-tenure system, religion, and class structure had all been destroyed; environmentally sound dry and wetland Polynesian agriculture had been supplanted by colonial agri-business sugar and pineapple plantations, complete with immigrant labor from Japan, China, the Philippines, and Portugal, while the Hawaiian people themselves were relentlessly moved farther and farther away from their traditional homesites and population centers. In the twenties and thirties, the period of the images we have been seeing, the actual remaining Hawaiian people were quietly being pushed toward extinction--though books for children about Hawaii are silent on this.

In 1939, when Timmy Rides the China Clipper to Hawaii and other destinations in the Pacific, he learns much about the places he visits [slide 8]. In Hawaii, isn't it fun to relax the "rules" of civilized society and eat poi with your fingers? Note that all of Timmy's friends are Caucasian; "native" people of color are simply irrelevant in Timmy's world of wealth and privilege. Like every good precise proto-military American boy, Timmy keeps a log book of his travels; his entry for Hawaii reveals his pleasure in visiting all his haole friends and buying souvenirs for his parents. The closest Timmy comes to actual contact with a Hawaiian person seems to have been in the "hula dolls with grass skirts" that he bought "for fun" for himself [slide 9]. Like Captain Cook and most voyagers to the islands, the thing to do is to purchase women and obtain trinkets and "curiosities" to take home to demonstrate for the less fortunate who could not make the trip that one's host culture is clearly preferable to the quaint but uncouth ways of the islands. For countless Timmys over the centuries, whether they sailed in on brigantines, steamships, or 747s, Hawaii has been a shopper's paradise, whether one is shopping for sandalwood in the nineteenth century, aloha shirts and shell necklaces in the twentieth century, or simply land and power, in both. The seemingly innocuous Timmy embodies the very essence of economic colonialism: I came, I saw [what I wanted to see], I bought.

With a few remarkable exceptions, native Hawaiian people are denigratingly rendered in books for children until the mid 1970s. In Manu, a Girl of Old Hawaii, we find that the ancient Hawaiians apparently looked very much like Betty Grable with dark hair [slide 10] and that they spent most of their time topless under waterfalls or beneficently smiling upon their children [slide 11]. The eroticism of the images of the women might be lost on a child reader, but certainly not on the adult who purchased this 1958 paperback; Hawaii is paradise not only for the shopper, but for the sensualist as well, since Eurocentric morality clearly can be relaxed in Polynesia, as proponents from John Webber (the illustrator on Cook's initial voyages) to Paul Gaugin to James Michener have explained to wide audiences.

It is axiomatic that to feel superior to a culture one must find a way to deny the authenticity of the opposing peoples: in this century the Japanese became "nips" and "Japs," Germans "krauts" and "Nazis," Vietnamese "gooks" and "slopes," and the Hawaiians became fat and indolent Kimos and Mokis in countless stereotyped images. Consider this remark in a 1961 Children's Press travel book, Let's Travel in the South Seas [slide 12]:

> Husky Islander: The Happy Life. Life is still simple for this husky fellow, sitting on a pile of copra sacks. Fat and good natured, he is typical of the Polynesians who grow heavy and flabby in their middle years as a result of easy living. The lithe and agile young people, whose good looks add so much to the islands' beauty, all must come to this some day. (Geiss 33)

So, these are not *Americans*, not people who strive for success and stay lean and fit. Note the "Happy Islander's" legs, particularly; that shiny skin and those sores may indicate edema, impetigo, sepsis, or even diabetes. But to the 1961 editor, he is a happy camper indeed. There is another horrible irony here, one not as immediately apparent: in the first recorded Western descriptions of the Polynesian people, they were *not* "Heavy and flabby," but "strong and well made . . . upon the whole a fine and handsome sett [sic] of People"--torpor and obesity may well have set in after contact with the West, once economic exploitation, imported food, and disease had undermined the population (Stannard 73). The condescension and racism of the Children's Press book are, unfortunately, typical of many children's books about Hawaii. When Astrid Lindgren took Pippi Longstocking to Polynesia in 1959, look at the visual rendering of the indigenous people [slide 13]. Contemporary coloring books produced for the tourist trade ask children to reinforce these stereotypes by literally staying within their boundaries as they fill in the racist images, as in the insensitively titled This Is Hawaii from 1983 [slide 14]. While the central unnamed character of the 1976 coloring book Aloha Is . . . Dreaming in Paradise (also ineptly titled) is not yet badly overweight [slide 15], he still shows that stupidity and indolence characterize the Hawaiian people; his hat, for instance, is a travesty of the feathered helmets worn only by the alii (nobility) of traditional Hawaiian society. If one looks carefully, one sees that not only does he look drunk, but that he is reading a skin magazine (wahine is the Hawaiian word for "woman"). These stereotypes go deep, and each modern recasting perpetuates the colonizer's senses of superiority and legitimacy of rule over the indigenous peoples he or she has displaced and trivialized.

One might have hoped that a well-known illustrator such as Nicolas Mordvinoff would have done better, but not so [slide 16]; his 1954 vision of Polynesians in Boy of the Islands makes them out to be happy-go-lucky bare-chested conga or chorus line dancers. Sadly, he apparently confuses Micronesian and Polynesian cultures (the shields and hairstyles are inaccurate); but, after all, they are *only* natives, and one set is probably just about as good as another. Ezra Jack Keats, however, *did* do better; his 1964 drawings for A Book to Begin On Hawaii reveal an accuracy based undoubtedly on careful research [slide 17] if not firsthand experience; that the drawings have a hurried look to them does not imply that the artist's understanding was "hurried." It is unfortunate that the text did not likewise reflect such historical accuracy. Describing the forcible overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy by American business interests, it blithely records that:

> When Liliuokalani became queen of the Hawaiian kingdom in 1891, she ruled over many *Americans* who wanted the *little* country to become part of the United States. In 1893, a vote was taken to end the kingdom. Five years later the Hawaiian Islands became part of America . . . . (Swenson n.p.; emphasis added)

Note that the title "Queen" is not capitalized in the text--certainly this was not a "legitimate" monarchy such as one might find in Europe. Conveniently ignored are the facts that in this election almost no Hawaiians were allowed to vote, and that Liliuokalani, having been imprisoned in her own palace by armed American troops, abdicated with the greatest sorrow in the hope of preventing what she realistically believed to be the impending military slaughter of the remaining Hawaiian people. Perhaps the saddest event in Hawaiian history is thus glossed as a wonderful advantage for all concerned. This is colonial propaganda, not impartial reporting, and not even the accurate Keats illustrations can save this book from utter shame.

The exploitation through stereotypical images of the Hawaiian people continues today in books for children. One of the final images in The Hawaiian Computer Mystery, a "choose your own adventure" story from 1985 [slide 18], shows the now all-too-familiar smiling hula dancers and the fat, suck-'em-up Hawaiian male. Or consider Dole Pineapple Company's internationally recognized "Dole Kids" [slide 19], who, without a trace of apparent Polynesian ancestry, live a carefree, fruit-full life of feeding people and drumming. Like the previous images we have seen, these kewpie-dolls are headed for morbid obesity and a life of minimum wage tourist service. As long as we can keep the images of the indigenous people insignificant and charming, as long as the images keep telling us that they are indeed "happy," we can psychologically control them, and perhaps preclude our own sense of shame over what has been done, or even the desire to understand what has been done. Just how bad is the Hawaiian people's condition today, in 1991? In addition to the decimation of their population, the indigenous Hawaiians today have the highest cancer, stroke, and diabetes mortality rates of all races in the United States; that they have the highest suicide rate as well perhaps begins to reveal the severity of their plight (Papa Ola Lokahi 42; Blaisdell and Mokuau 19). And yet we continue to think of Hawaiians as smiling, charming, happily backward people--an opinion which is perpetuated through these illustrations and their texts.

But, fortunately, side-by side with the brutal bias of those images another version of Hawaiian history and life exists in books for children, as these graceful images by Juliette May Fraser in the 1920s for Yale University Press books by Padraic Colum demonstrate [slides 20, 21]. The 1936 Umi, The Hawaiian Boy Who Became King is a stunning work of late Art Deco graphic design, but although it stylizes Hawaiian life, it does not ignore its historical realities [slides 22, 23]. The same is true of Ray Lanterman's wonderful evocation of the ghostly "Night Marchers" in The Secret Cave of Kamanawa in 1968 [slides 24, 25]; the illustrations are informed not only with verifiably accurate detail, but with cultural respect as well. In Keola, a Boy of Hawaii and in Hawaiian Yesterdays, both from the early 1940s, we see a clear counter to reductive and propagandistic visions of Hawaiian life [slides 26, 27, 28, 29]; charming without becoming "cute" or patronizing, the illustrations implicitly impute the value and beauty of traditional Hawaiian life. Note too the bold block printing, which calls to mind the patterns and natural colors of Polynesian tapa cloth.

But the perceived "foreignness" of Hawaii is difficult to overcome--even today it is common for visitors to Hawaii to talk about the mainland as another nation--"back in the States," they say, and some even wonder if "American" money or stamps will be good in Honolulu. Many maps of the United States delete Hawaii and often Alaska altogether (check the CNN t.v. weather map, for instance), so the 1944 My First Geography of the Pacific seems even more remarkable today for its decentering of mainland American culture both visually and intellectually [slide 30]. It also presents the Pacific as an area of diverse and legitimate separate cultures--an area where very real, if different, types of people live and work. Note too the creative shifts in page design, which I suspect reflect the editors' level of engagement with their subject [slide 31].

The photo-realism of Mokihana Lives in Hawaii from 1961 [slide 32] offers something of a transition from a biased to a more culturally responsible point of view. Essentially a travelogue, Mokihana Lives in Hawaii presents "true" images of "real" children, but in still idyllic settings. The theme of Hawaii as the-melting-pot-of-racial-harmony pervades the text, as Polynesian, Caucasian, and Japanese children play together on the white sand beaches of Pupukea. In one photo, the Japanese-American boy, Toshio, shoots his North American Indian bow on the beach while the Polynesian-American boy, Teo, flies a Ben Franklin-style kite [slide 33]; it is all well and good, apparently, to be of different races, so long as we adopt mainland United States cultural activities. In the end, the children celebrate their day with a lavish "party" (the Hawaiian word, luau, is ignored, just as the entire Hawaiian language had been ignored for the previous seventy years) [slide 34], and we end with everyone happy, garlanded, and well fed (this image echoes a famous photograph of Robert Louis Stevenson enjoying a similar banquet, incidentally). We are not all that far yet from the dilettantism of Timmy Rides the China Clipper, despite the "undisputable" accuracy of the camera.

Even the illustrations of the generally accurate 1960 biography by Ronald Syme, Captain Cook, Pacific Explorer, fall victim to conventional stereotypes, as the "lure of the Pacific" becomes embodied in the purported sensuality of the Polynesian woman. A brief textual incident involving a sailor forced to return to ship after falling in love with a Tahitian woman is given a full-page, provocative rendering by illustrator William Stobbs [slide 35].

The Polynesian woman, then, offers unlimited pleasure as sensual object, but ultimately she must be left behind for the higher responsibilities of "civilized" culture. Polynesian men, however, are depicted in the book as violent and dishonest by Western standards. When Cook, the representative of the superior Western culture, is murdered by the natives, we get a definite Caucasian body count (Cook plus four Marines dead), but no mention is made of Hawaiian casualties as the "big guns of the Resolution and Discovery swept the crowded beach with iron shot" (Syme 93-94). Apparently, white people count, as they almost always have counted in their own eyes, more than people of color. We still had much to learn in 1961.[6]

It was not until the "Hawaiian Renaissance" of the 1970s, well after the final absorption of Hawaii into the U.S.A. as the fiftieth state, that books about Hawaii for children *living in* Hawaii as well on the mainland began to appear in any real number [slide 36]. Interestingly, these books were produced for the most part by people in Hawaii for both local and mainland consumption; for almost the first time, visions of Hawaiian history from the point of view of the conquered people, or people sympathetic to their plights, began to compete with sanitized geographies and tourist souvenirs. In these books, such as Herb Kawainui Kane's Voyage, which celebrates the ancient Polynesians' celestial navigation to Hawaii [slides 37, 38, 39], Hawaiian culture begins to be presented as something to be proud of--not a mere historical curiosity, but a vital and powerful way of life that, while nearly dead, deserves the respect and knowledge that will preserve and reinvigorate it.[7] Thus, these books offer competing and alternative ancient and contemporary histories, revisionist in the sense that they are trying to correct or shift the massive Eurocentric bias that prior texts and images have promulgated. Strength and determination inform Kane's characters, as in these images from Tales of Heroes and Champions [slides 40, 41, 42], and he takes great pains to remain accurate as well as visually engaging--these are images that instruct as well as entertain. The more playful work of Pam and Guy Buffet might initially mask the fact that the texts themselves are traditional Hawaiian legends and myths being accurately retold--and thereby reinvigorated--for modern audiences [slides 43, 44, 45]. Several of the Buffets' books, incidentally, were issued in Hawaiian and English-language versions--not as bilingual texts, but as separate volumes, in an effort to re-engage children with the original language of the tales.

The late 1970s and '80s produced many fine books about Hawaii for children--on history, local culture, and the unique and terribly fragile island environments--as this quick array of images implies [slides 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51]. Despite, or perhaps because of, the schlock for the tourist trade, writers and illustrators have begun to consistently produce books for children without the Western biases that have been so prominent in the previous images. As the poet William Stafford says, "all events and experiences are local, somewhere," and in books such as these, the primacy and uniqueness of "localness," of specific culture, is both clearly presented and clearly respected.

What is initially interesting to Western eyes can become tinted, if not tainted, by the very vision with which it is scrutinized. What is "exotic" becomes provincial and inferior, what is "erotic" becomes object and commodity in a global colonial (and post-colonial) marketplace. Such imaging must contribute to a nation's tendency to see foreign peoples as "other,"--if not as military enemy, then as inferior peoples for whom one need not scruple. Sadly, many books for children have been the vehicle for just such cultural deprivileging; at the same time other less racist or jingoistic books have served as the antidote for such venom. I would suggest that virtually every image of Hawaii for children carries a powerful socio-political subtext, ranging from Hawaiians as quaintly charming but dismissable, to Hawaiians as victims of colonial imperialism, to Hawaiians as members of a proud and discrete culture. If this is true, it raises fascinating perspectival issues: does the image of the other culture depend first on the self-image of the culture producing the images? Following Edward Said's notion of Orientalism, must Hawaiians have been seen as fundamentally different kinds of human beings by early Westerners, Polynesian first, human second, in order to justify European and American interference in Polynesian cultures (102)? Are we only now (or even now?) overcoming such prejudice?

Given the truism that the perspective of the investigator modifies the results of the investigation, we probably will never achieve a fully objective history of Hawaii's past--or its present--but we certainly can become aware of the conscious or unconscious biases that may emerge in images about "foreign" peoples. In fact, I would argue that we have a moral obligation to so inform ourselves; in a world in which more and more information is being conveyed visually, unquestioning acceptance of the content of an image without considering its subtexts is naive at best, and dangerous at worst. Thus, it is well to be aware not only of *what* we are seeing, but of *how and why* it is being shown to us--so that we may celebrate rather than denigrate cultural diversity. For every "Three Little Pigs on Surfboards" [slide 52] which crudely imposes foreign conventions on an indigenous culture, there must also be volumes which convey powerful and authentic cultural stories and images for children, such as In the Night, Still Dark, a recent version of the Hawaiian creation story, the kumulipo [slides 53, 54, 55]. Or volumes which actively counter the self-serving Eurocentric "histories" which have dominated children's publishing--as does this 1990 coloring book based on the life of Princess Kaiulani and the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy [slides 56, 57, 58].

Please note the tear in the eye of the newsboy selling the paper which announces the end of the Hawaiian kingdom, and note too that both newspapers and cash economies are colonial impositions on Hawaiian culture. It took ninety-two years for that tear to appear in books for children, for the Hawaiian people's grief at the destruction of their sovereign nation to be acknowledged and legitimized for juvenile audiences. If we do not inform ourselves of the power of images in children's books to subvert or support cultural integrity, we are doomed to perpetuate the very stereotypes that have tacitly authorized us to decimate the once-proud Hawaiian people.

Notes

[1] I am grateful to my friend and fellow bibliophile Ms. Susan Halas of Wailuku, Maui, and to my friend and colleague Professor Cristina Bacchilega of the University of Hawaii at

Manoa for their assistance with this paper. I regret that, due to the vagaries of computer type fonts, I have had to omit the diacritical marks that should accompany Hawaiian words.

[2] See Adrienne L. Kaeppler, *"Artificial Curiosities," being An exposition of the native manufactures collected on the three Pacific voyages of Captain James Cook, R.N. at the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, January 18, 1978-August 31, 1978* (Honolulu: Bishop Museum, 1978), 7-12, for a catalogue of such accounts.

[3] George Waldo Browne's *Two American Boys in Hawaii*, illus. I. Louis Meynelle (Boston: Dana Estes, 1899), is the earliest of this type of book specifically about Hawaii that I have encountered.

[4] Even the rare exception to the religious/didactic text, such as the very early (1834) *O Na Holoholona Wawae Eha O Ka Lama Hawaii* ("The Four-Footed Animals of Ka Lama Hawaii") is a translation of John Lee Comstock's 1829 *Natural History of Quadrupeds*, which itself was based on Bewick's 1800 *A General History of Quadrupeds*. Leopards, lions, elephants and the like are not indigenous to Hawaii. See Esther T. Mookini, ed. and trans., *O Na Holoholona Wawae Eha O Ka Lama Hawaii: The Four-Footed Animals of Ka Lama Hawaii* (Honolulu: Bamboo Ridge Press, 1985), xi-xii.

[5] For a corrective to this omission, see Jocelyn Linnekin, *Sacred Queens and Women of Consequence: Rank, Gender and Colonialism in the Hawaiian Islands* (Ann Arbor: U of Michigan P, 1990).

[6] In a thoughtful study of the problems raised by cultural and theoretical bias in the study of American Indian history, Jane Tompkins explores just such problems of perspective, for both the historian and the reader. See "'Indians': Textualism, Morality, and the Problem of Cultural History" in Henry Louis Gates, ed., *"Race," Writing and Difference* (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1986).

[7] That this process is part of a larger American cycle should be clear when one considers our general practice of decimating a nation either economically or militarily, then providing the assistance to "rebuild" it. In the infamous remark of a U.S. Army commander during the Viet Nam war, "we had to destroy the village in order to save it." Sadly, the same approach has been taken to Hawaiian culture.

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The Blue Tortoise Tattoo:
The Quixotic Reader in Jacob Have I Loved

Midway through Katherine Paterson's Jacob Have I Loved (1980), the novel's protagonist, Louise Bradshaw, describes how reading novels helped her escape from her "miserable" existence as a minor character in her sister's life story. In a passage similar to one in Dickens' David Copperfield, whose young narrator also finds comfort in books, Louise explains how she retreated into fiction, casting herself as a character in the stories she read.[1] She explains:

> As it was, the only thing I could lose my miserable self in was books. We didn't have many. I know that now. I have been to libraries on the mainland, and I know that between my home and the school there was very little. But I had all of Shakespeare and Walter Scott and Dickens and Fenimore Cooper. Every night I pulled the black air raid curtains to and read on and on, huddled close to our bedroom lamp. Can you imagine the effect of The Last of the Mohicans on a girl like me? It was not the selfless Cora, but Uncas and Uncas alone whom I adored. Uncas, standing ready to die before the Delaware, when an enemy warrior tears off his hunting shirt revealing the bright blue tortoise tattooed on Uncas's breast.
>
> Oh, to have a bright blue tortoise—something that proclaimed my uniqueness to all the world. But I was not the last of the Mohicans or the only of anything. I was Caroline Bradshaw's twin sister. (162-63)

In these paragraphs, Louise discusses the extent to which reading has fed her imagination, while acknowledging that her book-induced fantasies differ sharply from reality. This is just one of many times when Louise bases her conception of the world on books and stories, becoming what I call a quixotic reader.

Invariably, quixotic readers wish the world were more like fiction and cast themselves and others in real-life narratives based on their reading. While quixotic readers appear in all kinds of literature, they most frequently inhabit novels, which are by nature concerned with the distinction between real and imaginary worlds. Lennard Davis describes novels as "framed works" which are "about reality and at the same time not about reality; the novel is a factual fiction and factitious. It is a report on the world and an invention that parodies that report" (212). The quixotic reader certainly supports Davis' notion that novels are self-conscious, that they constantly remind the reader that they are fiction and yet try to present themselves as fact.

Besides illustrating the affective power of fiction, quixotic readers are often arguments for the value of the kind of fiction in which they appear and models for that fiction's readers, who must also determine the relation of their reading to reality. In this respect, they are similar to Naomi Schor's "interpretants," characters who interpret the world "based on conceived notions or signifiers . . ."

(168). Schor discusses such characters in works by James, Proust, and Kafka to show that the process of reading and interpretation is often personified by fictional characters who thus show the reader how to decode literature.[2] While interpretants may base their views of the world on non-literary texts, they mirror the reader's confusions and triumphs in interpreting literature.

Certainly, this kind of character is not new; Don Quixote is an obvious forerunner and model, as are characters in a number of eighteenth-century British imitations, such as Joseph Andrews (1742), The Female Quixote (1752), The Spiritual Quixote (1773), The Philosophical Quixote (1782), The Amicable Quixote (1788), and the Infernal Quixote (1800). Later works, such as Scott's Waverley (1814) and Dickens' David Copperfield (1850), books by two of the authors Louise Bradshaw reads, also contain characters who are strongly influenced by their reading.[3]

Since a part of childhood generally involves the acquisition of literacy, children's novels, too, often contain quixotic readers, both in fantasies like Lewis Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865), E. Nesbit's Five Children and It (1902), and Edward Eager's Knight's Castle (1956), where children wish or dream to life characters from the books they have read, and in more realistic works like Louisa May Alcott's Little Women (1869) and L. M. Montgomery's Anne of Green Gables (1908), whose characters act out books and poems like Pilgrim's Progress and "The Lady of Shalott."

A number of Paterson's novels are preoccupied with the affective power of reading, and many of her characters quite arguably are quixotic readers. This should not be surprising since Paterson herself confesses the power of literature in her own life, explaining that her novels frequently retell or rework earlier works. In an essay entitled, "Stories," Paterson describes how, like Louise Bradshaw, she hid under her covers with a number of "flashlight" books, works such as The Secret Garden and The Chronicles of Narnia, which started her "on the road to becoming human . . ." (The Spying Heart 144). For Paterson, who is deeply religious, books like these change people, providing conversion experiences which help the reader see "a partial vision of what in scientific and even literary terms is unknowable." They help the reader see "what is true, and that visions of truth are nourishing to the human spirit" (133).

This idea is present in several of Paterson's novels, often through characters who are affected by stories. Jessie Aarons and Leslie Burke of Bridge to Terabithia (1977), Parkington Waddell Broughton of Park's Quest (1988), and Lyddie Worthen of Lyddie (1991) are obvious examples. Jess and Leslie create their imaginary Terabithia from books Leslie has read, such as The Chronicles of Narnia, Moby Dick, and Hamlet, all of which she shares with Jessie. In their new world, they are able to take refuge from unsympathetic classmates and family members. Similarly, Park sees his life as a reenactment of Arthurian legends, drawing strength from his reading. Indeed, throughout the novel, long passages describing the exploits of Sir Gareth and Sir Launcelot, fed by Park's reading of Rosemary Sutcliff's The Sword and the Circle, are juxtaposed against his quest to learn about his father who died in

Vietnam. At the same time, he reads virtually everything by Joseph Conrad, his father's favorite author, because he believes, like his school librarian, that one can discover who people are by the books they read. Like Louise Bradshaw, Lyddie Worthen also becomes a fan of Dickens. In order to survive the rigors of life in a nineteenth-century factory, she listens to her roommate read aloud Oliver Twist, which she discovers parallels her own life and which she subsequently uses to teach herself how to read and write.

Louise Bradshaw of Jacob Have I Loved, however, is Paterson's most complex and fully developed quixotic reader. A close reading of this novel reveals how Paterson uses the quixotic reader to explore her contention that literature helps the reader understand the "unknowable," arguing that effective readers internalize the books they read, rewriting them for themselves, creating new stories which allow them to express their individuality. At the same time, Louise Bradshaw's experience with literature parallels the acts of both reading and writing the novel in which she appears, a work which begins as a retelling of the Biblical story of Jacob and Esau, but which eventually becomes its own distinctly individual tale.

As the passage cited at the beginning of this paper suggests, Louise Bradshaw is an avid reader, one who wishes her life were more like the books she reads. This is something she recognizes in retrospect and which is indicated at the beginning of the first chapter, in which she describes her thirteen-year-old self as "tall and large boned, with delusions of beauty and romance" (5). As the novel progresses, it also becomes clear that virtually all of her knowledge of the world has come from stories, fictional and nonfictional, both written and oral.

As mentioned earlier, Louise enjoys reading novels. Besides the works of Dickens, Scott, and Cooper, she also reads "a delicious scary" book "about some children who had been captured by a bunch of pirates in the West Indies" (41). This book, with a "picture of a great sailing vessel on the front," fuels her passion for the sea, as well as her impatience. She does not want to spend her life "passively waiting," like the other women she knows. Her reading also seems to strengthen her desire to become someone important, someone unique, as in her desire for a blue tortoise tattoo like that of Cooper's Uncas.

Louise has also been heavily influenced by the Bible. This is largely due to her grandmother who often quotes it, frequently reminding her of the story of Jacob and Esau, forcing her to see herself as Jacob's "hated" twin. Louise comes to feel locked into this Biblical story, cast as a character who she feels is hated even by God. In the end, her grandmother even physically attacks her with a copy of the Bible, using it to hit her on the side of the head.

Similarly, Louise is shaped by her family's stories and the town's gossip, each of which also forces her into playing certain roles. The story of her birth, tales of Caroline's successes—as when she saves the cats—each of these make her feel insignificant and more and more like Esau. The town's rumors about the Captain, and news stories of war-time spies, also cause her to suspect Captain Wallace of international intrigue and espionage.

Early on, we learn that Louise also reads nonfiction, especially Time magazine, which, along with the Baltimore Sun, she calls her only "porthole on the world" (10-11). She has also studied history and, when she and the Captain return to the site of his house after the hurricane, imagines herself as "an Egyptian slave taking Pharaoh on a tour of the flooded Nile Delta." She maintains:

> I would be one of those wise slaves who could read and write and dare to advise their masters. Now, for example, I would be reassuring the Pharaoh that the flood was a gift from the gods, that once it receded, the rich black earth of the delta would bring forth abundant grain. Our storehouses would be full to overflowing even as they had been when the great Joseph had been the Pharaoh's minister. (129)

Louise is also strongly affected by narrative poetry, song lyrics, and advertisements. "The White Cliffs of Dover" has everything she desires, "romance, sadness, an allusion to the war, and faithful love" (79). The melody of "I Wonder as I Wander," which Caroline sings on the Christmas program, makes Louise feel like she will "shatter," but its words also live on in her head and, as she leaves the program, cause her to contemplate the stars, almost drowning in wonder. Even the verses of tombstones seem to stimulate her imagination. Like Dickens' Pip, who develops very definite images of his dead siblings from their graves, Louise falls in love with a dead young man because of what appears on his tombstone. Its subject was, she writes, "a young man who had died more than a hundred years before, but to whom I had attached more than one of my romantic fantasies. . . . He had been only nineteen. I fancied that I would have married him, had he lived" (51-52). Nevertheless, she often wonders if she will attract any man since her hands are red and cracked, not nearly as perfect as those in the lotion advertisement which proclaims, "She's lovely, she's engaged, she uses Pond's" (142).

As with many quixotic readers, Louise comes to recognize that there is a great difference between her reading and the situations she faces. For example, she explains that Time magazine did not prepare her for the surprise of Pearl Harbor. The town's stories about Captain Wallace and Louise's notions that he is a spy are also proved inaccurate. The poetry contest advertised in a Captain Marvel comic book also proves to be false, merely a way for a company to bilk money from budding writers. Even the Bible, which Louise has been taught all her life, does not provide her enlightenment or instruction, particularly when she realizes that her hatred for Caroline goes against its teachings, forcing her to look "for some tiny shred of evidence" that she will "not . . . be eternally damned" for hating her sister (76). Nor, she decides, does the Bible provide an answer for some of the practical problems she faces, like how to talk to cats. As she loses faith in her books, her romantic notions are further punctured by characters, such as her sister and Call who insist on reminding her of the cold hard facts of life.

Louise soon realizes that living out others' stories prevents her from discovering her own story. Eventually, she is able to stand up to her Grandmother's misuse of scripture, as when she uses the Bible to call Louise's mother "a whore." Louise finds another verse to suggest that her grandmother is "a contentious woman" (220-21). It is not until Caroline marries Call and both the Captain and her mother convince her that she can make her own choices that she is completely able to reject her role as Esau and as a minor character in her sister's life. In one of Louise's earlier romantic daydreams, she had imagined leaving Crisfield for the mountains, rejecting the island, which is eroding into nothingness. At the same time, she imagines "a wonderful and terrible picture of great forested mountains, shaken by a giant hand that scooped them up, finally, and flung them into the boiling sea." Although she has never seen mountains, she determines she will. She will not end up "like Grandma, fearful and shriveled" (125). Freed from the role imposed on her by others' stories, she finally acts out her own story, moving to the mountains, trying to become a doctor.

Ironically, at the end of the novel, once again Louise has a chance to act out the story of her birth when she helps deliver another set of twins. This time, however, she changes the story, recognizing the needs of both babies, now playing a major role in the action. In discussing this ending, which has been criticized as extraneous and anti-climactic, Paterson argues that this moment in Louise's life helped make it possible for her to tell her story, that without it she "might not even have known her story" (Spying Heart 15).[4]

It should be noted, of course, that Louise is not the only quixotic reader in the novel. Indeed, all of the other members of her family are greatly influenced by reading. Caroline sees her whole life as a book and, early on, determines to write what happens because it will be valuable when she is famous. Although Louise apologizes that her father is not a great reader, he has books read to him and names his boat after Shakespeare's Portia. As already suggested, Louise's grandmother sees everything that happens in terms of the Bible, although her comparisons between it and real life events are not always accurate.

It is Louise's mother, however, who is the most directly affected by reading. A budding poet, she had once wanted to go to France to be a writer. At least partly because of the stories she reads, she has become "a romantic" who "wanted to get away from . . . a conventional small town" to try her wings. In the end, though, she rejects Europe for Crisfield, a place which makes her feel like "one of the pioneer women" (225). Ultimately, she discovers there is nothing there. The important thing is that she has made her own choice. She is the one who decides what she will become.

Like many quixotic readers, Louise Bradshaw also argues for the kind of fiction in which she appears, modeling how its readers should read the book. Although Paterson seems to apologize for borrowing plots from other sources, the novel paradoxically suggests that literature strongly influences the reader and has great power, for mature readers and writers take what they read and create their own meanings from it, relating it to their own lives. This is an idea which Paterson articulates in several essays, including her Newbery-Acceptance Speech for Jacob Have I Loved. She believes that she cannot impose a reading on her readers and that there are many ways of reshaping a story for oneself. After a book is published, it no longer belongs to her. Her creative task is over. She maintains, "I have no more right to tell my readers how to respond to what I have written than they have to tell me how to write it" (Gates of Excellence 24). It is thrilling for her when her readers make the story their own, when they find something that she did not know was in the text. She believes that when she gives herself away in a book, readers will do the same thing and that the book then becomes "something more rich and powerful" than she could have imagined (*Gates of Excellence* 125).

Paterson also freely admits that her books are often retellings of other stories—she almost apologizes for the fact that *The Great Gilly Hopkins* (1978) is but another version of "The Prodigal Son." She feels, however, that she also tries to bring new power to the earlier texts. No matter how close one text is to another, she explains, a writer "can only write his own story . . . the intricate design of an individual life upon some portion of the outside world" (123).

As for *Jacob Have I Loved*, Paterson recognizes that, although it is not a new story, it moves away from its original source, becoming as unique and individual as the blue tortoise tattoo which Louise covets. This is the same discovery Louise makes. Although she begins as Esau's counterpart, her role becomes confusing, for she discovers that she has both Jacob and Esau within her. Just as Louise discovers that she need not remain Esau, so the reader realizes that the story is not merely a long-winded version of its original source. This book, which also imitates others about Quixotic readers, is unique. It is Louise's own individual story; she is more than a minor character in someone else's life. Ultimately, Paterson makes a case for her own writing, arguing for the power of a story to be told again and again in new and unusual ways, as well as its potential impact on the reader.

Notes

[1] The young David Copperfield seeks solace in reading such books as *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Tom Jones*, which are his only comfort. Like Louise, he longs to become one of the heroic figures in his books.

[2] Judith Fetterley's "Reading about Reading" is a similar study which also treats the differences between male and female readers (In Flynn 147-64). She focuses on three texts, "A Jury of Her Peers," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Yellow Wallpaper."

[3] For a fuller discussion of quixotic readers in the works of Scott and Dickens, see my "Reading as if for Life: The Quixotic Reader in the Nineteenth-Century British Novel" and "Crusoe, Crocodiles, and Cookery Books: *David Copperfield* and the Affective Power of Reading."

[4] Betty Levin has argued that the final chapters of the novel "could easily become another book and seem extraneous to this one" (17).

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"Child's Pleasure-Garden": Nineteenth-Century American Children's Magazines and the Concept of Childhood Autonomy

A. S. W. Rosenbach, a distinguished collector of children's books, has expressed a common consensus among scholars of juvenile literature on the historical significance of the genre: "more than any class of literature, children's books reflect the minds of the generation that produced them" (Early American Children's Books xxvi-xxvii). During the years 1870-1890, social and economic factors altered the production of children's literature, so that juvenile periodicals soon constituted an important segment of the field, and began to exert a considerable influence on American youth. Many publishers of the era, like Horace Scudder, editor of The Riverside Magazine for Young People, were alarmed by the disturbing concepts of independence which the new "story papers" seemed to instill in children (Childhood 239-40). Other editors like Mary Mapes Dodge, who established St. Nicholas, the most famous American children's magazine, emphasized the role of juvenile periodicals as a reflection of the child's curiosity and tastes: "A child's magazine is its pleasure-ground. . . . They do not want to be bothered nor amused nor taught nor petted. . . . They just want to enter the one place where they may come and go as they please . . ." (Scribner's Monthly 353).

Several contemporary scholars of historical children's literature, like R. Gordon Kelly, Anne Scott MacLeod, Fred Erisman, and Mary Lystad, have used juvenile periodicals as the basis of analysis of American concepts of childhood, especially for those precepts of behavior that adults were attempting to encourage in their children. Histories of childhood present evidence in the form of observation by foreigners that the American child was given an extraordinary amount of freedom in decision-making and self-assertiveness. Social historians like Philippe Ariès and Richard Rapson theorize that it was in the last quarter of the nineteenth century when the general push towards egalitarianism accelerated, that the concept of childhood autonomy emerged in the United States (Ariès 404, Rapson 198).

The Civil War period represents a dramatic break with an earlier era of repressive attitudes towards children when, as Mark Twain remarks, "children were always regarded as if, everyone being born with an equal amount of original sin, the pressure on the square inch must needs be greater in a baby" (White 15). As the economy and social structure of the country stabilized during the later affluent period of the Gilded Age, the American middle class was increasingly able to afford the leisure time and money needed to indulge its children. It is the contention of the historian Henry Steele Commager that this focus on children, in a future-oriented nation like the United States, went so far as to create a youth-dominated literature in the latter half of the nineteenth century, a period when "majors wrote for minors" (Saturday Review 10-11 and 44-46). The validity of Commager's argument can, in part, be supported by an analysis of the major juvenile magazines of the period, such as St. Nicholas, Wide Awake and The Youth's Companion, whose literary works interweave popular fictional themes and the social concerns of a growing democracy intensely preoccupied with the current status and future of its youth.

By the 1880's most of the large American publishing houses produced at least one children's magazine, whose advantages were twofold: it acted as a second medium of circulation for the books of a popular writer, and, in its indirect form of promotion and publicity through serialization, it generated a mass appetite for fiction. To be sure, much of the material used in even these American juvenile magazines was still pirated from British publications. Eventually, however, the huge financial success of giants like Youth's Companion and St. Nicholas stimulated the development of a group of talented American writers who could compete with the British.

A distinctive aspect of American magazine publishing was the creation of juvenile periodicals devoted to specific social causes, such as abolition; such were The Slave's Friend (1836-1838) and The Juvenile Miscellany (1826-1834), edited by Lydia Maria Child, whose pro-abolitionist views were so unpopular that she was forced to abandon the magazine (MacDonald 261). Child's magazine was a precursor of the innovative juvenile periodicals at the end of the century, for unlike its tradition-bound rival publications, The Miscellany with its reformist goals regarded the challenge of the future as innovation rather than preservation. Child's management of The Miscellany pointed to an increasing trend towards a "feminized" editorship of children's periodicals. The promotion of the ideals of the genteel status quo and the moral guidance of children through models presented in imaginative literature fell increasingly into the hands of women authors and editors: Grace Greenwood (Sara J. Lippincott) of The Little Pilgrim, Margaret Sidney of Wide Awake, and Mary Mapes Dodge of St. Nicholas .

To a great degree, the phenomenal success of American juvenile magazines resided as much in the publishers' ingenious techniques of promotion and advertising as in the refreshingly different subject matter of the publications. The Youth's Companion, probably the most successful of them all, balanced its "pure" diet of "no death, tobacco, alcohol or sex" in its pages with an aggressive campaign of premiums and prize awards that expanded its subscriptions at a phenomenal rate. The luxurious, durable format of The Companion and of its equally lavish rivals, St. Nicholas and Wide Awake, reinforced the concept of the "special" nature of American childhood at the same time that the promotional gimmickry of these publications stimulated commercial entrepreneurship in its young readers. Thus, in a very graphic and concrete manner, the physical format and the manner of distribution of the juvenile periodicals acted as a process of socialization that perpetuated and validated the set of beliefs upheld by Gilded Age society, that is, concepts of selfhood and independence that were becoming firmly established in the youth of the American democracy.

Much of the critical discussion concerning the evolution of concepts of childhood has revolved around the debate of didactic versus non-didactic approaches to child-enculturation. Kelly, in his analysis of American children's periodicals, relates aspects of an increasingly cultural pluralism to the precarious class structure of the American gentry of the Gilded Age. However, the elite's attempt to transmit a traditional pattern of genteel behavior to the young was undermined by the revolutionary change in the patriarchal character of the middle-class American family, as Kelly states:

> Father was a gentleman, but increasingly the women who wrote for these children's periodicals found him a difficult figure to draw convincingly. He hovers on the periphery of many of these domestic narratives but exerts little or no moral force . . . . (Mother Was a Lady 27)

In the absence of a strong model of enforcement, children were free to choose, but adults then exerted a subtle control through rhetorical manipulation instead of physical force, which would have violated the spirit of democratic theory and the concept of a gentility established upon freedom, rather than on obligation (Mother 28). It might even be argued that the language of rhetorical manipulation by the status quo is evident in the structural content of the periodicals themselves where the fiction presented a "utopia" of middle-class values and "old virtues" as a form of cultural indoctrination that contradicted the harsh reality presented by the nonfiction (Erisman 66-73).

The editors of the juvenile periodicals were spurred to explore more ingenious ways of luring young readers into their "pleasure-gardens" by another cultural phenomenon of the time that signalled an overlapping of social borders: the steady avalanche of trash fiction and dime novels, stimulated by both the exploration of Western frontiers and technological advances in publishing. The popularity of this sheer entertainment forced "respectable" magazines to seek new methods of attracting young readers, and the child's right to read mainly for pleasure became the basis of literary selection for new publications. Responsible editors made the concern for the reading habits of the young a platform for their editing policies. Horace Scudder's concern with the aesthetic quality of his periodical was the basis of his choice of the best writers of the day as contributors to his Riverside Magazine for Young People. His serious awareness and uncompromising standards are evident in his Childhood and Art, the first major critique of children's literature in the United States. His analysis of the conditions of contemporary American life that had created the literary form was perceptive:

> It is here in the books for young people that one may discover the most flagrant illustration of that spurious individuality in childhood which I have maintained to be conspicuous in our country. Anyone who has been compelled to make the acquaintance of this literature must have observed how very little parents and guardians figure in it, and how completely children are separated from their elders. . . . All this is more or less a reflection of actual life, and as such has an unconscious value . . . . (Childhood 240)

Scudder's lofty but stifling ideals restricted the accessibility of his magazine to all levels of society. By contrast, Mary Mapes Dodge exploited literary excellence in St. Nicholas to guide writers and artists for her magazine through a creative exploration of the great thematic concerns and technological resources of the Gilded Age. As a result of the philosophy of freedom and adventure for youth that formed Dodge's concept of the juvenile periodical as a pleasure-garden, St. Nicholas achieved a greater commercial and pedagogic success then its competitors by capturing a wider audience, and was imitated by many, but equalled by few.

It was through the fictional content of juvenile magazines that a framework was most clearly provided for the transmission of the objectified ideals of American society to its children. Short stories in particular, as opposed to longer narratives, were exploited as the clearest literary means of reassurance and persuasion to socialize youth into a specific form of behavior. The formulaic nature of these stories all revolved around the theme of moral responsibility; whether the situations in this gentry fiction encompassed the structure of the ordeal, the mission (to rescue the "deserving" poor and downtrodden), or the change of heart (of a wayward child), the child protagonist had in all cases to face the burden of independence. The magazines maintained a stable of writers who wrote endless variations on these formulae, often structured in a "parallel lives" genre of narrative in which a poor girl or boy teaches a richer counterpart authentic values, such as friendship or achievement. Louisa May Alcott, who wrote for juvenile periodicals in her early career, refined this genre of fiction into a classic in Little Women.

The monopoly of New England authorship exercised through gentry fiction was eventually broken as more contributions to children's magazines came from writers in the

Midwest, South, and West. Sarah Orne Jewett, Susan Coolidge, Mary Murfree, Hjalmar Boyesen, as well as more famous writers such as Jack London, Edith Wharton, Kate Chopin, and Lincoln Steffens, presented themes of moral choice and response in a narrative combination that was at one and the same time more urgent, realistic, and thrilling to the young reader than the older formula fiction; that narrative form was the regional adventure story. In many ways, this genre was a peculiarly American form, since the protagonist was often faced with the dilemma of breaking through a form of frontier, epitomized by natural forces that tested one's physical, spiritual, or mental strengths. The element of choice here often was in the decision of whether or not to test one's own limits against such forces. It is noteworthy that many of these later authors were tested themselves as aspiring young writers in the "Saint Nicholas League," a type of proving-ground created and presented by the magazine's editors for educative purposes but not for the indoctrination of "life-guiding principles." Many of these authors would later show a sensitivity to social issues that went beyond formulaic solutions, and would write problem novels and analytical essays that dealt with some of the most critical issues facing American society.

If the original meaning of the term "magazine" as "museum" has a particular relevance in publishing history, it is in the periodical's role as a record of society's growth and changes. To that extent, American children's periodicals of the last century evolved as a response to the harsh uncertainty and to the challenge of an exploding, polyglot society. As the products of a genteel publishing tradition, they are emblematic of a vanishing culture, but as explorations of aesthetic delights and flexible social response, they prepared America's children for the twentieth century, when they would need to exercise their new autonomy.

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The Image of the Child in Lindgren's Pippi Longstocking

In her book The Case of Peter Pan or The Impossibility of Children's Fiction, Jacqueline Rose argues that there is no "real" child behind the image of the child depicted in children's fiction. She stresses that this image is a projection of what the adult writer thinks children are or should be. After all, the production of fiction for children is completely carried out by adults. And it is again the adults who actually bring the final product into the lives of the children because books are not only written, but are also generally chosen, bought, offered and read to children by adults (especially if children are too young to know how to read themselves).

The recognition of this dependency and powerlessness of children in the creation of their image in fiction necessitates the examination of what the adult "desires in the very act of construing the child as the object of its speech" (Rose 2). In her answer, Rose emphasizes the adult need to see childhood as the pure and moral origin of a universal meaning, untouched by historical and social reality, by tracing the persistence of this need from Locke and Rousseau to the present day. She shows that this utopic view of childhood as the locus of a primordial totality that is lost to adults serves as an answer to and a defense against the fractures, divisions, and ambiguities of meaning created by the realities of class, language, and sexuality. Thus, Rose's conclusion is that "there is no child behind the category 'children's fiction,' other than the one which the category itself sets in place, the one which it needs to believe is there for its own purposes" (10).

But this is only a partial conclusion. Even if the image of the child in the text is nothing more than a projection of the adult author, once it is presented to a "real" child, it becomes an image to be emulated and duplicated in reality. The child's capacity to identify is the greatest factor in the translation of the fictional image into reality. Rose writes, "Children's writing seems to operate according to a regime of attraction which draws the child into the path of identification--with the intimacy of the story-telling itself, or with the characters in whom the child recognizes himself or herself on the page" (140). As a result of this, "children's fiction draws in the child, it secures, places and frames the child," becoming "something of a soliciting, a chase, or even a seduction" (Rose 2). Rose underlines the meaning of this last statement by reminding us that some children's books like Alice in Wonderland and Peter Pan were originally used by their authors to literally seduce children.

Thus, adults exploit their uncontested monopoly in the production of children's fiction and children's capacity for identification to form "real" children in the fabricated image of the fictional child in the text. Most generally adults use fiction as a means of socializing children, to facilitate their internalization of and conformity to the adult way of seeing, thinking, and living.

Don't Pippi Longstocking books contradict this argument by presenting the image of a self-sufficient, independent, and free child who successfully defies each and every adult expectation from children? Nancy Huse's answer would be "Yes" because she argues that "Lindgren wrote the Pippi Longstocking books . . . in a pedagogical context advocating children's liberation" (Huse 29). My answer, on the other hand, is an emphatic "NO" because in presenting the liberating fantasy of a child who lives outside of adult rules and untouched by adult expectations, these books also expose the fictionality, the fantasy nature of Pippi's free life and wild behavior. Hence, children are constantly reminded that Pippi can only exist in a fantasy, that her life cannot be imitated in reality.

There are two contrasting images of the child in the Pippi Longstocking books. Against the self-admittedly fictional "unreal" image of Pippi, Lindgren gives us the conventional and typical image of the child in Tommy and Annika, who are drawn with strict observance of the rules of verisimilitude. Consequently, what clashes here is not only the two opposing images of the child, i.e., what she wants to be as represented by Pippi and what her parents want her to be as represented by the Settergren children, but also two different kinds of fiction with which they are connected, i.e., fantasy and realistic fiction. Lindgren manipulates this second dimension of the clash to reinforce identification with the Settergren children. What is underlined for the child is that even though she can be like Pippi in a fantasy, in her imagination, in real life she should act like Tommy and Annika, who are closer to what she is like in real life anyway. The seduction of Pippi's figure is countered with the strength of what the child is familiar and comfortable with.

I will now focus on Pippi Longstocking, the first one of the Pippi books, to examine in greater detail how the free image of Pippi ends up reinforcing the conformity signified by the Settergren children. The opening of this book sets up the paradigm of "the normal" and "the remarkable" by contrasting the uniqueness of Pippi with the typicality of Tommy and Annika. Significantly there is only one of Pippi and two of the ordinary children. The following is the first paragraph of the book:

> Way out at the end of a tiny little town was an overgrown garden, and in the garden was an old house, and in the house lived Pippi Longstocking. She was nine years old, and she lived there all alone. She had no mother and no father, and that was of course very

> nice because there was no one to tell her to go to bed just when she was having the most fun, and no one who could make her take cod liver oil when she much preferred caramel candy. (1; emphasis added)

At first glance, this passage is about the delightful freedom of Pippi's life. Hers is the kind of life children fantasize about and try to live as soon as their parents leave the house. The recently popular film "Home Alone" depicts the fulfillment of a child's wish to live by himself. On the part of Kevin, the child hero in the film, the experience ends with the realization that he needs and wants his family after all. Despite its freedom, Pippi's life also points to the same conclusion because along with the details of her enviable freedom, we are constantly given information that undercuts the charm of this unlimited freedom.

For example, in the first paragraph that I just cited, the insertion of the comment "that was of course very nice" following the sentence "She had no mother and no father" makes the "niceness" of her situation suspect. We begin to wonder if she is not protesting too much. The fact that we needed to be told to see this "niceness" makes us realize that if Pippi had not insisted on the "niceness" of not having parents, our natural impulse would have been to feel pity and sadness for her as an orphan. The overgrown garden of her old house, and the location of the house on the margin of social order are the other details which add to the sense of neglect and loneliness of Pippi's situation.

The underlying sadness of Pippi's fun life becomes more visible with the description of her absent parents:

> Once upon a time Pippi had had a father of whom she was extremely fond. Naturally she had had a mother too, but that was so long ago that Pippi didn't remember her at all. Her mother had died when Pippi was just a tiny baby and lay in a cradle and howled so that nobody could go anywhere near her. (1)

We learn that Pippi has been alone most of her life, more or less since she was a baby. The last sentence, "Her mother had died when Pippi was just a tiny baby and lay in a cradle and howled so that nobody could go anywhere near her," especially underlines the neglect that Pippi has suffered. The image of an unhappy and helpless tiny baby who cries uncomforted is a sad one. The use of the adjective "tiny" is powerfully effective here. Why did no one go to hold Pippi when she needed it the most as the extreme level of her crying would indicate? Was her mother already dead at the time? Perhaps the way the sentences about the death of Pippi's mother and about Pippi's crying are linked might suggest her crying killed her mother. Children, because they tend to feel guilty and responsible for any changes in their parents' lives themselves, might easily think so in Pippi's case as well. Then, any child who dared to identify with Pippi would pick up a double burden of guilt, first feeling guilty in Pippi's place for the death of her mother, and then for identifying with Pippi. More distancing than this is the realization that Pippi's freedom is the result of not having anybody to love and take care of her.

The sadness I am underscoring is masked by the funny interpretation that Pippi imposes on her situation. We get both the facts of her life and her hilarious point of view in interpreting them. As long as we stay within her point of view, we laugh a lot. Yet we cannot help but realize that her funny point of view can be sustained only through limitation and suppression of real feelings and natural responses. Thus, what makes Pippi laughable is the consequent "unreality" and "unnaturalness" that this denial and repression create.

In insisting that everything is funny regardless of how sad and tragic it really is, Pippi points to her one-dimensionalness and "unreality." Her figure overtly announces its fictionality. The Pippi who laughs at everything is a fabricated fantasy figure who serves as an agent of vicarious wish-fulfillment not only for other children, but also for the other Pippi, the "real" Pippi we could have known if her story had been written realistically.

Lindgren makes the fictional nature of Pippi's figure transparent in a number of ways. One of these is to show her outrageous wishes coming true, and thereby emphasizing her essence as a wish-fulfillment. For example, when her father, Captain Longstocking, is blown off from his ship by a strong wind, Pippi believes he must have swum to an island inhabited by cannibals and become their king. She dreams he will come soon to get her and make her "a cannibal princess" (2). This sounds like a fantasy spun by a child with a colorful imagination. Yet, it turns out to be true as we see in Pippi on the Run. In turning Pippi's obviously fantastic and far-fetched wishes into truths, Lindgren underlines both the fictional essence of her figure and her function of wish-fulfillment.

Another way Lindgren makes the fictionality of Pippi apparent is by deliberately describing Pippi as a fairy-tale character. For example, the story of Pippi's father starts in fairy-tale fashion with "once upon a time" (1). He is a king and is ready to make Pippi a princess, albeit a princess of cannibals. Furthermore, Pippi is strong in a magical way. We never learn the source or the reason of this strength which makes her a supergirl. But we see quite an evidence of it as she carries her horse around the house, lifts two burglars to the top of the closet, carries a cow over the fence while on a picnic, etc. Pippi's unending supply of gold is another detail that connects her with fairy tales. She underscores this connection by constantly bragging she is "rich as a troll." The image of the troll appropriately embodies all the outstanding qualities of Pippi like her strength, her gold, and her alienation from the human community, showing she is truly a fairy-tale figure.

Yet another way Lindgren draws our attention to the "unreality" of Pippi's character is through her self-reflexive emphasis on the incredible lies that Pippi tells. Just a few examples of these are her claims that in Brazil people never eat eggs, but only rub them on their head to prevent baldness, that people in Egypt walk only backward, and that teachers in Argentina come to school only to unwrap candies for their students. But, interestingly, from the beginning Pippi admits she is lying. When in chapter 1 Annika and Tommy challenge her statement that people in Farthest India walk on their hands with, "Now you must be lying," she answers, "You are right . . . I am lying" (2).

Pippi's most important admission about her lies comes after a long story she tells about a Chinese baby named Peter who dies of starvation because of his refusal to eat the swallow's nest on his plate. Peter dies, in Pippi's words, "Of Plain Common Ordinary Pigheadedness" because he knows, by his father's command, he will not be given anything else till he finishes the swallow's nest (44). As soon as Pippi finishes this story, despite the fact that she has worked very hard to persuade her listeners of its truth while telling it, she admits it is a lie, and admonishes her audience for believing her:

> I'm lying so my tongue is turning black. Do you really think that a child can live without food from May to October? To be sure, I know they get along without food for three or four months all right. But from May to October! It's just foolish to think that. You must know that's a lie. You musn't let people fool you like that. (3-4; emphasis added)

Pippi, as the teller of outrageous lies, is clearly a double of Lindgren, the teller of incredible stories about Pippi. Especially the story about Peter makes this conspicuous because Pippi here is not just telling a quick lie, but developing a full story ironically about a character whose name also starts with a "P."[1] Pippi's admission of her lying is tantamount to Lindgren's admission she is lying when she is telling stories about Pippi. Thus, Lindgren challenges her readers' identification with her character by showing them not only that Pippi lies, but that her essence is a lie.

As opposed to this transparent fictionality of Pippi, Lindgren introduces the Settergren children with familiar details that make them normal, typical and "real." The following is Lindgren's first description of them, which she juxtaposes with her description of Pippi:

> Beside Villa Villekulla was another garden and another house. In that house lived a father and mother and two charming children, a boy and a girl. The boy's name was Tommy and the girl's Annika. They were good, well brought up, and obedient children. Tommy would never think of biting his nails, and he always did exactly what his mother told him to do. Annika never fussed

> when she didn't get her own way, and she always looked so pretty in her little well-ironed cotton dresses; she took the greatest care not to get them dirty. Tommy and Annika played nicely with each other in their garden, but they often wished for a playmate. (3-4; emphasis added)

These details about an ordinary family with two nice, but bored children invite identification. Their boredom, which is contrasted with the continual fun Pippi has, is important in making them normal and real. The "niceness" that Pippi finds in not having parents is countered here in the "niceness" of the children's dull play in the garden. The difference between these two uses of the word "nice" crystallizes the central tension of the book between the two images of the child that the adults and children have. The Settergren children are what parents would like their children to be: good, well brought up, and obedient. Unlike Pippi who always does what she wishes when she wishes, the Settergren children never fuss when they cannot get their way. They accept the limits their parents impose on them in the form of curfews, dinner times announced by a bell, homework, and family outings.

In addition to its familiarity, there is something appealing about this portrait of a complete family. Who can resist being called "charming" as Lindgren does Tommy and Annika, even if it means one needs to be obedient? After all, obedience has the reward of having a loving and caring family: somebody cares enough to iron Annika's dresses. The other important reward of being good is to get Pippi as a personal entertainer during the time that is left between homework and dinner.

Pippi fulfills this function of entertainment by basically performing for them as a clown. Remembering her appearance will show us how clearly and deliberately Lindgren draws her as a clown: Pippi's hair is "the color of a carrot"(5). "Her nose [is] the very shape of a very small potato" (5). Despite all her gold, she wears a blue dress patched with red. One of her long socks is brown; the other, black. She wears large shoes, so large that in one episode the town bully calls them "boats." Also, significantly, she lives with a horse and a monkey.

The fact that Pippi belongs in a circus becomes clear in the circus episode in which Pippi, single-handedly, performs all the interesting tricks with the horses, on the tight-rope, and tops these acts by defeating the Mighty Adolf, the strongest man on earth. Although she goes to the circus to watch it, she ends up being its most popular performer. Once in the ring, "she looked as if she had never done anything except perform in a circus" (67). Yet ironically to the end, Pippi does not understand what a circus is. She first thinks she has to buy a circus to take it home. After Tommy explains that she needs to pay to watch, she thinks that she needs to pay for looking at everything around her.

Her inability to comprehend the concept of "watching" arises from the fact that she is a one-dimensional figure, a flat cartoon character who can only be watched, but who cannot watch. Lindgren emphasizes this by making Pippi fall asleep at the circus the moment her own show is over: "There she lay and snored while the clowns, the sword swallowers, and the snake charmers did their tricks for Tommy and Annika and all the rest of the people at the circus" (73).

Tommy and Annika, on the other hand, immediately perceive that Pippi is good for watching. The day after their first meeting, they get up excited, crying, "Let's go and _see_ that funny girl with big shoes" (11; emphasis added). When their mother asks where they are going, they repeat the same verb "to see." They say, "We're going to _see_ the new girl next door" rather than "We'll visit her or play with her" (12; emphasis added). Once they are with Pippi and start watching her make cookies, "they thought it was good as a circus" (13). Also, every time Pippi rides into town, "all the people in the town ran to their windows to see" her (32).

Watching Pippi with Tommy and Annika is also what we do as readers. Since there is no movement for change or for synthesis in either of the two images of the child in the book, Lindgren has to constantly introduce new people whose discovery of Plppi's remarkableness recaptures and repeats our own. The lack of growth in Pippi is most strikingly conveyed in the fire incident. Pippi shows her alienation from the human community, her basic inhumanity as a purely fictional figure with her inability to understand why the two boys trapped in the burning building or the people gathered in the town square are crying. She is dismayed that the boys are not enjoying the fire as she is doing by cheering every time sparks fall on her. She ultimately saves the boys, but without emotionally understanding them or feeling sympathy for them. Till the end of the episode, she sings and dances to the fire, screaming from time to time, "Such a jolly, jolly fire!" (103)

Her rescue becomes another fun circus act for her as people down below anxiously watch and worry. When she comes to the middle of the board that extends from a tree into the window where the boys are, she lifts "one leg in the air just as she had done at the circus," causing some people to faint down below. Upon reaching the boys, she tells them, "It's almost like walking the tight rope" (102). Lindgren evokes the image of the circus to juxtapose the reality of crying, worried people with the one-dimensional, unreal, cardboard image of Pippi, who views even dangerous, life-threatening events as fun. Pippi does not comprehend the danger because she is not given the depth to do so.

As we have seen, Lindgren, at every opportunity, exposes the limitedness and the unreality of Pippi to direct our sympathy toward Tommy and Annika whose interest in Pippi animates her.

After all, Pippi moves into Villa Villekulla only after "they wished [important verb] for a playmate" (4). Lindgren's impulse is the opposite of Johnny Gruelle's in his Raggedy Ann stories. Although Gruelle wants to convince his audience that Raggedy Ann and the other dolls in the stories are real and alive unbeknownst to humans, Lindgren emphasizes Pippi is a doll, a puppet, a cardboard image whose energy is derived from the wishes, the fantasies of real children.

Pippi is banished from the serious aspects of everyday life. Two important figures in any child's life, the mother and the teacher, find Pippi unfit for their social domains and throw her out. The lesson for the child is clear: the kind of fun and freedom Pippi represents is appropriate for one's leisure time after one fulfills one's duties. Yet with this compromise one can have both a family and fun. And then one always has to and gets to return home as Tommy and Annika do at the end of every single episode. Importantly at the very end of the book, their father comes to pick them up. Thus, through Lindgren's manipulation of the figure of Pippi, whose fictionality she flaunts at every turn, the central image of the free child ends up reinforcing the image of the "good, well brought up, obedient" child, the adult's image of the child.

Notes

[1] Peter is indeed a double to Pippi as another child who does only what he wants. Ironically, his independence like Pippi's points to the necessity of doing what one's father asks from one because it becomes the cause of his death. Significantly, the little girl in Pippi's audience whose questions triggered the story goes back to looking for her father.

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"We Dance to the Music of Our Own Time": Reflected Images of Granddaughters and Grandmothers

Being a woman means being part of a cycle of life, but how does one view other phases of that cycle? A grandmother looks at a granddaughter and sees a reflection of her past. A young girl looks at her grandmother and sees a reflection of her future. Patricia Spacks explains how in adolescence one experiments with many roles, both imaginary and real, "re-creates oneself," and later as an adult "re-invents those past selves, converting the shifting shapes of adolescence into images that make retrospective sense" (The Adolescent Idea 4). I propose an intimate look at six fictional relationships which are still joined genetically, although separated by at least fifty years. What values do the grandmothers find important enough to pass on to their granddaughters? What do the granddaughters learn from the grandmothers? What do they learn from each other about being human and about being female? Finally, what do these books say to young people about moving from childhood to adolescence to adulthood?

The books were selected for their literary merit, as well as their characterization. Three of the books have won the Newbery Award, and one of the other authors has written a Newbery Honor Book. In Little Miss Muffett Fights Back, a listing of nonsexist books for young people, the editors require high literary quality in the portrayal of strong female characters with positive personality traits whose relationships reach beyond the limitations of romance.[1] Such novels have merit for boys and girls, for the qualities which define a "strong human being" are desirable for both men and women (Minard x). I wish to challenge Patricia Spacks's complaint in The Female Imagination that there are virtually no novels "that celebrate female adolescence" (200). In the works in this study the changing images from girlhood to adolescence present a rich collage to contribute to a better understanding of this important stage of development.

The female characters are varied. The gentle grandmother in Anastasia Krupnik by Lois Lowry shares her world of memories with her granddaughter. In Rose Blue's Grandma Didn't Wave Back, the role of caretaker switches from grandmother to granddaughter as the older woman's mental condition deteriorates. In Katherine Paterson's Jacob Have I Loved, a rigid, unsympathetic, and finally senile woman complicates the life of her granddaughter. Grandmothers must sometimes take over where parents fail as in Child of the Owl by Laurence M. Yep and Dicey's Song by Cynthia Voigt. Finally, a strong grandmother is a part of a proud family facing racial prejudice in Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry by Mildred D. Taylor. All the heroines learn about a world that includes both adolescence and aging.

In Dicey's Song, thirteen-year-old Dicey realizes that what she and her brothers and sisters need after their mother's mental breakdown is the security and continuity of a home that only her grandmother can provide. Gram has experienced the pain of separation from her own children and tries to reach out to her grandchildren. She emphasizes the importance of family unity when she and Dicey bring the ashes of her daughter back to rest close to the family (206). Gram represents a loving, nurturing, self-reliant person, but she is hardly a traditional older woman. She goes barefooted, wins all the marbles from the second-grade boys and girls, and has to prove to some people that she is not crazy.

Dicey has been the mother to the younger children all summer and is accustomed to thinking as an adult carrying that responsibility. At first, she has mixed feelings about relinquishing that role to Gram. She still worries about the children, gets a job so that they can have allowances, and goes with Gram to Boston to see her dying mother. Despite her adult thinking, she tries to ignore the changes in her body and resents Gram's insistence on buying her dresses and a bra. Gram's matter-of-fact attitude helps her accept herself as she is and understand that next year she might be ready to go to a dance.

Child of the Owl, the only work in this study by a male author, portrays a pair as independent as Gram and Dicey. Although Dicey had chosen to live with Gram, Casey was sent to live with Paw-Paw when her irresponsible father, Barney, could no longer support her and her "too responsible" uncle refused to support her. As in Dicey's Song, the members of different generations had not met before the children came to stay. Casey and Paw-Paw must reach across both a cultural gap and an age gap because life in Chinatown is new and foreign to the independent girl who has never considered her Chinese heritage as being important. Casey responds to a hug from her grandmother:

> Barney and me never went in much for that sentimental stuff like hugging and kissing--I suddenly found myself holding on to her. Underneath all the soft layers of clothing I could feel how hard and tough she was. (30)

As Paw-Paw cracks Casey's emotional armor, Casey soon begins to break through the older woman's isolation from the mechanical world as the girl teaches her grandmother how to change stations on her radio (37). Paw-Paw's pride and independence overpower her financially successful son who cannot understand her stubborn resolve to stay in Chinatown where she works hard to fight back poverty, accepts the life she lives, and willingly shares her meager subsistence with Casey. Paw-Paw realizes the dilemma of living between two cultures and uses the owl metaphor to explain the difficulty: "We became a little like owls the moment we turned our backs on China and the old ways" (104). Even though she has fought the burglar to protect the owl charm, the older woman finally sacrifices it to the new ways in order to survive with her independence. Casey captures the spirit of her grandmother when she says:

> She was a small woman but I felt like it would have taken a dozen bulldozers to try and move her aside: her roots seemed to reach down all the way to the very bones of the earth. . . . "Paw-Paw, I hope I'm going to be like you when I finish growing up." (205)

Her grandmother assures the girl that she is "already" like her. The jagged edges that make Casey feel like a misfit gradually wear away as the older woman helps Casey use the past in order to face the reality of the present with hope, now armed with a solid sense of who she is.

Cassie in Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry is another granddaughter influenced by a strong grandmother, Big Ma. Both Cassie and Big Ma are important members of a family that fights racial prejudice and persecution in the South during the first part of this century. Cassie's mother is a school teacher, and her father and uncle have worked hard all their lives to keep the land which is so important to all of them. The relationship of grandmother and granddaughter is not as crucial as it is in the previous books because all the adults in the family act as positive models for Cassie, but Big Ma's courage and wisdom is the cornerstone of strength for the entire family. Big Ma's determination to preserve the family's independence by keeping the land unites the family and helps show the members of the black community ways to preserve their own dignity. Big Ma worries about Cassie and all her family, but she does more than fret when she sits by the window with the shotgun when the night riders are terrorizing the neighborhood (49).

Cassie learns a difficult lesson about the realities and dangers of being black in a prejudiced white society when she publicly declares herself equal to a white girl. Her grandmother realizes the inherent danger a confrontation holds for her sons and forces Cassie to apologize to Lilian Jean (87). Cassie's brother Stacey tries to explain to Cassie that their grandmother cannot act in the same way that their father can, clearly showing the different sex roles expected by the society. After Cassie's mother takes her to visit a man burned by white racists, the girl begins to understand that lives are being threatened and adults must act accordingly. Big Ma sets a high standard of strictness that guides the behavior of the grandchildren as it has guided her own children. She has lived within the boundaries of the law, both written and unwritten, and still has maintained her own dignity and has passed her sense of pride on to them. Big Ma's strong leadership has been a positive force all of Cassie's life, and probably Cassie will become a strong woman like her grandmother.

Recognizing that not all grandmothers are alike, Simone de Beauvoir compares the roles of the grandmother as "guardian angel" and as "dethroned" maternal authority figure (656). The strength and determination displayed by the older women in the first three books reflect the first model, but the grandmother in Jacob Have I Loved is different. Louise Bradshaw, the thirteen-year-old narrator who lives in Maryland at the beginning of World War II, tells of being jealous of her beautiful and musically talented twin sister, Caroline. Although the parents love both the twins, it takes Louise a long time to realize the depth of their different love for each daughter.

During this time, the cantankerous, critical grandmother offers no support to the "ugly duckling" twin. The grandmother will not even reassure Louise that she remembers caring for her at her birth when most of the attention was focused on the other frail twin, Caroline (21). Grandma complains about her own ills, Louise's untidiness, and the sins of others. Her religious fundamentalism echoes in her favorite phrases, "I love the Lord," and "I hate the water," and Louise claims to have been "fully immune to both by the time" she was eight (36). Whether it be girls' whistling or "modern female undergarments," Grandma does not approve (38-39).

Louise has a hard struggle to reconcile her own feelings about who she is and what society and her grandmother dictate that she should be. Louise prays to turn into a boy because she loves the water (23), and

> the women of my island were not supposed to love the water. Water was the wild, untamed kingdom of our men. And though water was the element in which our tiny island lived and moved and had its being, the women resisted its power over their lives as a wife might pretend to ignore the existence of her husband's mistress. For the men of the island . . . the Bay was an all-consuming passion. (37)

Although it is not a socially acceptable job, Louise goes to work catching crabs. Her inner struggle carries over to her pity for the she-crabs. She feels that the males have a chance to live and make choices that the females do not have (133). When Louise has a crush on the Captain, her grandmother's cruel accusations confuse her. Years later, Louise begins to understand her grandmother, after Grandma's twisted sexual remarks also slander the Captain and Louise's mother. Throughout the book, Louise fights her hostile reactions to her grandmother and tries to make allowances for her age and her mental illness. Louise voices her determination to avoid becoming "fearful and shriveled" like her grandmother: "I was young and able . . . . Without God or a man, I could still conquer a small corner of the world--if I wanted to" (142).

The corner of the world that Louise chooses to conquer is in the mountains of Appalachia with "the kind of man who would sing to the oysters" (170). The success of her sister, the harshness of her grandmother, and the other difficulties of her youth are washed away by her satisfaction in her own life of service to her new family and the other women she helps as a midwife. She ultimately accepts a traditional female role of mother and nurse, but the important thing is that she chose it for herself. Her frustrated grandmother never felt that she had a choice.

Grandma Didn't Wave Back is a simply told story about a very difficult and complex subject, the effect of an older person's change from a useful, responsible member of a family to that of someone who cannot even care for her own needs. After her husband's death, Grandma comes to live with Debbie and her family. Grandma takes care of Debbie after school, listens to her description of her day, and always has cookies and a drink waiting for her. Debbie remembers the "softness of Grandma's lap, the warmth of her laughter, the smells of her kitchen" from her visits to Grandma's house when Debbie was only five (12). Now Debbie is happy to have Grandma and her special "things" every day (16).

Grandma shares with Debbie important values and insights of an earlier time. The older woman explains how

> in my day, women cooked and crocheted. Today your mama is a big lawyer and you'll be important too when you grow up. Times change, and that is a good thing. But there is an old proverb, "We dance to the music of our own time," and I am of a different time. (38)

Debbie likes to see Grandma's china figures, especially the sea gull, her blue and white clock, her marriage quilt, and her crocheted shawl (37-38). Grandma's optimistic attitude helps Debbie value the importance of enjoying each day (36).

Things begin to change for Debbie because Grandma becomes more and more forgetful. Grandma has become confused about people and time. Many days Debbie fixes hot tea and cookies for Grandma and even reminds her that the tea might burn her, just as Grandma used to remind Debbie (11). Debbie has mixed feelings about the situation; sometimes she feels cheated and at other times she feels glad to help (49).

The final decision to put Grandma in a nursing home greatly upsets Debbie, and the little girl insists on visiting her grandmother alone to take her some of her things. In her gentle wisdom, Grandma explains to the child that her life has not ended and that she can still enjoy the ocean, the spring, the sunshine, and her grandchildren (59). Grandma gives Debbie the sea gull and tells her to "remember life is to enjoy and your life is ahead of you" (59). Debbie waves and understands that she has not lost Grandma yet.

Anastasia Krupnik tells of a senile grandmother who lives in a nursing home that smells of "medicine and Polident" (6). On holiday visits, the little girl finds it difficult to think of her as a real person, even though Anastasia knows facts about her, such as that her grandmother gave her a silver cup when she was a baby. The old person makes the sensitive girl feel "scared and sad" (55). When Anastasia realizes that her grandmother lives in a world of past memories, her feelings about her change. The little girl likes to hear her grandmother talk about Sam, her dead husband, and their courting days when he had called her "Ruthie with the red, red hair" (83). Anastasia, who is also struggling with the expected arrival of a new baby brother, learns that others in our family, even if they are too young or too old to return our concern, deserve our care and feelings. Without ever realizing it, her grandmother teaches Anastasia about being human.

Understanding aging is as difficult as understanding adolescence. The six heroines in these books have the opportunity to observe closely grandmothers who have lived long and experienced much. The women have seen two generations follow them and generally try to pass on the values of respect for hard work, individual differences, and family attachments. They follow the pattern of behavior that Lynn A. Bloom examines in her study of several autobiographies of female writers greatly influenced by strong mothers or grandmothers. Says Bloom, "These values are communicated more by living example than by preaching; these role models did not consciously think of themselves as such" (294). Following in the paths of their grandmothers, the girls step from childhood into adolescence as they recognize life with all its difficult changes, including even death. The old ones stand as proud examples of what it means to be a woman as they view the young ones accepting the challenge.

Notes

[1] Feminists on Children's Media, Little Miss Muffett Fights Back, rev. ed. (Whitestone, NY: Feminist Book Mart, 1974) 18-20, qtd. in Huck 469.

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"Every Mother's Dream": Cynthia Voigt's Orphans

Cynthia Voigt began her talk to parents and teachers at Youngstown State University's 1990 English Festival by reporting a comment she received from a mother shortly after *Homecoming* was published. "It's every mother's dream," the mother said, to a rather astonished Voigt. The story of four children, aged six to thirteen, abandoned by their mother in a shopping mall parking lot (their father had abandoned them years before when the youngest was conceived), walking for days, hungry and tired, to their aunt's in Bridgeport, Connecticut, only to find that their aunt is dead and their cousin cannot give them a home; then taking off again to find their grandmother, who, by the way, they did not know existed and who might be crazy or violent or both--"every mother's dream"? Voigt said the more she thought about it, the less crazy it seemed. Her greatest fear as a mother, she said, was that something would happen to her, and then what would become of her children? Her dream, the more she thought about it, was that her children could survive on their own. And so we have book after book about orphans, resilient and self-sufficient: Cynthia Voigt's image of the child.

But of course Voigt is not the first author to so conceive of the child. Fairy tales are positively crammed with such orphans, mistreated and cast out to make their own way in a hostile world. Voigt calls our attention to the parallels early in *Homecoming*. As the Tillerman children sit in their old car in the shopping mall parking lot, waiting for their mother to return, Dicey, the oldest, orders James, ten, to tell the youngest two children, Maybeth and Sammy, a story to keep them quiet. He tells them "Hansel and Gretel." The fairy tale becomes something of a leitmotif in the book, until the end when Dicey, eating a plate of spaghetti, finally meets her grandmother:

> "You like my spaghetti?" her grandmother asked.
>
> "No," Dicey said. "But I'm hungry. Do you like it?"
>
> "It's easy to fix. You know what I sometimes think?" Her grandmother looked straight at her, her mouth chewing. "I sometimes think people might be good to eat. Cows and chickens eat corn and grass and turn it into good meat. People eat cows and chickens. In people, it might turn into something even better. Do you ever think that?"
>
> Dicey shook her head.
>
> "Especially babies," her grandmother said. She swallowed thoughtfully. "Or children. Do you have brothers and sisters?" (251)

Voigt's orphans not only find themselves in fairy tale situations, but they have the qualities of fairy tale heroes and heroines. Therefore, Voigt's novels are reassuring in the same way fairy tales are. The small and powerless child can and does succeed through cleverness, resourcefulness, and active innocence. Rather than waiting for the authorities to find them and put them in foster homes, probably separate ones, Dicey has them set off on foot to find the aunt she believes will take them in, with a map as her only guide. They alertly pick up stray coins careless shoppers have dropped. Dicey feeds her brothers and sister from the day-old baked goods rack of large supermarkets, among other economies, and she stays near the ocean so they can fish and find mussels. Sammy, the youngest, even "finds" a family's picnic lunch on the beach and takes it to his family, in the same way Jack "finds" the giant's treasures and takes them down the beanstalk to his mother. When they finally reach their grandmother's, Dicey does not push her grandmother into the oven, but she wins her over through the ploy of the never-ending task: they make themselves useful and so give their strong and endearing personalities a chance to work on her.

So Voigt uses as one metaphor for the child the fairy tale hero, the orphan cast out from any parental security but journeying to find a mature love and life of his or her own. But Voigt also uses another metaphor for the child, one essentially similar, though, in its emphasis on the lonely journey. To get across the Chesapeake Bay to the eastern shore where their grandmother lives, Dicey and James con two teenagers into sailing them over in their father's sailboat. On the trip Dicey discovers that she loves sailing and "give[s] herself entirely over to the movement and the being still." She muses:

> Maybe life was like a sea, and all the people were like boats. There were big, important yachts and little rafts and motorboats and sailboats and working boats and pleasure boats. And some really big boats like ocean liners or tankers--those would be rich or powerful people, whose lives engulfed many other lives and carried them along. Or maybe each boat was a kind of family. Then what kind of boat would the Tillermans be? A little one, bobbing about, with the mast fallen off? A grubby, worn-down workboat, with Dicey hanging onto the rudder for dear life?
>
> Everybody who was born was cast onto the sea. Winds would blow them in all directions. Tides would rise and turn, in their own rhythm. And the boats--they just went along as best they could, trying to find a harbor. (203)

But the Tillermans are not a leaky boat buffeted by any strong wind that blows; Dicey takes the tiller here, literally but also metaphorically, and steers for safe harbor, a home. And Homecoming ends with all the Tillerman children in their grandmother's boat, after she has agreed that they can stay with her:

> Gram climbed down into the boat and held it steady against the dock while the little children jumped in. James threw the painter down to Dicey and leaped down himself.

> "Ready to go home?" Gram asked Dicey. She was smiling.
> Dicey just grinned back. "Ready," she said. (318)

The children, alone in the world and cast out from one home, have searched until they have found another. As James says near the end of Homecoming, "Whatever, . . . we can take care of ourselves. Wherever" (218).

But the fairy tale is not over at the end of Homecoming. Dicey's Song, which picks up where Homecoming leaves off, begins:

> AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
> Not the Tillermans, Dicey thought. That wasn't the way things went for the Tillermans, ever. (1)

They have found a home with their grandmother, but their journey is not over. The children have to make their way individually, as well as collectively; they have to establish their identities in school; and they have to learn to deal with their mother's death, their final abandonment. In Dicey's Song the mother is discovered dying in a mental hospital in Boston, and Dicey and Gram go to bring back her ashes. At the end of the book the children accept that their mother is "gone," is not coming back to gather her brood under her wing, but now they, even the mother, are "home." The last line of the book is "So Gram began the story" (211), the story of her children, of the Tillerman children's mother and brothers, of their family. They are all characters in the continuing human story.

But the metaphor that Voigt uses to suggest the image of the child in this book is not based on the fairy tale but on the Bible and on folk music. Dicey's song, "When first unto this country a stranger I came," tells the story of a man who is rejected by the girl he loves, steals, is put in jail, and has "a coat of many colors" (26). As "Hansel and Gretel" becomes the leitmotif in Homecoming, the Biblical Joseph and his coat of many colors, another archetypal child cast out from one home but finding another in a new place, becomes the leitmotif in Dicey's Song.

Jacob has a son called Joseph, who is his favorite, and to show that he gives him a coat of many colors. When his brothers, who are jealous of Joseph, sell him into slavery to the Egyptians, they bring back the coat smeared with blood to show their father that Joseph has been killed by an animal. Ironically, Joseph eventually rises from a slave to become the Pharoah's right-hand man. God, of course, knew all this and let Joseph be sold into slavery so that he could help his family when a great famine occurs. During this famine when Joseph's family comes to the Pharoah to beg food, Jacob is overjoyed to find his son once again. Joseph forgives his brothers, and they come to live together in Egypt, in a home the Pharoah has given them.

The story has obvious parallels to the Tillerman saga. Home is not a place; it is a fluid relationship. The child, cast out like Hansel and Gretel, can find a new home in a new place. Perhaps destiny, or providence, is always working for the child, for the family. "Every mother's dream."

But the song is more complicated than that. Jeff Greene, a boy Dicey meets at school, first introduced the song to her and tries to explain it to the rest of the Tillermans when he is finally invited to share his music with her family. The song goes, "With my hands all in my pockets and my hat slung back so bold, and my coat of many colors like Jacob of old." It says Jacob, but James, Dicey's brother, remembers that in the Bible Joseph is the one with the coat of many colors. Jacob, James says, is the one with Esau, and the birthright and the blessing (155). Jeff suggests that the man in the song is part Jacob and part Joseph: Joseph because he comes into the land "a stranger," like Joseph was in Egypt; but Jacob because the man in the song is a thief, like Jacob who, the second born of twins, steals his brother's birthright, his inheritance. Yet instead of punishing Jacob, God makes him the father of Israel because his brother Esau did not really value what he had but Jacob did. This story of Jacob has important parallels in Jeff's story, which Voigt tells in her next book, A Solitary Blue.

A Solitary Blue begins, like Homecoming, with abandonment. Jeff Greene, at the start of the novel seven and a half years old, comes home from school one day to find a note from his mother saying goodbye, that she loves him but has to go where "people need her" to make the world "a better place." Melody, we discover, is another of Voigt's deficient adults, completely self-centered but hiding behind the fiction that she is saving the world with all her myriad "causes." Jeff's response to his abandonment is different from Dicey's: he withdraws over a period of years into near autism, deathly afraid that, after being abandoned by one parent, he will also be abandoned by the other, a very unexpressive father. So he becomes the perfect child, afraid of displeasing anyone. His most typical expression is "I'm sorry"--sorry for getting sick and causing his father worry, sorry for changing so much that his mother does not recognize him at the Charleston airport when he goes to spend a summer with her, sorry for causing his mother the pain of childbirth. He reaches his lowest point when she effectively abandons him for the second time, leaving him in Charleston with his great-grandmother while she goes off on one more of her causes.

The second half of A Solitary Blue details Jeff's recovery when his father, a reserved but as it turns out a caring man, moves them to the eastern shore of Maryland, where the Tillermans live and where Jeff meets Dicey in Dicey's Song. There Jeff has the solitude to get to know himself, slowly, to find out that he is much stronger than he knows, and to discover that he is valued for who he is--by his father, by Dicey, and by the rest of the Tillermans. But his mother is not out of his life yet; she returns one more time to try to get Jeff to go live with her, and he suffers at her hands yet again when he believes he has caused her terrible pain by refusing. Jeff is finally able to come to terms with himself and his mother when he discovers the real reason she tried to get him back. In a complicated turn of events, Jeff has inherited the estate of his great-grandmother, not his mother as she had counted on. She wants the money. Jeff does not. In their last exchange, Jeff gives his mother the quite valuable diamond ring he has inherited, the one that did not mean very much to his great-grandmother, and his mother gives him the jade ring she has inherited, not worth much, except for its history and the great sentimental value it had for his great-grandmother. As he watches his mother walk away for the last time, he thinks, "Poor Melody, . . . she never knew what the real treasures were" (245).

The real treasures in Cynthia Voigt's books turn out to be the children. She gives us a gallery of orphans in her novels, children in one sense or another abandoned, physically or emotionally, from contemporary, fairy tale, and Biblical worlds. But despite the conditions in which her children find themselves, they are not sad or pathetic because they are resilient. I think Voigt is suggesting that we all are brought into the world essentially alone, like boats on a sea, and that we all must go on a quest not only for a home but also for our identities. These are not givens. But the allusions that resonate through her novels give assurance, as Bettelheim says fairy tales do, that we can succeed. James Henke's article "Dicey, Odysseus, and Hansel and Gretel: The Lost Children in Voigt's Homecoming" discusses yet another parallel in Voigt that expands her novels' significance, the parallel with the quest in The Odyssey. In A Solitary Blue Jeff reads The Lord of the Rings, "the story of unlikely heroes in another world, of magic and love, of battles against unremitting evil, the long, arduous journey, of friendship and betrayal" (26). Voigt's children are all embarked on this journey. Do they live happily ever after? Well, not exactly. The Israelites do not live happily ever after in Egypt but must continue their search for a home. The search may never be over until death--the final port--as Dicey suggests when she sees carved on a tombstone "Home is the sailor home from the sea" (171). Every mother's dream? Well, maybe.

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Faulkner's The Wishing Tree as Children's Literature

Faulkner's only published children's story, The Wishing Tree, has fallen into an obscurity from which, in my opinion, it deserves to be rescued--not so much for scholars and Faulkner specialists as for the children for whom it was originally intended. Indeed, it can provide youngsters early in their lives with a memorable introduction to this major American author. Published in 1967, it is currently out of print and therefore largely unknown, even to many specialists in children's literature. I would like to argue for its return to the top ranks of children's literature for enjoyment by children on their own but more especially for use in the elementary school setting. The Wishing Tree is full of magical adventures, appealing, often humorous characters, and instructive themes; further, it can lead to a variety of activities both in and out of the classroom. However, before turning to a close examination of the book itself, I will review its somewhat murky origins and subsequent history as well as its fate at the hands of scholarship in order to provide a background which should prove helpful to those teachers who choose to use it.

Its origins and its textual history are both complicated and fascinating. Faulkner apparently composed the story in late January or early February of 1927, although whether he originally intended it as a gift for the eighth birthday on February 5 of Victoria Franklin, who would become his stepdaughter when he married her mother Estelle in 1929, or for ten-year-old Margaret Brown, a friend's daughter who was dying of cancer, is somewhat unclear. Faulkner himself is largely responsible for the confusion, for he has claimed both. Victoria's copy, which he typed and bound himself, bears the date 5 February, 1927, and a dedication indicating that he wrote it specifically for her birthday:

For his dear friend
Victoria
on her eighth birthday
Bill he made
this book.

However, in defending his opposition to Mrs. Brown's desire to publish her daughter's copy in 1958-59, Faulkner claimed that he wrote it for Margaret; in a letter of February 4, 1959, to his agent Harold Ober, he stated, "I invented this story for Mrs. Brown's daughter, about ten at the time, who was dying of cancer. I put it on paper and gave it to her so her family could read it when she wanted to hear it. This I did as a gesture of pity and compassion for a doomed child. I was quite shocked when Mrs. Brown wrote me that she even considered getting money from it" (Selected Letters 421; see also his letter to Bennett Cerf, quoted in Brodsky 334). Although Blotner quotes both the dedication and this letter in his biography of Faulkner, he does not comment on the contradiction; indeed, his chronology clearly indicates that Faulkner wrote the story for Victoria's birthday in February of 1927 and then gave a copy of it to Margaret early in 1928 (565). Brodsky, however, in an article in Studies in Bibliography argues that Margaret's version is the original and Victoria's the later one, citing Faulkner's 1959 statement in a letter to Bennett Cerf, the "dedication" to Margaret in her copy, and a reported entry of February 11, 1927, in her father's diary indicating that Faulkner had given her the story by that date. Further, he proposes that the simpler, shorter Victoria version is a refinement of the earlier Margaret version.

Although we may never know for a certainty, it seems to me much more likely that Faulkner originally wrote the story as a birthday gift for Victoria and then gave a slightly different version to Margaret Brown, either a few days or approximately a year later. Not only the dedication to Victoria but also numerous details in the story itself support this contention: its subject is a little girl's birthday; it takes place on a winter day, reflecting Victoria's February birthdate; the birthday girl has a younger brother, as did Victoria; there is no mention of a father (the Franklins were divorced); and the description of the mother as "beautiful, so slim and tall, with her grave unhappy eyes changable as seawater" (81) suggests Estelle Franklin and was perhaps meant as a compliment to her since Faulkner was courting her at the time (see Silver's letter to Wyllie, quoted in Brodsky 335). As for Brodsky's arguments, the more ornate, longer Margaret version could just as well be an elaboration of the Victoria version as the reverse; the reported diary entry, which could in fact be in error, does not prove that Margaret's version existed prior to Victoria's; and the "dedication" ("To Margaret Brown/from her friend,/Bill Faulkner," Brodsky 332) establishes nothing more than that it was a gift from Faulkner. Faulkner's own comments in his letters to Cerf and Ober that he wrote the story for the dying child clearly pose the most difficult problem; however, I would suggest either that, from a distance of more than thirty years, Faulkner forgot his actual motivation, as indicated in the Victoria dedication, or, perhaps more likely, that he hoped to gain sympathy for his opposition to Mrs. Brown's desire to publish it by claiming a motivation springing from a desire to bring comfort to a dying child.

A further complication in the textual history is that in 1948 Faulkner borrowed the Margaret Brown version from her mother in order to make two additional copies to present as Christmas gifts to his godson Philip Stone II and to Shelley Ford, the daughter of his friend Ruth Ford (Brodsky 332-33). So ultimately there were four copies of the story in existence, Victoria's version being slightly different from the other three, but, apparently, none of the four owners were aware until the early sixties that copies other than their own existed (Brodsky 333-35).

To conclude the textual history, although Faulkner adamantly opposed the story's publication, asserting that "I myself would never authorize it [sic] being published" (Brodsky 334), two years after his death, his stepdaughter Victoria Franklin Fielden obtained the copyright and subsequently published it in 1967, first in the April 8 issue of Saturday Evening Post and three days later in book form by Random House (Brodsky 331).

What is clear from this complicated textual history, and especially germane to my purpose, is that Faulkner intended the story for young people around the ages of eight to ten,[1] although he never intended to publish it. Further, this story as well as others that he often told aloud to young audiences was fascinating and appealing to them. He frequently made up stories for Victoria, who was called Cho Cho: "He would buy a five-cent box of vanilla wafers and they would go for a walk in the woods together. As they politely and scrupulously shared the wafers, he would tell her about fairies and other creatures who lived there. Out of this had come the gift he had carried for her to [her birthday] party," which, according to Blotner, took place on February 9 rather than on her actual birthday on February 5 (541). Arthur Guyton recalls listening to Faulkner's fairy stories which were

> sometimes laden with mild degrees of horror and always couched in plenty of fantasy. The important feature of these stories, however, was their absolute reality to those of us who were his listeners. His telling of the stories was always with an element of complete sincerity, an absolute belief in them himself, so much so that he could capture the mind of anyone and carry it along with him however preposterous the nature of the tale. (Blotner 541)

Finally, in a letter which Margaret Brown's mother wrote to Faulkner, she said, "Through all these years I've cherished [this copy of The Wishing Tree] as something personal because Margaret loved it so much. The manuscript is yellow and dogeared from her handling of it" (Brodsky 334).

Considering these positive responses from children who actually heard or received these stories at first-hand, the very mixed reviews which appeared when the book was published are surprising. The best of them can only be labelled lukewarm or cautious. LaRocque described it as "a delightful, didactic fantasy," but speculated that black readers might be offended by Alice and Exodus; yet she closed on a rather positive note: "Warm, sometimes gently satiric, written with love for the recipient and the characters, The Wishing Tree is a special reading experience which reveals a facet of Faulkner hitherto veiled" (752). What that facet is she did not say, but we may suppose that she meant his ability to tell children's stories. The Booklist reviewer was content simply to call it "[a] warm and whimsical tale with a quest and a succession of magic happenings in a Southern setting" (1132) and sidestepped making further judgments.

Most reviewers were not so generous, and negative comments ranged from "a tiresome little story" (Sullivan 508) to "an offensively bad children's book" (Ciardi 114). Indeed, Ciardi and others took Faulkner to task for his negative portrayal of the black characters; Ciardi accused Faulkner of "debased caricature" and in a pique of righteous indignation asserted that "[a]s figures of fun they might do for a Klan-sponsored minstrel show" (114), while Sutherland in Saturday Review found Alice's conversation in dialect jarring (61), although it is unclear whether her objections were based on moral or artistic grounds. On the other hand, Sullivan felt that Alice, whom she found delightful, was "all that [would] stop 1967 children chucking [the book] from a great height" (508).

For a variety of reasons, from the supposedly demeaning portrayal of blacks to the "jarring" use of dialect to the story's being "too sharply edged with reality to appeal to most 8 year olds" (Cayton 1176), the majority of reviewers felt that The Wishing Tree was not a particularly good children's book and thus would have no appeal to children. Yet I would argue that some of them imposed on this children's book expectations and standards based on Faulkner's adult works, while others imposed on it social or moral concerns quite outside the main thrust of the story, concerns which were obviously influenced by the temper of the mid-sixties. Clearly, these reviewers were judging a children's book from an adult viewpoint with adult standards. What I can simply say from my own experience and that of others who use this book with children in the classroom is that youngsters love it and delight in its magical happenings, its fascinating characters, and its abundant humor.

In the years since the book's publication, most scholars have either entirely ignored it or simply noted the fact of its existence; it is briefly referred to in the works of Blotner, Millgate, Minter, Putzel, and Watson, for example. Only Brodsky, Gidley, and Ditsky give it detailed attention; yet the first is limited largely to textual matters, while the latter two, although providing rather complete plot summaries and some commentary on characters, are more concerned to point out similarities between the children's story and Faulkner's adult works. However, The Wishing Tree deserves examination as a children's tale; indeed, a serious and comprehensive treatment of this extraordinary little book reveals that it is a legitimate and valuable legacy to the field of children's literature.

The plot has a dream-vision framework, the dream itself following the well-established pattern of a journey with various adventures, made especially appealing to children by their magical nature. The "aggregation of friends" motif prevalent in folk and fairy tales as a structural principle is also evident. The story begins as Dulcie awakes on her birthday, a special day for most children, to find a strange boy named Maurice at her bedside. Not only does Maurice have an intriguing appearance with his golden-flecked eyes, his glowing red hair, and his black velvet suit, but he also has wonderful magical powers. Dulcie discovers that, although she is still in bed, she is already dressed in clothes appropriate for a birthday party--"her new lavender dress with the ribbon that matched her eyes" (7). Further, when the boy raises her bedroom window, the bleak winter landscape of "black trees with their bare dripping branches in the rain" is suddenly transformed into a spring-time setting with "soft wistaria scented mist" (8).

After telling her that birthdays are for special happenings, Maurice begins the magical journey by blowing on a tiny ladder until it becomes big enough for them to climb down to the ground, where Dulcie's black nurse Alice, her little brother Dicky, and her neighbor George await. Setting off by pony and pony cart, the heart's desire of many a child, they leave the mist and enter a summertime landscape where they begin their search for the fabulous wishing tree.

There follow a series of adventures full of comedy, excitement, and, in some instances, brief though intense terror. They encounter a funny old man named Egbert who joins them, pass a castle, and find a mellomax tree whose leaves allow all their wishes to come true. At first, as in the case of King Midas, this seems wonderful, but some of their wishes have unpleasant or dangerous consequences. George asks for "so much strawberries and chocolate cake that I'll be sick for a week" (35); after eating the food, he does indeed become ill. Dicky's wish for a gun is granted, although Alice makes him take it back as too dangerous, and his wish for a soldier results in the appearance of Alice's long-lost soldier husband Exodus, who also joins them on their journey. George's thoughtless wish for a lion puts them in serious jeopardy before it is "unwished." But it is not until Dicky makes "a bad wish . . . that hurt[s] something" (59) that the action takes a serious turn, for, when he tries to kill Egbert's gillypus, he and then the rest become tiny, as in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. After several frightening episodes, including an attack by a gigantic jaybird and Dulcie's getting separated from the group, they return to normal size as a result of Dicky's doing a kind deed and continue on their journey, finally arriving at their destination, the real Wishing Tree. It turns out not to be a tree at all, but the good St. Francis, who gives each of them (except George) a bird as well as the moral: "if you are kind to helpless things, you don't need a Wishing Tree to make things come true" (82).

Dulcie then awakens from her dream to find her mother and little brother wishing her happy birthday and giving her a bluebird in a wicker cage as a gift. And the story ends as she wonders if something equally magical will happen on her next birthday.

Although Faulkner's primary purpose is clearly to entertain his young audience, he also intends to instruct them along several rather obvious lines. As noted above, his main theme seems to be that one should always be kind and unselfish. Those characters in the story who make bad or selfish wishes, as in the case of George, or who are cruel to others, as in the case of Dicky, are punished in some way; George does not receive a bird from St. Francis because the "first wish he made, he was punished for, the second wish he made, he frightened you all for no reason whatever, and the third wish he made, he deserted you while you were in trouble" (78), and Dicky becomes tiny as a result of his cruelty to the gillypus (a reverse version of Pinocchio's nose growing long when he tells lies), returning to normal size only when he does a kind deed later. A minor theme, which may only be noticed by older children, is the criticism of war, a theme prevalent in works of the '20s as a result of the disillusionment caused by World War I. Faulkner comments on the senselessness of war when Dulcie asks the old man, "'Who won the war you were in?'" and he replies, "'I don't know, ma'am. . . . I didn't'" (47-48; see also 45, 54).

The characters are skillfully developed by means of concrete details and dialogue, even though some are stock figures. Alice is the most fully developed--and the most controversial. As the children's nursemaid, she is responsible, caring, and cautious about their activities, traits reflecting those of Dilsey in The Sound and the Fury.[2] Concerned that the little old man is not proper company for her young charges, she calls him "'white trash'" (22) and asserts, "'I bet your mommer wouldn't like it if she knowed'" (20). Further, she supplies plenty of humor, often at the expense of others; her sharp-tongued orders to her husband evoke laughter: "'You big fool, . . . you pick me and this baby up easy, or I'll tear your head clean off and unravel your backbone down to your belt'" (68). In other instances it is her fear for her own or for her charges' safety or her misunderstanding of the situation which provides the humor; for example, when the gun for which Dicky has wished falls on the old man's foot, Alice accuses the latter of "'pullin' a gun on me and this baby!'" (40) Although Faulkner has been attacked for satirizing Alice as a black, it seems to me that he is simply presenting her as a realistic component of the Southern world of the '20s. Her dialogue, which has been criticized as demeaning, is in fact similar to that of Dilsey, who is portrayed as the only noble and loving character in The Sound and the Fury: "'You vilyun!' Dilsey said. 'What you done to him?'" (395), "'Is you been projecking with his graveyard?'" (67), and "'I wish I was young like I use to be, I'd tear them years [ears] right off your head'" (72). The latter echoes Alice's "'I'll tear your head clean off,'" both of which may reflect similar threats by Br'er Bear in the Uncle Remus stories. Further, Alice's incorrect grammar ("'We's going right straight home,'" [41]) and mispronunciation of words ("mommer," "vilyun," "elefump," "behime," and "aggravoke," for example) are both accurate for and typical of the times. Indeed, her dialogue in general falls into the tradition of Southwest humor stories. Just because it is sometimes humorous does not mean that Faulkner is making fun of or demeaning her; in fact, his rather liberal attitude toward blacks, especially in light of the time and place in which he lived, has been well documented.

Although the other characters are less controversial, they are also worthy of attention. Dulcie, who is no doubt meant to reflect Victoria Franklin, is a sweet little girl, notable for her loving attitude toward her younger brother and her delight in her birthday adventures; she may remind young readers of Alice in Wonderland. Dicky is a typical three or four year old, whose baby talk Faulkner conveys by spelling words as they would be pronounced: "wide" for "ride" (12), "choss" for "choice" (14), and so on. Ciardi's judgment that he is "loathsome" (114) seems a bit harsh. The little old man Egbert and Alice's husband Exodus are stock comic characters as both are hen-pecked husbands; Egbert's wife throws "a flatiron at him, and a rollingpin and an alarm clock" (21), and Alice roundly berates Exodus for his desertion (44-45). As in the case of Alice, Exodus's dialect is accurately, and sometimes humorously, conveyed: "'Lawd a mussy, woman . . . . What is you chunkin' at me?'" (44) Maurice, who functions as guide and mentor, is delightfully mysterious, although his use of "youall" (14) gives him a distinctly Southern cast.

Faulkner's style, while obviously much less complex than in his adult works, contains a number of elements which might be discussed with older children: the framework of the dream, with its attendant sudden shifts and sometimes unexplained occurrences, and of the journey as structural principles; the abundant concrete details in descriptions of people and places; and the accurate reproduction of dialogue. In addition, his use of similes appropriate for children is noteworthy. When Victoria is waking up, she is compared to a "goldfish in a round bowl of sleep, rising and rising through the warm waters of sleep to the top" (5). The Shetland pony which Maurice takes from his satchel is "no larger than a squirrel" (13), the mist is "like a big gray tent" (18), and, when the characters are small, the grass is "like huge sword blades" (62).

Finally, Faulkner employs all four elements of comedy in his tale. Comedy of character, as evidenced in the discussion of the various characters above, operates in the descriptions of Dicky, Alice, Exodus, and Egbert. Comedy of situation is found, for example, in the granting of some of the wishes, particularly that of the lion. Comedy of action appears liberally, but is especially uproarious in the scenes in which Egbert's wife throws numerous objects at him and in which Alice throws stovewood at Exodus:

> "if I jes' had a stick of stovewood in my hand--" Alice blinked her eyes at the stick of wood, then she threw it at the soldier, but as soon as it touched him, it disappeared. "Jes' give me one more stick," and there

> was another in her hand, and she threw it and it disappeared too. The soldier ducked behind a tree. (44)

Last, Faulkner makes varied use of comedy of words in the dialects of some of the characters, in names like Exodus, and in newly created words like "gillypus" and "mellomax."

In addition to being an enchanting fantasy and a well-written literary piece, The Wishing Tree lends itself particularly well to use in the classroom and inspires a number of related educational activities. It provides a basis for a study of Faulkner himself, of Rowan Oak, or of Oxford, to which a field trip would be extremely rewarding. Other activities might include a study of St. Francis, an exploration of comedy and what makes us laugh, or an assignment in creative writing in which each student creates his or her own special birthday dream. Finally, and this is my favorite suggestion, the children could write and produce a play based on the story. They could design their costumes, work on bringing out the particular personalities of the characters they are portraying, and do a simple set which would include their version of the mellomax tree and the wishing tree itself.

Faulkner's The Wishing Tree is a marvelous children's book, rich in content and in craftsmanship. It seems to me time to retrieve this delightful but forgotten work from obscurity, from a passing note in Faulkner scholarship which is rightfully more concerned with his adult literature, and to return it to our children, thus introducing them early on to one of the major American writers of our century.[3]

Notes

[1] Victoria was eight and Margaret Brown and Philip Stone were approximately ten when they were given their copies. I have not been able to ascertain the exact age of Shelley Ford, but I assume that it was similar.

[2] Gidley suggests that Alice may be a "first study of the greatly more rounded and significant portrayal of Dilsey" (102).

[3] It is a remarkable coincidence that Eudora Welty's only children's book The Shoe Bird, published just three years before The Wishing Tree, is also largely unknown today, although it too possesses enchanting characters, an engrossing plot, and a wealth of humor and wisdom and would be excellent for use in the elementary classroom.

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The Child Is Mother of the Woman: Heidi Revisited

A book read and loved as a child can influence one's perceptions of life, one's values, and even one's preferences in literature as an adult. Johanna Spyri's Heidi, I recognized upon rereading, had such an effect on me, and furthermore, despite its old-fashioned style and assumptions, still offers an acceptable model for life, not only through the life it depicts, but through its structure, which provides an alternative to the archetypal Journey of the Hero.

Years ago, when I, nearly as naive and trusting as Heidi herself, confided to my freshman composition teacher that Heidi and Little Women were my favorite childhood books, he made me feel ashamed. "What! Those sentimental stories! Not Alice in Wonderland?" Little Women, he admitted, might have some literary merit, but Heidi?--a piece of trash! I, unlike Heidi, did not have the gumption to stand up for my opinions, and assumed that my intelligence and judgment were seriously and irrevocably flawed. Although I continued to re-read Little Women surreptitiously on vacations, I never looked at Heidi again until recently. What a shock to discover that the values and images of the Heidi I had suppressed have remained with me throughout my life.

In re-reading Heidi, I rediscovered numerous fantasy images of "the good life" that I had thought were mine alone, as well as reverberations of especially vivid images from my past. Among images that I have subconsciously carried with me all these years are those of the mountains with their flower-filled meadows, the mountains turning red in the sunset Alpinglow--a sight that has always delighted me in Albuquerque and Tucson, where it occurs in the winter months, the image of the bed of hay in the loft with its circular window through which the stars shine at night, and the sun shines in the morning; the simple hut and the meals of homemade bread, goat's milk, and cheese; the kindly, wise grandmamma in Frankfurt who taught Heidi to read, who seemed the most worldly and powerful character in the book, as well as the most genuinely kind and understanding. Even the images of the music of the fir trees, the artificial and superficial Fraulein Rottenmeier, the wonder of snow so deep that one had to climb out of the windows, and the gruff but loving grandfather who enfolded the little Heidi in his strong arms, seemed part of my own life.

I remembered that I had never seen mountains until I was grown, but I used to lie in my Michigan back yard, looking at the clouds and straining my eyes to see snow-capped peaks among them. I, too, had fir trees that made music outside my window, and later there were cherry boughs, whose moods reflected the weather and the state of my own mind. Did that sense of resonance between inner and outer originate with my reading of Heidi or did

I recognize in Heidi something that was already part of my experience? Is that why, years later, Robert Frost's "Tree at My Window" spoke to me? "Tree at my window, window tree,/ My sash is lowered when night comes on; But let there never be curtain drawn/Between you and me." The poem concludes, "Your head so much concerned with outer,/ Mine with inner, weather" (251-52).

Is that window in Heidi's loft, and the lack of a view from the windows in Frankfurt the reason I have always chosen to live, when I have had the choice, in rooms full of windows that let in the light and views of trees and flowers? Was my unconscious memory of Heidi's experience in Frankfurt part of the reason why I left New York City and my ground floor apartment where the sun reached the windows only between twelve and one p.m. and thieves stole the geraniums I placed on the window sill? Is that why, when I visit people who keep their curtains closed in daytime, I expend a great deal of energy restraining myself from impolitely flinging them open? And why I have never long remained at a job where I worked in windowless rooms?

Heidi's grandfather often sat on benches out of doors, and Heidi ran in and out freely. Is that why I am happiest in houses with an easy flow between indoors and out, and why I built a wooden bench near my front door?

I, too, had a grandfather I loved dearly, who lived not on a mountain but on a farm, where when I visited I felt that I was to him, as Heidi was to her grandfather, the most precious thing in the world. And upon approaching that beloved and beautiful place, I felt much as Heidi did on her return from Frankfurt, when

> she caught sight of the tops of the fir trees above the hut roof, then the roof itself, and at last the whole hut, and there was grandfather sitting as in old days smoking his pipe. . . . Quicker and quicker went her little feet, and before Alm-Uncle had time to see who was coming, Heidi had rushed up to him, thrown down her basket and flung her arms round his neck, unable in the excitement of seeing him again to say more than "Grandfather! grandfather! grandfather!" over and over again. (194)

When, grown up, I first saw meadows of alpine flowers in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, I somehow felt that I had arrived home. I remember grabbing my camera and running up a steep slope, out of breath in the thin air, wanting to capture the beauty of the flowers. I was not thinking of Heidi's mountain then, but I, like "Heidi went running hither and thither and shouting with delight, for here were whole patches of delicate red primroses, and there the blue gleam of the lovely gentian, while above them all laughed and nodded the tender-leaved golden cistus" (46). Later she sits quietly. "Heidi had never felt so happy in her life before. She drank in the golden sunlight, the fresh air, the sweet smell of the flowers, and wished for nothing better than to remain there forever" (49).

In Fraulein Rottenmeier I recognized my first grade teacher, an elderly spinster whose highest law was that we follow instructions, who pinched my chin and tilted my head back at a painful angle when I supplied a word to my seatmate who was stumbling, like Peter, through his reading; and who scolded me for reading too far. She noted on my report card that I was "a dreamer." I suppose we were as incomprehensible to each other as Heidi and Fraulein Rottenmeier.

When Heidi climbed the church tower in Frankfurt to see what she hoped would be mountains and countryside, and instead saw only "a sea of roofs, towers, and chimneys" (116), her disappointment must have equaled mine, when, in my first weeks in Arizona, overcome with a longing for lakes, rivers, and swaths of green, I climbed a cactus-studded mountain and from its summit saw only more dry brown earth and cactus-studded mountains without a visible drop of water or lush green anywhere.

Even the winters in Heidi had a special charm for one who grew up in Upper Michigan. I remember hoping in vain with each snowfall that the drifts would grow so deep that, like Peter, I would have to leave the house through the windows instead of the door. One winter there was so much snow that two of my friends had snow piled up against their house right to the slope of the roof, and we were able to slide from the peak of the roof to the ground. And there were crisp moonlit nights when even the grown-ups joined in hair-raising sled and toboggan rides down the hill at the edge of town. In Spyri's words:

> But then the moon came out clear and large and lit up the great white snowfield all through the night, and the next morning the whole mountain glistened and sparkled like a huge crystal. When Peter got out of his window as usual, he was taken by surprise, for instead of sinking into the soft snow he fell on the hard ground and went sliding way down the mountainside like a sleigh before he could stop himself. (252)

Although there was no one person in my life comparable to Clara's grandmamma, who taught Heidi to read and gave her spiritual advice, I did have a grandmother who evinced the same Victorian dignity, authority, and no-nonsense wisdom as the Frankfurt grandmamma. I also had a favorite book of Bible stories with beautiful color pictures by Milo Winter. For me, as for Heidi, learning to read provided an escape from a sometimes painful reality, and an entrance into other worlds.

It is easy to pooh-pooh as rationalization the grandmamma's assertion that if our prayers are not answered, it is not because God does not listen or because there is no God, but because, "If we ask Him for something that is not good for us, He does not give it, but something better still, if only we will continue to pray earnestly and do not run away and lose our trust in Him" (159). The folklore of wishing corroborates this interpretation: we are often sorry when we get what we wish for. My own experience corroborates Heidi's and the grandmamma's: prayer is an act of faith, often desperate, and it may sometimes be the only thing that saves us.

Fantasies of "the good life" that I had thought were my own, I was astonished to discover almost verbatim in Heidi. If, at any time over the past twenty-five years, you had asked me, especially during periods of stress and frustration, how I would like to live, I would have described something like this: I would like to be a goat girl in Switzerland, high up on a mountain. I would live in a little hut, and eat homemade bread, goat's milk, and cheese. I would have a Bible, a volume of Shakespeare, and maybe a volume of Wordsworth. Instead of reading many books quickly, I would read these few over and over, committing favorite parts to memory. It would be a simple life, a healthy, outdoor life, with simple food, and self-sufficiency.

Not only Heidi's images but its values influenced me. As Phyllis Bixler Koppes and Malcolm Usrey have pointed out, these values are rooted in the Romantic movement. Koppes places Heidi in the tradition of the pastoral romance and the exemplum, a form stressing conversion and salvation, often by means of a child. Heidi's youthful innocence, spontaneity, and joy are central to the book, and she transforms the lives of nearly everyone she meets. Part of what Heidi gives to adults is the joy of renewal or rebirth. She gives the gift of childhood, not only in herself, but by awakening the child in the adult. Far from regressing to childishness, as some critics have contended, the adults become more complete by becoming closer to the child within and thus to God.

Many of the values that underlie Heidi have been attacked. Klaus Doderer questions the value for today's reader of this "sentimental novel whose high esteem for the isolated mountain world can't help but create antipathy toward our technological surroundings," and suggests that "Heidi should therefore be consigned to literary history" (12-13). Jack Zipes sees Heidi as "a figure of the infantile regressive fantasy which desires a lost innocence that never was," and describes the book as catering to "the escapist tendencies of readers who might seek release from the perplexing, difficult conditions or urban life" (166-67). Doderer and Zipes both attack the book for accepting unfair economic conditions and implying that it is better to be poor than rich because it is easier for poor people to be closer to God.

But, there are other ways to interpret Spyri's handling of these issues. Mountain life as depicted by Spyri has elements of escapism, but it also has elements of the Robinsonnade or survival story, and an almost Thoreauvian attitude toward finding fulfillment in living simply and in harmony with nature. In the conflict between the morality of society and that of nature, the book has similarities with Huck Finn's conflict between the warped morality of civilization and the natural, commonsense morality Huck found on the river. And finally, far from rationalizing that poverty is somehow good, Spyri is simply pointing out that there are some things in life, such as pure mountain air, good health, and love, that no amount of money can buy.

As I re-read Heidi, I was struck by the fact that little seemed to be happening in the story, and that what it was really about was the characters, the setting, and ultimately "how to live," or "how to be." In his discussions of Heidi and other late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century girls books Perry Nodelman has pointed out that little happens in episodic girls' stories like Heidi, except that "each episode ends with someone feeling better about himself and the world he lives in . . . if we are entertained it is not because we want to find out what will happen, but because we know what will happen, and like it happening, and want it to keep on happening" (148). Nodelman also raises important questions about what it means to be a child, and what it means to grow up, and concludes that possibly "the only thing a good children's book is ever about" is "how to grow up, as one inevitably must, without losing the virtues and delights of childhood" (154).

I would suggest that in some ways the only thing a good book for grown-ups is about is "how to be a grown-up without losing the virtues and delights of childhood." John Bradshaw offers workshops and videotapes on getting in touch with the inner child, psychoanalysis seeks to uncover the influences of early childhood experiences, and Maurice Sendak and numerous other writers claim to be writing for and out of the child within. On the occasion of his eightieth and Picasso's ninetieth birthdays, Henry Miller wrote an article for Life Magazine, wondering whether Picasso was still able to "play," since he saw a childlike ability to play as the essence of creativity. Heidi offers adult and child alike a glimpse of the joy and spontaneity of the child.

I often perceive my own life in terms of a story, a story that changes in genre, style, and focus, depending on my mood and circumstances, but which is usually a variation on the archetypal Journey of the Hero. However, when my mother died nearly four years ago, I felt betrayed. None of the variations seemed to fit. Her life, and the lives of most people around me, and my own life as I looked toward its end, did not end in a glorious climax, a triumphant battle, a blaze of insight or self-realization, a return home, or even a soul-searing catastrophe; they just gradually petered out. Our levels of energy, and physical and mental abilities decline, sometimes almost imperceptibly, sometimes rapidly, but all inevitably, as we move into old age.

"It doesn't seem fair," I said to an elderly friend. "Stories don't end like that! What is there to look forward to?"

Her reply, so unsatisfactory to me then, was, "We just continue to enjoy as much as we can."

But Heidi and all those episodic girls' stories in which nothing much happens, and the pattern of my life and my mother's, fit into a different story structure I had not thought about before. They belong to what Ursula K. Le Guin calls The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction. Unlike the Journey of the Hero, this is not a spear-shaped story, "starting here and going straight there and THOK! hitting its mark (which drops dead)" and emphasizing conflict, but a bag-shaped story, "a medicine bundle, holding things in a particular, powerful relation to one another and to us" (169). In this kind of story, "just continuing to enjoy what we can" may be an appropriate ending, in keeping with the child within.

As Wordsworth wrote in his "Intimations" Ode:

> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
> We will grieve not, rather find
> Strength in what remains behind. (190)

Heidi, as dated, sentimental, flawed, and didactic as it may be, has, nevertheless, provided a viable model for my own life, and moreover, just as the child Heidi brought renewal to the adults in her life, the children's book Heidi has brought the adult in me a new way of looking at story structure and the story of my own life.

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The Image of the Child as Artist and Aesthete

To most adults, art and children's literature are related only through the conventional bond between text and illustrations. However, there is a great deal of excellent children's literature which deals with different aspects of art. Reading itself can provide a "launching pad" for firsthand art experiences, or it may serve as a vehicle for organizing and reinforcing a "real-world" art experience in which the child-reader has already engaged. Art in children's books may provide material for rich fantasies, or an introduction to an unfamiliar discipline such as architecture. A number of children's books which involve art or artists also have themes that involve important moral and ethical choices.

This paper discusses some children's books that are related to art as a discipline; it suggests the dual role these books may have in enriching children's knowledge of art, and presenting literary themes dealing with universal dilemmas.

The Child as Artist:

Because drawing is an almost universally popular activity with young children, a character in a story who draws will immediately be sympathetic, and presumably, easy to identify with. Among the Newbery books which portray children who love to draw are Dobry by Monica Shannon and The Bridge to Terabithia by Katherine Paterson.

Dobry describes the development of a young child in eastern Europe who evinces an interest in art at a very early age. The child's activities using commonplace materials to depict the people and animals in his village are detailed by the author, who conveys a great respect for the culture and traditions in which the child lives. Parenthetically, now that relations with eastern Europe are changing profoundly, perhaps this delightful book will make a comeback. As a young person, Dobry finally decides to enter art school in a distant city, although his family has always expected he will work on the family farm. The choice of art as a vocation is usually a risky choice. Many are trained and few are chosen. The funding of such training is often a sacrifice.

Dobry's family is not too different from many families all over the world and half a century later. Although often considered an educational frill, an artistic vocation holds a compelling attraction for some. These individuals need talent and strength of character. We see how these traits develop in Dobry over a crucial period in his life stretching from childhood to adolescence. His enjoyment of the aesthetic in his environment is demonstrated in his rendering of the farm animals; his appreciation of the village craftsmen who work in wood and metal.

More contemporary are the children in The Bridge to Terabithia by Katherine Paterson. Jesse and Leslie live in the greater Washington D. C. area. Jesse is from a rural southern, family; Leslie, a girl, is from an educated, professional home. The children meet in school. Both love to draw, but Jesse has only pencils and commonplace materials. Leslie has paints and fancy paper. The children's interest in art is one of several interests that bring them together. However, whereas Leslie's family encourages the art activity, Jesse must conceal his drawing. For Jesse's father, who holds traditional sex role expectations, Jesse's art is effeminate and bothering. The story ends on a bittersweet note when Leslie dies in an accident, and her father gives Jesse her painting materials. Jesse is Leslie's "heir" in another way too. He has always been more timid than she, but after she dies, he seems to gain courage and direction, and the capacity to reach out to others. He seeks a closer relationship with his younger sister, who is sorely in need of attention and affection. Books, such as Dobry and The Bridge to Terabithia, present children with the possibilities of art as a career, an image of themselves as artists, and a message: To do what one loves to do may take courage and steadfastness. Stories about mature artists also give children an idea of what the life of a working artist entails.

The Mature Artist:

The Cat Who Went to Heaven by Coatsworth, a legend about the Buddha, tells of a poor Japanese artist who adopts a beautiful, starving, abandoned cat. According to the legend, the cat is the only animal that refused to pay homage to the Buddha, and therefore cats as a species are considered evil. However, the little white cat the artist adopts is a model cat, quiet, sensitive, self-effacing. He names her Good Fortune, and soon after she enters his household, the artist receives an important commission from the priests of the local Buddhist Temple. He must draw the life of the Buddha on a roll of silk. The last scene on the scroll shows the Buddha on his deathbed giving his blessing to all the animals, who line up to pay their respects. Every day the painter adds to the wonderful line of animals who have figured in the life of the Buddha, and every day the cat looks at the picture to see if she is included. The artist knows he cannot include a cat, because of the bad reputation they have. But finally he cannot bear the cat's disappointment, and he paints her into the parade of animals. The priests refuse the painting, and take it to the temple planning to burn it publicly on the following day. When they take it out for the ceremonial destruction, the cat is no longer in the parade of animals, but under the hand of the Buddha who leans over to pet her.

The story is a wonderful legend for children, stressing as it does compassion, adherence to principle, dignity in poverty, and the distinction of the "individual" from the "species." From the artistic point of view the description of how the artist plans the picture, of how he paints on silk, and of his intense concentration while working, all give insight into how mature artists work. In the end, a child will realize, consciously or unconsciously, that the opportunity to produce art is the artist's most important reward.

Art and Fantasy in Children's Literature:

Pictures, images, existing somewhere between the real and the imaginary, can often conjure up stories in the viewer's mind. Fantasy can employ art in many wonderful ways. In two popular tales for children, Harold and the Purple Crayon by Crockett Johnson and Liang and the Magic Paintbrush by Demi, we see how the tool the artist uses, a crayon or a brush, can swiftly move us into a different world. Harold first draws himself out of his real life, and then when he is tired, he draws himself back into his own room.

Liang is the owner of a magic paintbrush, one that paints things that become real. Liang uses the paintbrush with circumspection. However, when the greedy Emperor hears about the paintbrush, he tries to get Liang to misuse it by painting things that are not really necessary. Liang escapes from the Emperor and his wrath by enticing him onto a boat on a calm sea, both of which he has drawn. Having enticed the Emperor aboard the painted boat on the painted sea, Liang now draws storm clouds. Soon a storm arises which overturns the boat and causes the Emperor to drown.

This use of art to provide escape and make a different reality is close to the young child's own use of art. Although we cannot always receive what we draw, we "draw out" something from ourselves when we depict our longings. This in itself is cathartic and pleasant.

The Children of Green Knowe by Lucy Boston is a fantasy for older children which involves art. A contemporary child, Tolly, "meets" three children from the seventeenth century who emerge from an old portrait. Eventually Tolly plays with these "painted" children. In what sense do the dead come back to life when we study their portraits! A good work of art can take one into worlds that have never been, or worlds that vanished long ago. The talented artist tells us a story about real people in a flat world. The talented author moves us from a three-dimensional world to one that is gone or one which he has imagined.

Obviously not all art is representational, or related to narrative, but for children this form of art can be a satisfying experience, and an entree into the world of classical art, portrait art and museums.

Biographies of Artists:

For older children, who are already interested in art, biographies of artists may be interesting. Biographies detailing artists' struggles, the most important influences in their lives, and describing their training, provide models and guides for young people who may be feeling their way toward a career in art.

In Ellen Wilson's biography, American Painter in Paris: A Life of Mary Cassatt, we are introduced to the nineteenth-century American woman who studied painting in France, and who eventually became recognized as an important impressionist painter by the leading male artists of the period. This biography should be particularly interesting to girls who wish to follow an art career. Wilson's biography makes it very clear that Cassatt put her work first, that only gradually as she matured as an artist, did her work receive recognition. Wilson stresses the hard years of solitary effort which preceded this recognition, although indicating that Cassatt was raised in a supportive and wealthy family. In the end the reader senses that Cassatt never married or had a family of her own because she chose to devote herself entirely to art.

In Trevino's biography, I, Juan de Pareja, Juan is a slave boy who belongs to the great Spanish painter, Velasquez. Juan learns to stretch canvas on a frame, mix paints, prepare brushes. As he learns the techniques of painting, his relationship to Velasquez changes. Juan is also a gifted artist, who eventually is permitted to paint, who gains his freedom, and who receives recognition. Although Juan's life is based on that of a real person, the biography is fictionalized. The issue of slavery in sixteenth-century Spain is presented, and the moral issues are addressed. Slaves were not allowed to paint, and initially Juan must conceal his painting. His struggle for the right to paint makes us appreciate freedom and the freedom to create. Another strength of the book lies in its depiction of the the daily, working life of an artist. The minutia of setting up the easels and preparing the materials, the way the different media are used, should be of interest to children, particularly if they are simultaneously afforded an opportunity to experience the same activities themselves.

The reading of both biographies reveals the intensity and persistence needed to become a creator-craftsman. Students who are interested in the lives of artists, but who are not ready for a book-length biography might enjoy Ventura's Great Painters. This colorful and attractive book contains short biographies of many famous artists.

Consumers of Art: The Child as Aesthete:

In Elaine Konigsburg's The Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler the major characters are two children from the suburbs, Claudia and her brother Jamie, who run away and live in the Metropolitan Museum of Art for a week. The book is funny, lively, realistic, and absolutely jammed with information about art that is integral to the plot. Children who live near a large urban art museum will enjoy this book much more after a visit to such an institution. Many of them will probably pick up an interest in Egyptian funerary art or medieval armor along the way.

When Claudia and Jamie first arrive at the museum they visit a special exhibit of a small sculptured angel that may have been done by Michelangelo. After they have seen the statue, the children become interested in how art works are authenticated. They begin to visit the library to see if they can find a connection between the statue and Michelangelo. Since the days at the museum are totally unscheduled, they have a great deal of time to pursue an interest which they themselves have selected. Far from being dull or didactic, the children's investigation reads like a detective story.

For children or parents who have not visited an art museum, Visiting the Art Museum by Brown and Brown presents text and pictures which indicate what to expect on a visit to a large metropolitan art center. Every part of the museum is presented graphically and in the text. Children will anticipate not only the different galleries reserved for different periods and artists, but the cloakroom and the gift shop as well.

Technical Information about Art:

In David Macaulay's book Cathedral, text and illustrations clearly explain how a medieval cathedral was erected, describes its architectural features, and explains the specialities of the master craftsmen involved in its construction. No one who reads this book will ever see a church through the same eyes again. The book could easily spark an interest in architecture from the artistic or structural perspective.

Janet Gaylord Moore has written an excellent guide to understanding visual art. Her book, The Pleasures of Art, provides older children with technical information about aspects of visual art such as color and line. Both the Macaulay and Moore books have received awards, and should be attractive to many readers from fifth or sixth grade on.

Peppin's book, The Story of Painting, presents children with an introduction to the history of art in Europe and Asia. It includes modern artists as well as the Great Masters. It has a sensitive section on primitive art as a technique used by artists in both industrialized and non-industrialized countries.

This sampling is intended to demonstrate that literature for children can encompass art in a much richer and more intellectually stimulating manner than the mere provision of richly illustrated texts, valuable though these may be. Art has many aspects ranging from the technical to the fantastic, and examples of all these can be found in good books that appeal to children. Children in these books are presented as both creators and "consumers" of art. In addition, many of the fiction, fantasy and biography books in this area present moral and ethical issues which provide an additional enriching dimension for young readers.

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The Suffering Child's Plea for Peace in Japanese Picture Books

What have we to say to our children about peace and war in these troubled times? What have we to offer in the books which we create for them? One offering is The Big Book for Peace, which appeared last fall and has already sold 140,000 copies. It is a collection of stories, poems, and pictures on the theme of peace. The participating artists and illustrators are donating their royalties to five peace groups. It is a timely publication, a chorus of United States authors, illustrators, and publishers singing together about their desire for world peace. What are other efforts?

A search through Bernstein and Rudman's 1989 work, Books to Help Children Cope with Separation and Loss: An Annotated Bibliography, Rudman's 1976 work, Children's Literature: An Issues Approach, and an extensive bibliography on peace and war compiled by the Young People's Services Staff of the Berkeley Public Library indicates a tendency on the part of U.S. authors to speak to younger children allegorically of war, say, for example, as in Dr. Seuss' Butter Battle Book. We here in the United States leave it to authors and illustrators from other countries to speak to younger children realistically about war. Rose Blanche by Christophe Gallaz and Roberto Innocenti, originally published in French by a Swiss publisher, The Angel with a Mouth Organ by Australian author Christobel Mattingley, and War Boy, a new book by British author Michael Foreman, are three such examples of foreign imports. Besides these are two more books from Japan, Hiroshima no Pika by Toshi Maruki, and a recently published autobiographical book, My Hiroshima, by Junko Morimoto. The Little Weaver of Thai-Yen Village by Vietnamese American author Tran-Khan-Tuyet, and The Children We Remember by Chana Abells, a book about the Holocaust, are the only two realistic books about war that are originally U.S. publications that I could identify.

I think that we Americans struggle with the idea of illustrating scenes of war for children. We approach the subject of death and suffering in general with caution. Masha Rudman noted in her aforementioned 1976 work that up until then children's books dealing realistically with death were almost considered in the same category as pornography (69). At that time she found that war was almost always treated allegorically (Rudman 115). Carol Ordal's 1983 study on death as seen in books suitable for young children finds that if anything or anyone dies, it is a pet, a grandparent, or a parent. Children dying is almost non-existent in modern United States children's literature (Ordal 250) except in books such as those I listed above which have been imported from other countries.

How do other cultures speak about war and peace in the books which they create for children? Today I would like to look at books by Japanese children's authors and illustrators, whose works for younger readers present a different perspective from our own on war and suffering, and who plea for peace in their own way. Many Japanese children's books depict wartime experiences. Yoshiko Kogochi, in her article, "The Depiction of World War II in Japanese Books for Children," identifies these books as a genre of Japanese children's books. Kogochi does not, however, discuss picture books, although many examples of these also exist. Besides the two I mentioned earlier, Gennosuke Nagasaki's Empitsu Bina (The Pencil Dolls), Hiroyuki Takahashi's Chironuppu no Kitsune (The Foxes of Chironuppu), and Yoshio Kurusu's Mura Ichiban no Sakura no Ki (The Best Cherry Blossom Tree of the Village) are just some titles. I have chosen four representative books to talk about today: Hiroshima no Pika and My Hiroshima, because they have appeared in English, and for contrast, two which have not, Okori Jizo by Yuko Yamaguchi and Kuroi Cho by Miyoko Matsutani.

The first book, Hiroshima no Pika, is one with which many are likely to be familiar. Its author and illustrator, Toshi Maruki, and her husband, Iri Maruki, are both artists and nuclear disarmament activists. The story Toshi Maruki tells is based upon a true account. When the book opens, we find ourselves in Hiroshima on that morning. Mii, a seven-year-old girl, and her family are eating breakfast. The bomb is dropped. Mii and her mother flee to the seaside to escape the spreading fire, passing scores of burned and suffering people. A mother weeps over her dead infant. Muddy brownish gray and khaki green dominate the ghastly watercolor scenes; these colors are used particularly for the bodies of the wounded or dead which lie in heaps. The fire which engulfs the city is represented by blood red curves. The figures of people are ghostly, fluid shapes which have eyes but no pupils. Mii and her mother survive, but, the narrator tells us, she remains a child both physically and mentally from that day on. Author Toshi Maruki reveals her intent when she writes in the Afterward to Hiroshima no Pika:

> I am now past seventy years old. I have neither children nor grandchildren. But I have written this book for grandchildren everywhere. It took me a very long time to complete it. It is very difficult to tell young people about something very bad that happened, in the hope that their knowing will help keep it from happening again.

The book has become a classic in Japan. It has appeared in several bibliographies there. It still appears on the list of books recommended by the Japanese School Library Association (or in Japanese, the Zenkoku Gakko Kyogikai), a list which appears as a bi-weekly ad in a major newspaper. The book has been recommended by the publisher for children as young as six.

The reviews that appeared when the book was first published in the United States in 1982 express both acclaim and caution, and reveal an uneasiness with the notion of death and suffering for children, an uneasiness twinged with guilt. Horn Book praised the art work and the message, but thought it to have neither appeal to nor suitability for younger readers and recommended "an adult in the role of a wise intermediary" present the book to older ones (Heins 531). Natalie Babbitt, in the New York Times Book Review, said the book was eloquent, but too strong for anyone under the age of ten and too incomplete for anyone over the age of ten. "Children must learn on an ascending scale," she says. "They cannot swallow in one gulp such a graphic tract against nuclear warfare and be thereby prepared to stand against a recurrence. Better to begin gently their exposure to the hard fact of man's inhumanity"(24). Betsy Hearne in Booklist, on the other hand, called the story "painful" but "extremely important to every child at some stage when he or she can understand and deal with it." She called the most outstanding feature of the book its spareness, saying "everything unnecessary has been relentlessly excluded." "No other book for children," she says, "outside of Eleanor Coerr's gentle Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes turns atomic destruction from an abstraction to immediate reality"(201). Despite the reservations, Hiroshima no Pika received the Batchelder Award from the American Library Association for translated books, the first non-European book to do so, as well as the Jane Addams Peace Award.

Recently another book about Hiroshima has appeared in the United States entitled My Hiroshima. The book was actually first published in Australia, where its author and illustrator, Junko Morimoto, now lives, but I have included it today because Junko Morimoto is Japanese, was educated at the Kyoto University of Fine Arts in Japan, and wrote the text of this book in Japanese, after which it was translated into English. Junko Morimoto begins by describing her home life before the war, and then describes its changes as the war progressed. When the bomb fell on August 6, she was in her room with her sister. On one page the small image of the two girls is set against a large stark white background. On the opposite solid blue page a tiny airplane can be seen in flight. The next page is the moment of impact; the image is of the two girls falling to the floor, holding each other. Junko and her immediate family members all escape severe injury, but she watches injured people wandering through the city. Several weeks later, Junko sadly sifts through the rubble of her schoolyard, uncovering the bones and belongings of her schoolmates. On the final page is an actual photograph of Junko as an adult, bending down to touch that same schoolyard as it exists today.

The book does not horrify the reader with gruesome details, and probably for this reason was not as hesitantly received as Hiroshima no Pika. However, the use of Junko's photograph gives the story a startling reality. The schoolyard which she is touching is real and can be visited and touched by anyone alive today. Despite its somberness, this is a story of survival and, therefore, of hope.

Why do Japanese authors and illustrators not hesitate to speak so frankly about war? One reason may be that they experienced war first-hand, surviving atomic bombs, fire, and starvation. The images must be clearly etched in their memories. Perhaps the creation of these books is part of the healing process for them.

Another reason may be, however, that traditional Japanese culture, heavily seeped in Buddhism, views suffering as something to be expected. If it is something everyone will experience, even small children, then there is no reason to hide it. Japanese literature and folklore does not carry within it the expectation that every story should end "happily ever after." In the classical Taketori Monogatari (Tale of the Bamboo Cutter), for example, the beloved daughter must leave her earthly parents and return to her real home in the heavens. In the folktale which American readers will know as Yagawa's The Crane Wife, the crane plucks the feathers from her own bloodied body to weave beautiful cloth, but in the end leaves her husband and children because her true form has been discovered. Traditional tales with sad endings like these are familiar to Japanese children everywhere. In the modern children's classic story of Gongitsune, the fox, Gongistune is in the end shot and killed by the man whom he is trying to help. A 1986 illustrated version of this story was very popular in Japan.

Japanese authors perhaps also have great confidence in their children's ability to understand difficult matters, and in their ability to work on their own solutions to conflict. Miyoko Matsutani, one of Japan's earliest and foremost post-war children's writers, says she believes that children, even young children, want to and can understand war. In a keynote address at the International Board on Books for Young People [IBBY]'s 1986 World Congress entitled "Why Do I Write for Children," she says:

> Let me now tell you of another child who I think was about 4 years old, though he may have been even younger. Anyway, this very small child came up to me one day and said, "I want to read about the war too. Please give me a book I can understand." (55)

This statement, she says, motivated her to write such a book.

Shortly I would like to talk about one of Miyoko Matsutani's books, but first I will turn to another book about Hiroshima entitled, Okori Jizo, or, as it might be translated, The Angry Jizo, by Yuko Yamaguchi. Now, stone statues of the god Jizo can be found all over Japan, and Jizo is said to be the guardian of children. In this story the statue is said to have carved on it a smiling face. The opening illustrations show the statue sitting in a quiet neighborhood. Among the people walking by we might notice a little girl, although the text makes no mention of her. Then the bomb falls. Even so, the smile remains on the statue's face. The little girl seen earlier collapses next to the Jizo statue. Her clothing hangs from her body in shreds. She cries out for water, but there is no one to bring it to her. Suddenly the Jizo scowls in anger and tears of pure water roll out of its eyes into the girl's mouth. The little girl accepts this gift and dies. In the end, the statue disintegrates.

Jizo often appears in Japanese folklore and is always embodied by these stone statues. He is a god of common people who helps them and rewards their kindness. One well-known story is about a poor old man who gives the hats he could not sell in the village to the snow-covered Jizo statues he passes on his way back home. Because he does not have enough hats for all the statues, he gives the last one his own scarf. That night the statues come to his home and leave the old man and his wife a large gift of food. Another Jizo story is about a farmer whose son falls ill and cannot help with the rice growing. A Jizo statue comes to life and helps the farmer in the son's place.

The story of the angry Jizo brings to the mind of the Japanese reader all of these tales. Just like in the folktales, this Jizo helps the little girl. However, unlike in the folktales, the Jizo cannot save the girl's life. The reader expects the usual miracle to revive the innocent girl, but it does not happen. War is this terrible, that even though the Jizo can miraculously grant a dying child's last wish, it cannot ultimately save her from its cruelty.

I chose this book to discuss because its image of the dying child lingers. It is shocking for American readers to see illustrations of the death of a child. Such a depiction would be taboo for American picture books. However, the death of children in war can often be found in children's stories in Japan. To Japanese authors and illustrators, it is a reality. It also becomes a powerful plea for peace.

The last book I would like to discuss is entitled in Japanese, Kuroi Cho, which means The Black Butterfly, by Miyoko Matsutani, whom I quoted earlier. It also contains an image of the death of a child. This book, however, unlike the others, is a fantasy. One day as the sun is setting and the moon rising, the sun and the moon meet. Each has seen a boy, the same boy, whom they are both fond of. One day the moon rises to find the sun still in the sky, glowing an angry red. The sun tells the moon how the boy was shot and killed by soldiers. His body has not yet been found by the villagers. The moon rises in the sky to take over the sun's vigil to light the hillside where the boy's body lies until the villagers come. A black butterfly symbolizing death hovers over the body as the book closes.

Miyoko Matsutani concludes her IBBY keynote address, saying:

> To protect the lives of these children, we writers must

> continue in our respective fields. We must not avert our eyes from war but using all the ways we know continue to depict it; sometimes using fantasy[,] sometimes in realistic writing and sometimes in the form of picture books. (56)

Japanese picture books contain a powerful image of the suffering experienced by everyone, even children, from war. They do not explain why it happens; they only leave these images with us. They are meant to stir within their readers real longings for peace. It is a different approach from our own, but Japanese children's book authors and illustrators join in the chorus of peace sung by authors and illustrators from all parts of the world. It is only by singing together that we will achieve it.

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Images of Contemporary Japanese Children
by Japanese-American Immigrants

In American Picture Books from Noah's Ark to the Beast Within, Barbara Bader postulated in 1976 that "the culture least represented before the Second World War, by artists or in books, is one of the most in evidence thereafter--the Japanese" (443). From a Western perspective, Japan is a relatively new member of the world community. Less than one hundred fifty years ago, Admiral Perry sailed to Japan Bay to encourage open borders to outside trade. Although trade ensued, there have been relatively few Japanese immigrants to America in comparison to other ethnic groups. One reason for the difference was restrictive legislation which limited immigration in the early twentieth century. A law passed in 1921 tied immigration to three per cent of each immigrant group living in America according to the 1910 census. The National Origins Act of 1924, effective after 1929, also affected immigration by limiting the total of non-Western immigrants to 153,700 a year. These quotas were not rescinded until 1965 (Barkan).

One cultural result of this immigration pattern was that the image of the Japanese child was far less familiar than that of the English or German child to Westerners in the first half of the twentieth century in America. There were relatively few children's books with Japanese settings or any mention of Japan. This dearth persisted until the conclusion of the war with Japan, which followed the bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941 and after the atomic attack on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. A notable exception was Lucy Fitch Perkins' The Japanese Twins. It was the second of twenty-five in her popular "Twins" series, ranging from Puritans in the 1600s to contemporary Eskimos. The Japanese Twins came between The Dutch Twins and The Irish Twins. First printed in 1912, it was reprinted as late as 1968.

Japanese-born librarian Yasuko Makino evaluated over three hundred children's books printed in America about Japan and annotated about half that number in her critical bibliography, Japan Through Children's Literature, published in 1978 by the Center for International Studies at Duke University. Another edition with a change in the subtitle was published by Greenwood seven years later. As a former teacher from Japan, she was well qualified for the task even before becoming an assistant professor of Library Administration at the University of Illinois. While in graduate school, she read children's books about Japan and concluded from her research that "misconceptions, stereotyping, and mistakes" (1978 iv) permeated American children's books. She took The Japanese Twins to task by pointing out that it described stereotypical daily routines in the lives of five-year-old "Taro" and "Take." She also noted that the book depicted life in the late nineteenth century. In Perkins' book, the children sleep on mats, wrap rather than button their clothing, view the family's Samurai sword, and go to a temple. In addition, the children bathe in a tub inside the house rather than the traditional outdoors. As author and illustrator, Perkins drew the children wearing "zori" in the home; this clothing is worn only outside. Makino's annotation in the 1987 edition concludes with "not recommended" (39).

Even thirty-five years later, the famous American author Pearl Buck promulgated error in her much lauded book, The Big Wave, published shortly after the war. She gave non-Japanese names to the children, namely "Kino" and "Jiya" (18). Makino evaluates Buck's description of the Japanese countryside as "vague and obscure," and summarizes the book as "not particularly good" (18). Chinese elements also intruded into books, such as The Greedy One. Patricia Miles Martin included the "sampan," a Chinese, not Japanese, boat. Moreover, the author mistook the huge cloth flying-carp "wind socks" as made of paper. She mistakenly identified oxen as water buffaloes.

Makino also criticized Arlene Mosel's The Funny Little Woman, which won for artist Blair Lent the coveted Caldecott Award in 1973. In it, Chinese and Japanese images are mixed. The critic also stated that the recipe for Japanese rice dumplings confused rice flour with cooked rice (72).

Although Makino never distinguishes between Japanese and non-Japanese authors and illustrators, she consistently applauds books written and illustrated by three immigrants from Japan to America. Presumably a Japanese emigrating to the United States as an adult would understand Japanese child-culture.

The image of the Japanese child is handled respectfully by Taro Yashima, Kazue Mizumura, and Allen Say, all immigrants to America. Each debuted as a children's book illustrator during the decade of the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s, respectively. Collectively, they illustrated more than forty books for American children by 1991. Each illustrated several books with a Japanese setting, but in addition expanded from that subject matter. Yashima received three Caldecott Honor certificates; Say received one. Several of Yashima's books remain in print and are still available for purchase by libraries and individuals thirty years after the first publication. It is hard to imagine a contemporary children's library in America without books illustrated by Yashima, Mizumura, and Say. Yasuko Makino commented favorably on the accuracy of books illustrated by all three.

Taro Yashima, born in 1908 in Kagoshima, Japan, is the oldest of these three artists. He used his father's art collection and library as a child, and as a youngster decided he wanted to be an artist. His mother died when he was in first grade, and his father died three years later. Despite earlier discouragement, in his will, Yashima's father encouraged him to follow his chosen occupation as an artist. Before his departure from Japan, he studied art at the Imperial Art Academy in Tokyo from 1927 to 1930. In his autobiography, The New Sun, published during the Second World War with Japan, he described the fearsome build-up of militarism in his native country and his imprisonment for being an outspoken opponent. When he came to America, he studied at the Art Students League in New York City from 1939 to 1941. It was an important school attended earlier by such artists as Rockwell Kent, Adolf Dehn, and Wanda Gág. With the outbreak of war with Japan, he could not return. The boy's given name was Jun Atsushi Iwamatsu. He took an assumed name during World War II when he worked with the United States Office of Strategic Forces. Iwamatsu's pseudonym, Taro Yashima, is the name familiar to American readers. He then moved to the Los Angeles area, where he founded the Yashima Art Institute.

Japan served as the setting for several of Yashima's books. Following the publication of The New Sun in 1943 and Horizon Is Calling in 1947, Yashima created a book expressly for children, The Village Tree. It described childhood activities from his memories that centered around a riverside tree. He commented about The Village Tree:

> The finished product is a story that captures the mood and movement of the universal child. It is not only Japanese children who try to think of many different ways to jump into the water from the magnificent old tree, but also children all over the world who feel keenly and observe closely all the things that happen around them. (Beardwood 5)

With his spouse Mitsu, he wrote Plenty to Watch, about what children might see while walking home from school. Somewhat didactic, the theme reiterates an adult admonition for children to pay attention to what is around them. Crow Boy, a Caldecott Honor book, tracks the youngster Chibi in his effort to attend a distant school and be accepted by his peers. In sixth grade, Crow Boy demonstrates his skill by replicating the sounds of crows, and thereby gains admiration and self-confidence. Seashore Story, also a Caldecott Honor Book, describes a Rip Van Winkle-type folktale about Urashima, who rode underwater on a turtle's back. Set on the southern tip of a Japanese island, the story-within-a-story teaches contemporary children about the importance of returning home before it is too late.

In the first two books for children, The Village Tree and Plenty to Watch, Yashima draws panorama images rather than a close-up of a child's face, but in Crow Boy, Yashima's medium of pastel presents soft images of the rural child. Yashima thought about each work long before he held a pen or a brush. Most often, he illustrates his books with mixed media, frequently blending in the chalk with his fingertips.

The artist later created books for and about his daughter Momo. These books, such as Umbrella and Momo's Kittens, also came from personal experience but used American settings.

Kauze Mizamura was the second of these three to emigrate to America. She was born in Kamakura, near Tokyo, where she received artistic training at the local Peeresses' School. She later attended the Women's Art Institute in Tokyo. After the loss of both her husband and child during the Second World War, she taught traditional Japanese painting to American servicemen at the Army Education Center during the occupation. Mizamura was also involved in commercial art. In 1955 she came to America on a scholarship at the Pratt Institute. She married Claus Stamm and remained in this country, working for the next four years as a textile designer. Kizamura also illustrated several books written by her husband. In 1959, she was invited to illustrate The Cheerful Heart, written by Elizabeth Janet Gray, whose Adam of the Road won the Newbery Award in 1943. Critic Yasuko Makino stated that the illustrations so accurately described Tokyo immediately following the Second World War that the book could be used for social studies class (Makino 8). For Patricia Miles Martin's The Greedy One, Mizamura drew straight black hair, appropriate for a modern boy, and dressed him in sweater, long pants and clogs, as appropriate dress for outside. Inside, the family wore slipper-socks with an indentation for the big toe. For A Pair of Red Clogs, the artist drew the mother and daughter in traditional kimonos. In later years, Mizamura also illustrated Western stories in addition to Japanese.

Of the three, Allen Say emigrated most recently. He was born in Yokohama in 1937, the son of an aristocratic mother and a Korean father. In a homogeneous society, this combination was unacceptable, and his mother was disowned in the beginning. In his book The Innkeeper's Apprentice, Say narrates episodes which in large part are autobiographical. At the age of twelve he apprenticed himself to a cartoonist and with funds from his grandmother, lived on his own in Tokyo. When his father traveled to America where he lived previously, Say followed him. His autobiography concludes with the statement, "But the end of one phase meant the beginning of another. . . . I was ready to start a new life in a strange country" (185). He landed in California at the age of sixteen, attended military school, art school, community college, and the University of California at Berkeley. Say eventually changed his occupation from photographer to illustrator, and continues to create books for children about both his homeland and his new land. In the Kerlan Collection copy of Feast of Lanterns, he inscribed "In another place, another country, another life." The book narrates the voyage of two island boys who sail to the mainland. Using pen and ink, Say drew the youngsters with care, accurately delineating their short hairstyles and clothing.

In The Bicycle Man, Say reminisces about his own experience in American-occupied Japan following the Second World War. He describes in text and pictures the Japanese school children during a field day. Some of the boys wear bands around the back of their heads or have closely shaven heads,and some girls have short hair and barrettes. To add to the diversity, an African-American soldier does acrobatics on a bicycle while his redheaded companion participates in the action.

In Ina R. Friedman's How My Parents Learned to Eat, the illustrator, Allen Say, interprets the story of an American sailor courting a Japanese girl in Yokohama. Say carefully and correctly draws the Japanese clothing and intricate shopkeeper signs. The Japanese characters acknowledge one another's presence by bowing and the seaman handles chopsticks clumsily, and his girlfriend struggles with a fork and knife. In the background, both Caucasian and Asian children in the restaurant observe the amusing situation. Say is also careful to delineate between the Japanese children with their distinctly shaped eyes and hairstyles and the Western children with more rounded eyes and blonde or brown hair.

Say commented that when he is in America, he occasionally longs for his homeland but when he returns to Japan for a visit he occasionally longs for his new country (Interview). He continues to illustrate books with either Japanese or American settings.

These Japanese-American illustrators, Taro Yashima, Kazue Mizumura, and Allen Say, represent a growing number of Asian immigrants who create books for American children. Judging committees have selected many books written or illustrated by the three as ALA Notable Children's Books, Children's Book Council Showcase, and American Institute of Graphic Arts Children's Book Show choices.

In recent years, Japan has begun to produce scores of books which American publishers translate to English. In addition, Japanese-Americans born in the United States, such as Yoshiko Uchida, further the understanding of the Japanese culture through retellings of folktales, stories set in Japan, and books about Japanese-Americans. Authors who resided in Japan, such as Katherine Paterson and Betty Lifton, and admirers of the culture, such as Patricia Miles Martin, also enhance the awareness of the country. Eleanor Coerr's well-known book, Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes, follows a healthy girl's failing health after being exposed to the atomic radiation.

The immigrant contributors, the "go-betweens," have, however, made the most significant contribution. They consistently and accurately interpreted the image of the contemporary Japanese child in the current American children's book scene. Three cultural transplants, Taro Yashima, Kazue Mizamura, and Allen Say, are among those who bring Japan closest in the reading experience of American children.

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The Legacy of Peter Pan and Wendy: Images of Lost Innocence and Social Consequences in Harriet the Spy

> "I don't want to go to school and learn solemn things," he told her passionately. "I don't want to be a man. O Wendy's mother, if I was to wake up and feel there was a beard!"
>
> "Peter!" said Wendy the comforter, "I should love you in a beard"; and Mrs. Darling stretched out her arms to him but he repulsed her.
>
> "Keep back, lady, no one is going to catch me and make me a man. (Barrie 206)

Peter Pan solemnly declared that he would never grow up and so he remains, even today, the epitome of childhood. Barrie, like many Victorians, built on the work of Wordsworth and the Romantics when setting out to depict children and childhood. Wordsworth, however, saw the child as innocent, happy, and close to God, as he wrote in "Ode: Intimations of Immortality":

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
    Hath had elsewhere its setting,
      And cometh from afar:
    Not in entire forgetfulness,
    And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
    From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
(lines 58-66)

In this same vein, Barrie and others drew images of children who were innocent and happy, but also heartless tyrants. This image of innocent heartlessness is found in a number of books about children including Tom Sawyer, Edmund in The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, and several of the characters in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. In Louise Fitzhugh's book, Harriet the Spy, Harriet, in many ways, seems to share some of the innocent heartlessness that Barrie instilled in Peter Pan, but Fitzhugh goes beyond simply portraying childish thoughtlessness and examines both societal reaction to Harriet's innocence and the social consequences. In the book, Harriet is not allowed to keep the innocence that Peter so adamantly clings to, and Fitzhugh allows the reader to contemplate the interaction of individual and society and the effect this has on the loss of innocence.

Peter Pan personifies Victorian innocence. Standing on the edge of a romantic involvement with Wendy, Peter chooses to withdraw while Wendy elects to grow up. Simply by adopting eternal childhood, Peter embraces eternal innocence. He is not innocent, however, in the same way that other characters might be seen as being innocent. He does not have the naiveté of Little Red Riding Hood, for example. She simply was not given the information she needed to make it safely through the woods. Peter, on the other hand, is very careful of himself, however thoughtless he might be of others. He delights in his own abilities--flying, killing pirates, playing games, crowing--and would rather risk his life to show off his talents than play it safe.

In the final chapter of the book, when Wendy grows up, Barrie defines what it takes to remain a child. One requirement is the ability to forget. Peter not only forgets to come every year and take Wendy to Neverland for spring cleaning; he also forgets his nemesis Captain Hook: "Once I kill them, I forget them" (209), and his favorite fairy Tinkerbell: "'There are such a lot of them,' he said. 'I expect she is no more'" (209). Wendy is startled by his memory lapses, but when her daughter Jane asks her why she can no longer fly, Wendy knows that "'It is only the gay and innocent and heartless who can fly'" (212). In growing up, Wendy has forgotten how to be gay and innocent and heartless, the traits which Peter clings to. What is more, Wendy experiences a series of losses. First she loses Peter's companionship, then she loses her ability to fly, and finally she loses her faith in childhood, and thus her desire to remain a child. Growing up and becoming a responsible adult is viewed as a series of losses, losses which affect innocence and imagination.

When I teach Harriet the Spy in my Literature for Children class, I am frequently asked why Harriet is not punished for snooping and trespassing and hurting people's feelings, and I usually think of Peter Pan. Because Peter Pan is fantasy, Peter's role as kidnapper and pirate killer is often more acceptable to students than Harriet's snooping. When the Darling children fly out the nursery window, there is some acknowledgement that their parents might be concerned, but after Wendy briefly concedes this, she immediately begins to make plans to fly away. It is easy to attribute her carelessness and thoughtlessness to the fact that she is a child, and if she did not go, there would not be a story, at least not the story Barrie entitled Peter and Wendy. Why, then, is it so difficult for students and future teachers to accept this same point of view concerning Harriet. Part of the problem lies in the fact that Harriet is presented as realistic fiction and that her character is more believable than either Peter Pan's or Wendy's. Although in fantasy characters may play by different rules than typical human beings, teachers have good reason to be concerned about stories in which the single best piece of advice that the realistic heroine receives is that sometimes she must lie.

Harriet seems to possess the worst parts of both Peter Pan and Little Red Riding Hood. She has gathered a great deal of information and so she cannot claim ignorance, as can Little Red

Riding Hood. But, unlike Peter, Harriet has never put her information into a workable plan for living. In fact, at the beginning of the book, Harriet does not seem to be able to connect herself with the people she observes. In her own ritual-oriented world of tomato sandwiches, cake after school, and reading under the covers with a flashlight, Harriet cannot comprehend the nature of the problems confronted by even her closest friends. In the opening of the book, when Harriet is trying to teach Sport to play town, she places the local writer in the town bar, probably an idea she got from gathering information concerning Sport and his own father. It never occurs to her that Sport might be hurt or upset by her choice--even though Mr. Fishbein may actually be created from her notes about Sport's dad. Harriet's problem is not lack of information; it is too much innocence, too much thoughtlessness.

A major theme in Harriet the Spy is the theme of growing up, and as this theme was displaced from folktale into realistic fiction, the movement was from physical signs of maturity to using loss of innocence as the primary motif. Harriet's innocence is often partially defined by my students as "heartlessness," just as Wendy defined Peter. Harriet writes about everyone--friends and enemies--in the same coldly observant manner. Of those she does not particularly care for, she writes: "IF MARION HAWTHORNE DOESN'T WATCH OUT SHE'S GOING TO GROW INTO A LADY HITLER" (151). Of people she hardly knows, she writes: "I BET THAT FABIO IS UP TO NO GOOD AS USUAL. WAIT, HE DIDN'T SAY WHAT HE WAS A SALESMAN FOR" (134). And of her best friends, Sport and Janie, she writes: "SOMETIMES I CAN'T STAND SPORT. WITH HIS WORRYING ALL THE TIME AND FUSSING OVER HIS FATHER, SOMETIMES HE'S LIKE A LITTLE OLD WOMAN" (150), and, "WHO DOES JANIE GIBBS THINK SHE'S KIDDING? DOES SHE REALLY THINK SHE COULD EVER BE A SCIENTIST?" (152)

Ole Golly believes Harriet will come to some understanding of life on her own simply by knowing all that she can know. Ole Golly takes Harriet to see her mother, Mrs. Golly, in order that Harriet might see that not everyone lives like she does. In teaching her to observe life, Ole Golly failed to teach her to feel anything about what she observed. She tells Harriet through quotes what Miss Golly hopes Harriet will learn. "If you love everything, you will perceive the divine mystery in things. Once you perceive it, you will begin to comprehend it better every day" (22). Through her parents and through Ole Golly, Harriet probably feels secure enough, but she experiences no essential bonding. Quotations and experiences cannot replace hugs. Ole Golly's shyness in the presence of Mr. Waldenstein is incomprehensible to Harriet who never experienced displays of affection. No one doubts that Ole Golly cares for Harriet, but their bond seems almost coldly clinical. In an effort to help Harriet overcome her problems, Ole Golly writes, "Another thing, If you're missing me I want you to know I'm not missing you. Gone is gone" (223). Harriet's life is characterized by lack of feelings--a trait she shares with Peter Pan. She has a wonderful imagination, just as Peter does, but like Peter, Harriet lacks empathy and understanding.

A major point of growth for Harriet comes in her attempt to become an onion. In Chapter 9, Fitzhugh is able to give concrete reality to Harriet's psychological growth by having her physically try to become an onion. "Harriet suddenly jumped up and started to write in her notebook: I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE A TABLE OR A CHAIR OR A BATHTUB OR ANOTHER PERSON" (139). Harriet's initial attempts to develop feelings originate through her desire to try to be the best onion she can be. Prior to this, Harriet is very innocent and protected, but she has also been heartless. Not heartless in the cruel sort of way that students believe deserves punishment, but heartless in the Peter Pan sort of way which indicates an ego-centric world, a world of child-like innocence.

The Wordsworthian view of childhood, of childhood as sacred and children as innocent, the essentially Romantic concept of childhood, is very popular in our culture, and equally popular is Barrie's view of childhood as an adventure and children as heartless. Whichever view is taken, however, both Barrie and Wordsworth see the movement from childhood to adulthood, not as a maturing process, not as a growth process, but as a series of losses. This is also the image which Fitzhugh employs to depict Harriet's psychological growth. For Wendy, as has been mentioned, these losses include the loss of Peter, the loss of the ability to fly, and finally, the loss of faith in childhood. In his "Ode," Wordsworth moves from the infant through several stages of maturity, each one rendering the human being less innocent:

> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy
> But he
> Beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The Youth, who daily farther from the east
> Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.
> (67-77)

Harriet undergoes similar losses; she loses Ole Golly, her notebook, and her friends. At this point, like Peter and Wendy, she has a choice: she may choose to forget, the way Peter forgets Hook, Tinkerbell and Wendy, or she may choose to proceed with the maturation process and lose her innocence the way Wendy lost hers. This loss of innocence has proven to be both historically and cross-culturally the single most important step in the maturation process, and Harriet is no exception.

Perrault's Red Riding Hood fails to survive her loss of innocence because her mother fails to give her any advice. Peter refuses to accept Mrs. Darling's attempts to mother him, attempts which cause adults to physically flinch at the smothering kind of mother love at which Barrie is also flinching, and as a result, Peter is caught in an endless cycle of attempts and failures at relationships with Wendy's daughter and her successors. Harriet's final success can only be attributed to her decision to listen to the only real advice she is given. In her letter, Ole Golly outlines the only response Harriet can make which will alleviate some of the pain caused by her own series of losses. Ole Golly writes: "1) You have to apologize. 2) You have to lie" (223).

Lissa Paul reports that her students have trouble recognizing the moral complications of Ole Golly's advice. Although she is specifically discussing Harriet as a feminist writer, Paul's comments are pertinent here:

> Then they [her students] try to find a moral message and cite the good advice Ole Golly gives Harriet in her letter. When pressed about what that advice is, students balk. It usually takes several direct requests to get them to say that Ole Golly tells Harriet she has to lie.
>
> While it is true that professional critics have been disturbed by Ole Golly's advice for some time, my students' reluctance to acknowledge it indicates how deeply it shakes their conviction that stories for children must have morals that conform to the overt rules of society. (70)

In many ways my experience with teaching the book is vastly different than Paul's. My students condemn the book and insist that it is not appropriate for children at all because of Ole Golly's advice. Virginia Wolf seems to provide the best response when she says that "Harriet the Spy is not a message book" (125). Wolf sees the book primarily as an "experience," and this may be the most accurate response. Harriet the Spy is ultimately realistic because this image of the child maturing is the realistic image. Peter Pan remains a fantastic image--heartless, tyrannical and innocent. Wendy admits to the loss which accompanies maturation, but she leaves out a key step. Harriet suffers losses, but she is also driven by her society to break a specific cultural taboo--in Harriet's case, lying.

Barrie seems to know that growing up is difficult because of the double jeopardy of the maturation process. Society sets forth certain regulations and creates or presents certain images which fulfill these expectations. In order to move from innocence to experience, in order to mature, the child must effectively destroy the image and break traditional taboos. To be an adult means to be without innocence, and the guilt of the adult stems from the recognition that taboos have been broken. For Peter Pan, with typical Victorian repression, the taboo of being husband to his mother-figure, Wendy, is never realized, hence his innocence and the image he projects stay intact. For Harriet, once the lie is told, she is allowed to recoup her losses and continue to mature, but the reader knows that she can never turn back, just as Wendy can never turn back. The power of *Harriet the Spy* rests with the truth which too often goes untold about growing up. The image of society forcing children to break rules in order to become accepted as adults is a difficult image to contemplate because it is realistic. Wordsworth refused to face it; Barrie refused to face it. The legacy left by the Romantics and the Victorians has left an indelible mark. The half-truths which they used to reveal and conceal some of the hardships of growing-up have become the foundation for new images of children, children like Harriet who learn to lie in order to fit into the world.

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The Image of the Child in Chinese Folktales

The image of the child in picture books is created by two different media, which ideally support and complement one another. In searching for an image of the East Asian child that young readers elsewhere can draw from, I looked at picture books which had been published in the United States, but are set in China, Japan, Korea, or Vietnam. It came as little surprise that the great majority of the stories are set either in China or in Japan. What was surprising was how difficult it is to get a clear image of the East Asian child from picture books; children seldom play a significant or even a minor role in these books.

The vast majority of the picture books with Asian settings, whether or not written by Asian-Americans, are either retellings or adaptations of folktales, or are works of fiction based on folkloric material. So, perhaps it is not so surprising that the protagonists are seldom children. Naturalistic portrayals do exist, such as Uchida's Sumi and the Goat and the Tokyo Express, and Say's Bicycle Man, both set in Japan, and Lee's Ba-Nam, set in Vietnam. The children in these stories are curious, playful, shy, or boastful. Both text and illustrations reflect these qualities. But, there are not enough works of fiction in picture book format, set in East Asia, to draw general conclusions about the image of the child.

When we look at folktales with a child as protagonist, however, two motifs seem to emerge. One image is of the child as a savior or protector of his people, whose success depends on his purity of heart as much as on his steadfastness of purpose. His family is the village. In fact, he belongs to the poor wherever he goes. The second image is of the loyal child within the family, whose loyalty, ingenuity and sometimes self-sacrifice save a member of the family, usually a parent. Because these themes were most apparent in the Chinese folktales, I have limited myself to stories that are either retellings or close adaptations of Chinese folktales. I have omitted, with regret, such fine books as Yolen's Emperor and the Kite and Lattimore's The Dragon's Robe, because though based on folkloric material, these are literary fairy tales. This should in some measure remove the difficulty of deciding whose image of the Chinese child we are to examine. By selecting folktales we limit ourselves to the views of the Chinese storytellers, though subject to the inevitable distortions of the translator/reteller. The distortion is compounded when the work is an adaptation. Nevertheless, for the sake of comparison between treatments of the same title, I have included some adaptations.

The illustrations create another layer of complexity. The image created by the illustrations may reinforce the image in the narrative or may create an independent image that is more powerful, especially for preliterate children, than that of the narrative. In folktales the illustrations also serve to make the abstract concrete, to create a context for the images presented by the narrative.

The child as hero emerges most distinctly in the folktale of the magic brush, retold in three picture books: The Magic Brush adapted by Goodman and Spicer, illustrated by Y. T. Mui; Liang and the Magic Paint Brush retold and illustrated by Demi, and Tye May and the Magic Brush, adapted and illustrated by Molly Bang. The theme of the loyal child emerges most clearly and poignantly in the Voice of the Great Bell, retold by Hodges based on Lafcadio Hearn's earlier collection/translation, illustrated by Young, and in the Cricket Boy, retold by Ziner, illustrated by Young. Family loyalty takes on a comic, happy tone in the various versions of the five (six, seven) Chinese Brothers, the latest of which is Mahy's Seven Chinese Brothers, illustrated by Jean and Mou-sien Tseng. Still another picture of family loyalty emerges in Young's Lon Po Po.

The story of the magic brush endows the child with the typical characteristics of a hero. It presents a child who through his own perseverance and love of art becomes worthy enough to receive a magic paint brush, which he uses to help the poor and ultimately to rid them of their tyrannical emperor. The key elements of the story are the poor child; the determination to become an artist; the reward of a magic brush which must be used wisely (for good); the animals which literally come alive under his brush; the joy he brings his neighbors; the greedy emperor; the resistance to temptations of wealth; the defiance in the face of threats; and the final victory achieved through quick thinking and the magic of art.

Each of the three versions provides these basic elements which add up to an image not of a real child, but of a symbol of hope for the future. In picture books, however, artists also create images, and in folktales they make the abstract tangible. To the extent that they can create a real child from a symbol, they add a new dimension, whose function is to humanize by creating setting and character.

Y. T. Mui's conception is most dynamic. The boy, Ma Lien, is clearly a child of the people, but he is also the embodiment of someone with a calling, in this case to be an artist. The village setting is knowledgeably depicted in great detail. We see Ma Lien doing what any poor village child might do, gathering wood, sitting on a dusty log in front of his neighbor's house, watching longingly from the branches of a tree as the rich boys study art with a master. Every detail denotes Ma Lien's poverty but even more his strength, determination, and absorption in art. Bold, exaggerated lines and delicately painted shades of blue, grey, beige, and flesh tones reveal his character and setting, and contrast with the dreamlike pinks and oranges of the flowers and birds that he observes even in his drab surroundings.

Once Ma Lien obtains his magic brush his determination increases. In this version the theme of the child as defender of the poor is especially strong. He paints objects that will make the people's lives easier, and he makes them happy with his animals that come to life. His purity is also emphasized as he refuses temptations in the form of proffered riches. We learn much of this only through the specifics in the illustrations.

The social theme of the child defending the poor, making their lives easier and ultimately saving them from the tyrant is also strong in Molly Bang's version. She adds her own social agenda, however, by making the child a girl. It is very unlikely that a folk hero whose function is public, who acts for the general good and who is at the same time an artist, could have been a girl in traditional Chinese literature. Thus, in this adaptation we see a Western superimposition on the story by the adaptor. In all other ways, however, the same essential elements are there, meticulously executed in finely detailed pencil drawings which reflect the Chinese setting by allusions to traditional Chinese images of trees, animals, and landscapes. The child, though more generic than Mui's, is energetic and is clearly distinguishable from the others, not only by her patched red jacket and braids, but by her determined posture, and her absorbed, concerned, and comical facial expressions. In other words, this child is very human, but also, through her courage, perseverance, and purposive use of her art for good, a hero.

Demi's version offers the least in terms of an image of the child. The bare bones outline is there, but neither in words nor in picture do we see a heroic child. Liang does not display the essential characteristics of a hero, which are so apparent in the other two versions. He does not earn his paint brush through hard work and perseverance, and though he defies the emperor by painting the traditional toad and rooster instead of the dragon and phoenix, he does not have to resist the temptations of riches and power, as does the boy in Goodman and Spicer's version. Nor is the child distinctly portrayed through illustration. Identical miniature figures represent all characters. All children wear the same clothes and are indistinguishable from each other. When chased by the emperor's soldiers, Liang is hard to identify, as he is riding on an identical horse and is using a bow and arrows identical to those of the soldiers. Demi focuses on architectural details and furnishings, and emphasizes surface design on clothes, banners, and war carriage. This preoccupation with externals creates a stereotyped image of the child in a vaguely exotic setting in which he happens to wield a magic brush.

In contrast to the theme of child as hero, where the child symbolizes hope for a different, better world, the theme of family loyalty belongs to that class of folk narratives whose function is to help maintain cultural stability. Sullivan says that folk narratives are especially effective in this role because their teachings are informal, unobtrusive (54).

Family loyalty is the primary way girls demonstrate heroism in folktales, self-sacrifice being the ultimate act of devotion and heroism. In The Voice of the Great Bell a loving daughter saves her bell maker father from execution when she throws herself into the molten metal consisting of gold, silver, brass, and iron. A pure maiden is required to bind them together. The etherial, dreamy vision of Ko-Ngai presented by Young's illustrations appropriately removes the child from the world of everyday life and easy identification, to the allegorical or mythical. Female children learn early that their role is to bind together the family which consists of many incompatible elements. In the process they often end by sacrificing themselves and by losing their individuality.

The demands of family loyalty and responsibility for upholding the family name can weigh heavily on boys as well. In Cricket Boy we see one of the most realistic portrayals of childhood in a folktale. Hu Sing, who must work as a field hand to support his scholar father, prefers playing with his crickets to learning to read and write after a day's work. Though this problem worries the father, he in turn must continue his studies in order to uphold the family name. Wishing to remain close to his son, however, Scholar Hu joins Hu Sing in collecting crickets and training them to fight, even entering a match against the emperor's cricket. In an attempt to be helpful to his father Hu Sing kills the best fighting cricket. Feeling that he has brought shame and perhaps disaster on his father, Hu Sing attempts to drown himself. In a society with few options dishonor ends all possibilities. Though the story ends happily, with Hu Sing reviving and the family name honored, the image of a child crushed by the burdens of family loyalty is most clearly portrayed in the story.

In this work the illustrations do not add much to the image of the child but rather portray his world, providing context to the story. Young shows the child in only three pictures, and focuses instead on what the child sees. Close ups of the crickets, the broken cricket jar, a table and bed, and a lively, detailed village scene are drawn from the point of view of the child. More than any other of Young's picture books, this seems to be a study in traditional Chinese painting. The village scene is reminiscent of twelfth-century genre paintings, such as "The Ch'ing-ming Festival on the River" by Chang Tse-tuan (Sickman and Soper 229), and the costumes and scenery seem to be suggestive of fourteenth-century Yuan art (The Horizon Book of the Arts of China 156). Although the focus here is not on the child, it sets him firmly in an era when scholars, poets, and artists were honored, and when every sacrifice seemed worthy in order to uphold the family name.

Family loyalty plays a major role in the various versions of the five, six or seven Chinese brothers. In this typical tall tale the tone is humorous, but the solution to the problem hinges on the boys' loyalty to each other, and in some of the versions on the entire court's taking it for granted that a son will wish to go home to say good-bye to his family before being executed. In each version one of the brothers is thought to have committed a crime, but the crime varies.

Cheng Hou Tien's Six Chinese Brothers have shown themselves most clearly to be not only loyal brothers, but also loyal sons; their crime was stealing a black pearl which they used to restore their father's health. The emperor recognizes their loyalty in the end and rewards them for it, saying, "You boys are a fine example of devotion to family. China is proud of you" (Cheng 28). Mahy's version, set in the historical period of the building of the Great Wall depicts the brothers as both loyal to one another and as defenders of the oppressed. Though the brothers are not specified to be children, each version depicts them as childlike. Cheng's paper cut-outs of the brothers show them as having very large heads and short awkward bodies. The brothers in Mahy's version, though referred to as men, are more like children as illustrated by Jean and Mou-sien Tseng. They have silly, innocent expressions, and their simple tearful responses to the plight of the people at the Great Wall also suggest that they are young. Though Kurt Wiese's illustrations for Bishop's version also seem to show the brothers as young, on closer examination it becomes apparent that his minimal drawings provide for no individual characterization, and that in fact all the figures look alike, adding nothing to the context of the story, but rather distracting from it.

As in the Chinese brother tales, the sisters in Lon Po Po must be more than loyal. Each has a role to play, and each must play it perfectly if they are to save themselves from the wolf. Unlike the story of the Chinese brothers, this is not a farce but a serious cautionary tale, which, without the oldest girl Shang's quick wit and leadership and the younger children's trust and immediate obedience to their sister, would have ended badly for the girls. In this version of the "Little Red Riding Hood" story the children are not victims, but are active, self-reliant, quick witted. They are also not alone, but like in the Western "Hansel and Gretel," work together to save themselves and vanquish their foe. The illustrations, though quite abstract, emphasizing color and creating a dream-like effect, also provide a picture of active, alert little girls who must deal with a very great opponent. Young's use of striking contrast in scale between the wolf and the girls helps make this point.

The image of the child, as culled from the picture books examined, falls into two categories. However detailed and humanistic in depiction, the child as hero is not a child but a symbol who represents a better future world. The child as family member, however, represents stability, and teaches by example the accepted role of the child. The illustrations in the picture books enhance the narrative, add depth to the image, but ultimately do not control that image. Their primary function for readers is to extend their conceptions of the setting, and, by providing characterization, to make abstract ideas concrete. To the extent that illustrators are interpreting one culture to another, they have a serious responsibility to attempt to convey an authentic image of the culture.

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Pippi Longstocking: Images of an Iconoclast

In his book on children's book illustrations as visual communication, Joseph Schwarcz claims that

> illustrating is not lacing or icing a text but adding a message. . . . [A]esthetic modes offer certain appeals, stimuli which represent psychological moods and social and ethical attitudes. The illustrator, consciously or unconsciously, tastefully or crudely, interprets. . . . The illustrator of children's books, as any artist, suggests meanings which he recognizes in the text and wishes to communicate through the content and style of his work. (104)

This view of illustration as interpretation and a way of offering an added perspective of the text is strongly argued by Schwarcz, and he further contends that "it is in the illustrators' power to shift accents and express opinions by what they draw, how they draw it and by what they omit to draw" (100). Perry Nodelman also examines pictures as an added element of the narrative text. In his view, the pictures assist in telling the story, and should be examined as an integral part of it (vii-viii).

It has been suggested that in order to appreciate the importance of illustrations in children's books and their relationship to the text, it might be profitable to examine several different sets of illustrations for the same written work (Vandergrift 76). Examples of this kind of work are Joseph Schwarcz's comparative analysis of the illustrations in fifty different editions of Cinderella, Lena Fridell's study of some illustrated versions of two of H. C. Andersen's fairy tales, and Ruth Bottigheimer's analysis of illustrations of the Grimms' tale The Goosegirl.

The classic fairy tale seems to be especially conducive to comparative analyses. Many illustrators have tried their hand at them, but no edition seems to have reached the status of possessing the definitive illustrations, as is the case of some other classic works in children's literature--for instance, A. A. Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh, where the original illustrations by Ernest Shepard for a long time seemed to be the only portrayal imaginable. On the other hand, some children's books seem to inspire illustrators more than others; an example is Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, which has been illustrated more than a hundred times (Vandergrift 76).

In this paper, I will examine a number of different illustrations of the same text. The text I will look at is not a fairy tale, but a modern children's classic: Pippi Longstocking by

Astrid Lindgren. For context I will first take a brief look at the publishing history of Pippi Longstocking.

The three Pippi Longstocking books, Pippi Långstrump (Pippi Longstocking), Pippi Långstrump går ombord (Pippi Goes on Board), and Pippi Långstrump i Söderhavet (Pippi in the South Seas) were originally published in Stockholm in 1945, 1946, and 1948, respectively. All three books were illustrated by Ingrid Vang Nyman, a Danish illustrator working in Sweden.

In 1945 Astrid Lindgren was an unknown Swedish author, who had previously written only one book. Pippi Longstocking, however, became an immediate success. But the book also caused extensive debate in the Swedish press, and concerns were raised about its morality and quality (Lundqvist 239). Inspired by the enthusiastic reception by the children, Astrid Lindgren wrote two more books about Pippi. Pippi Longstocking has since then become a modern classic, and Pippi herself is now incorporated into the canon of world literature as the wild girl and iconoclast of children's literature.

This, of course, did not happen overnight. An examination of Pippi's publishing history shows that Pippi has been following a long and winding path into new territories, only slowly finding new audiences in different parts of the world. However, there has been a persistent and continuous interest in translating the books, and we have probably not seen the end of the list yet. As soon as one year after the first Pippi book was issued in Sweden, the neighboring countries of Denmark, Finland, and Norway published it in translation. Slowly the Pippi books caught wider attention, following a zigzag route through the European countries. In 1950 Pippi reached the United States, and in 1963, Japan opened its doors for her. It took more than twenty years before Pippi spoke Russian. This happened in 1968, and almost forty years after her first appearance on the children's literature scene, Pippi Longstocking was ready to meet the Chinese-speaking world in 1983.

The Pippi Longstocking books have, to date, been translated into at least thirty-four different languages, and have been published in more than thirty countries.[1] Pippi's popularity also seems to be of the enduring kind, reflected in the fact that the books have been in print continuously since the first edition. In America, the books have been reissued in more than twenty-four editions since the first American edition in 1950.[2]

But who is Pippi Longstocking, the red-headed girl with freckles and stubborn braids, who, dressed in a patched dress and huge black shoes lives alone in Villa Villekulla with her horse and her monkey, Mr. Nilsson? To gain some understanding of Pippi, we will in the following sections look at some illustrators' interpretation of the Pippi character.

In her analysis of Pippi Longstocking, Ulla Lundqvist has shown that Pippi represents two archetypes which frequently can be found in comic art. These are the senex puer or the wonder-child motif, and the mundus inversus or the topsy-turvy world motif (277). Pippi has the qualities of a wonder-child. She is stronger, richer, and cleverer than anybody else, and in her world a special kind of logic applies, which defies the normal rules of life. She is a super-child placed in the real world, and the clashes that result are comical, but they also have a definite edge toward the adult establishment. The nonsensical in Pippi is balanced by her kindness, and when she uses her powers, it is for a reason that is logical in her world.

In the Swedish original, Pippi Longstocking was illustrated with eight drawings by Ingrid Vang Nyman, who unquestionably has been central in shaping the image of Pippi in the minds of Swedish children. There are considerably more illustrations in the two later books than in the first one, eight compared to more than twenty in the next two books. This increase suggests that the illustrator grew more interested in the text and its possibilities. Also, the illustrations are no longer only full-page illustrations, but tend to be vignette-like inserts that are more integrated into the text. The illustrations are simple, but ingenious. Vang Nyman experiments with perspective and adds elements of surrealism to the perfectly rational and normal world of a small Swedish town. Her Pippi looks like an almost normal little girl with her trademark braids, freckles, and big shoes. This image of Pippi has clearly influenced most of the other illustrators.

Richard Kennedy, the British illustrator of Pippi, in an interview describes her as a symbol, a representation of an alternative universe that slices through accepted codes of behavior. She is, according to him, chivalrous, courageous, spontaneous, compassionate, and she takes a great delight in deflating the pompous and righting the wrongs (Udal 75). However, the Pippi Kennedy portrays looks very much like an English schoolgirl. She wears a clean dress, sometimes a hat, black stockings, and her hair is neatly braided. Were it not for the big shoes and the patches on her dress, she would look like a quite ordinary little girl.

Furthermore, Richard Kennedy has chosen to bring out the feminine sides of Pippi by showing her domestic qualities. For instance, in one scene he draws Pippi sitting casually on the kitchen table, eating a sandwich and drinking a cup of coffee. A hot pot of coffee, a bread plate, and a knife are placed on the table. The whole picture connotes peace and quiet and a cozy homelike atmosphere. In another scene the illustrator shows Pippi dressing Mr. Nilsson, her monkey, in a way which almost suggests her dressing a baby. These elements in the illustrations are not directly contradictory to the text, but they downplay the image of Pippi as the wild girl, the tomboy, the rebel, as we usually see her portrayed.

In contrast to the British Pippi, the American Pippi, portrayed by Louis Glanzman, is more of a cartoonish, flat character. She has the same broad smile on her face in almost every situation, and she gives the impression of a daring, almost reckless person. Humor is the key element. The comical aspects of the events chosen for illustration are accentuated in the exaggerated manner common in some types of comic strips. Typical of this is a scene where Pippi is making pancakes. Eggs are flying through the air, and Pippi is standing on a stool in front of the stove like a policeman directing traffic.

The American illustrations are more formalized in the layout than both the original Swedish illustrations and the British. Every chapter starts with a vignette and includes one whole-page illustration that depicts a key scene in one of the episodes described in the chapter. It can be assumed that the decision to use exclusively whole-page illustrations aside from the chapter vignettes is based on technical considerations, and probably was made by the publisher. A comparison of the illustrations of all three Pippi books suggests that Louis Glanzman was more influenced by the original illustrations when working on the first book. Later he appears to have liberated himself from this influence and created a more original and distinctive Pippi.

An interesting aspect of the American editions is the way in which the publisher has updated the book cover. The illustrations inside the books have been retained throughout the new editions for the past forty years, but every new decade has seen a new version of Pippi on the cover. The new covers clearly reflect an attempt at mainstreaming Pippi, presumably for marketing purposes, to fit the tastes of each new generation. The Pippi of the seventies is dressed in jeans and sneakers, and the latest edition of 1988 tries to tie in with the American Pippi Longstocking movie of 1987, and includes the teaser "Now Pippi stars in a major motion picture" on the cover.

The German edition has fewer illustrations than the Swedish original. It is, however, obvious that the German illustrator, Walter Scharnweber, has worked with the Swedish edition as a model. For instance, eight of the thirteen illustrations in Pippi Langstrumpf geht an Bord [Pippi Goes on Board] are rather blatant copies of the Swedish originals. Only a few details, such as the pattern on the clothing or the perspective of the picture, have been changed. The illustrator is, however, on the whole not as skillful as Ingrid Vang Nyman, and he seems rather indifferent to his subject. Scharnweber introduces only two new scenes that were not represented among Vang Nyman's illustrations. In general, the German illustrator seems more concerned with, and more skilled at, drawing objects than people. He pays careful attention to furniture, buildings, and ships, but does not seem very interested in portraying human emotion. On the whole, it is a sloppier version of the original that in my view does not add to our understanding of Pippi.

One of the most anachronistic, and therefore quite interesting, renditions of Pippi Longstocking is the Dutch illustrator Carl Hollander's interpretation of Pippi, published in 1964. Hollander is a skilled illustrator, and his pictures are truly original. However, his Pippi has very little in common with the Pippi we are familiar with from the Swedish books. Hollander has added a surprising element by dressing Pippi in a turn-of-the-century dress, with a huge bow tie and an enormous hat with flowers. These illustrations certainly add a whole new dimension to the text, whether true to Pippi or not. Hollander has chosen to concentrate on the Pippi character rather than on particular scenes or events described in the text. His illustrations therefore focus less on the action than on the decorative in the rather exotic and theatrical figure he has created. His style emphasizes the fantasy element of the text.

As has been shown above, each of the illustrators has his or her own view of who Pippi Longstocking really is, whether influenced by the original drawings or not. Each illustrator adds his or her point of view to the text: the Swedish illustrator emphasizing the normality as well as the surreal elements of the text, the American concentrating on the comical aspects, the British bringing out the feminine side of Pippi, and the Dutch illustrator portraying Pippi as a theatrical fantasy character. By comparing different illustrations of the same text, we gain some understanding of how differently readers experience the same text, as well as a deeper understanding of the text itself.

Notes

[1] Some sources claim that Pippi Longstocking has been translated into as many as fifty languages (see e.g. Lundqvist 275). So far I have been able to verify only thirty-four through bibliographic research.

[2] Figures derived from printing information given in the latest edition of Pippi Longstocking (Puffin, 1988).

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The Image of the Curious Child

The image of children as projected in the literature for and about them has changed frequently over the years. The early images are somewhat vague. In the middle ages English-speaking children were expected to be God-fearing and obedient. Good manners required that they be silent and still (Lynd 16-18). During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, religious concern with original sin painted a bleak picture of children. Even if they were pious, sober, and industrious as expected, innocence and ultimate salvation were beyond their reach. The "best" children were harmless, helpless, and preferably dead (Schorsch 32). The Age of Reason introduced respectability and refinement; keeping children busy preparing for adulthood or learning a skill became a primary goal. As Mary Jackson put it, "otherworldly piety" was replaced by "social propriety" (56). The desired traits for a child were "dutiful submissiveness, refined virtue, and appropriate sensitivity." Only bad children acted independently (Jackson 131).

The beginning of the nineteenth century brought a concern for maintaining social order. Children's books presented the blessings of poverty and hard work on the one hand and displayed the goodness and generosity of the elite on the other. The main themes were obedience, submissiveness, and satisfaction with one's place in life. Along with these strictures to obey and submit, early nineteenth-century children's books began to offer a lighter picture of life for children. Fantasy brought some relief from didacticism, and even the didactic works assumed a lighter tone, advocating a less repressive view of childrearing. Youngsters finally began to appear as living, breathing individuals, and we find curiosity emerging. It does not displace obedience, submissiveness, selflessness, or any of the various virtues valued in children. But it does take its place as part of the image of children presented in the literature. As Anne Scott MacLeod points out, many authors depicted children as they wanted them to be, not the way they were (148-51). The selfless, obedient, docile child existed primarily on the pages of books. Thus it is instructive to look at one of the more minor themes like curiosity.

As the nineteenth century opened, the reforms suggested by Rousseau and the reformers who followed him opened the way for natural, spontaneous learning through experience, creating a place for curiosity. Children were given sanction to think and reflect about the choices they faced in life. No longer was education merely the acquisition and repetition of facts. In The Mother's Book (1831), Lydia Maria Child asserted:

> Employ what teachers we may, the influences at home will have the mightiest influences in education. Schoolmasters may cultivate the intellect; but the things said and done at home are busy agents in forming the affections; and the latter have infinitely more important consequences than the former. (146)

Child saw children as ready to learn: "The mind of a child is not like that of a grown person, too full and too busy to observe everything; it is a vessel empty and pure--always ready to receive, and always receiving" (9). And curiosity was key: "A very active mind, full of curiosity, does not need to be excited; but a feeble, sluggish character should be aroused, as much as possible, by external means" (34).

Child goes on to say that it was especially important for a mother to devote her time and energy to arousing the interests of the less forward child. Mothers are advised to instill in their children "habits of attention and activity of mind," (18) to "arouse a spirit of inquiry."

> Too much cannot be said on the importance of giving children early habits of observation. This must be done by teaching them to pay attention to surrounding objects, and to inquire the why and wherefore of everything. . . . What if you cannot always answer them? You do them an immense deal of good by giving their minds active habits. If a spirit of inquiry is once aroused, it will, sooner or later, find means to satisfy itself; and thus the inquisitive boy will become an energetic, capable man. (10-11)

Lest one should think this spirit of inquiry is appropriate only for boys, remember it is to women that the book is addressed. Girls too, albeit for different reasons, are advised to observe and ask questions:

> You will find that a smart, notable housewife is always an "observing woman." . . . Those who give their attention exclusively to one thing, become great in that one thing; and will in all probability be careless and unobserving about everything else. . . . In a woman it is peculiarly unfortunate; for, whether she be rich or poor, the sphere allotted her by Providence requires attention to many things. (18-19)

Child was not alone in her view of how children could learn from their curiosity, their spirit of inquiry. The Mother's Assistant and Young Lady's Friend (1841) advised parents "to make a companion of [their] child--converse with him familiarly--put to him questions--answer inquiries--communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation--awaken his curiosity . . ." (35). Juvenile books of the time too revealed a positive view of curiosity in children. Jacob Abbott's "Little Learner" series gives testimony to the concern with home learning and developing children's minds. The subtitle for his Learning about Common Things (1857) is "Familiar Instructions for Children in respect to the Objects around them, that attract their Attention. and awaken their Curiosity. in the earliest Years of Life."

Travel books especially extolled the advantages of an active curiosity. Ernest Langley, the seven-year-old hero of The Little Traveller (1857), is taken to Europe by his parents. He is described as "a sharp, active, little fellow," who constantly asks questions. The author declares, "I think there was never a more inquiring little fellow than Ernest Langley" (3). Three years later when he returns, "like other travellers, his mind was enlarged, and his sympathies deepened and refined. Travel had provided him with a really good education" (188). Curiosity was even an advantage to those who stayed at home and only heard about the travels of others. Alfred Campbell's sisters "were never weary of making inquiries, and listening to details, which were combined in their young hearts with the most laudable curiosity, and the most devout aspirations" (230-31), when he told them of his travels as a pilgrim in Egypt and the Holy Land in Mrs. Hofland's Alfred Campbell, the Young Pilgrim (1826).

In The Traveller in Africa (1814) Priscilla Wakefield's Arthur Middleton travels because his mother has recently died, and left alone, he has "determined to yield to inclination, by bidding adieu to his friends in England and following whatever course his curiosity might direct" (2). Throughout his journey, curiosity leads him and his party:

> On seeing 'magnificent ruins' my curiosity was too great to pass them unnoticed. . . . (120)
>
> My curiosity having been excited by the wonderful stories of the Mountain of Emeralds . . . . (136)
>
> Curiosity pretty well satisfied, we left Axum. . . . (164)
>
> [As] the whole party felt the same curiosity, matters were presently adjusted. . . . (240)

Even though Arthur is following his inclination, Wakefield does not condemn his curiosity. In A Family Tour Through the British Empire (1804), she argues that destination and intention are important. The wise father advises against travelling to watering places: "The manner of passing time is the same at most of them and is but too well adapted to form habits of idleness and trifling, that are too disadvantageous to everybody, but especially to young people" (1). He continues:

> Your health and improvement are the principal objects of my journey. . . . I only require attention to those objects of curiosity, whether of nature or of art, that the different parts of the country may present: imprint it in your memories, that we do not travel for amusement of the moment, but for the sake of collecting useful knowledge. . . .
>
> A 'rambling spirit' differs much from the laudable curiosity of surveying proper objects. (2-3)

Of course, these nineteenth-century writers realized that however useful curiosity might be, there were dangers. Curiosity required direction.

In the introduction to Travels and Adventures of Thomas Trotter (1845), Samuel Goodrich (a.k.a. Peter Parley) observed:

> Thus the more I heard of distant countries, the more I wanted to know about them, for it is notorious that there is no passion so insatiable as curiosity. And when this is directed towards a useful object, the indulgence of it becomes both proper and beneficial. The world is filled with variety, and this variety is evidently designed by Providence to stimulate our curiosity, so that we may be incited to action and the pursuit of knowledge. (2)

Nonetheless, there were some who saw curiosity as a selfish extravagance. John Evans in The Juvenile Tourist (1810) justified his own thus:

> You will not, my young friend, blame me for my curiosity in visiting spots . . . . The theologian, as well as the literary man, is entitled to his gratification. Dr. Beattie . . . mentions this curiosity among the commendable traits for which [his dead son] was distinguished.
>
> [Y]ou cannot with justice censure my curiosity. Indeed the desire of visiting places on which talents, and virtue, and piety, have shed a kind of sanctity, is connected with the best feelings of our nature, and affords refined gratification. . . . Such sensation should be cherished--it is a tribute of respect due to meritorious characters; it excites an honourable emulation. (171-75)

Although readers may not censure curiosity, they are warned to direct and control it. Wakefield's Arthur Middleton learns the value of prudence during one of his travels in Excursions in North America (1806) when he encounters a rattlesnake. His friend relates the story: "I called hastily to Arthur to avoid him. Had he attended to my warning, he would have been unhurt; for they seldom attack any one who does not molest them; but curiosity, and a spirit of adventure, tempted him to advance toward the animal with a switch" (70). Of course, Arthur is bitten and suffers greatly. Although he recovers, this thoroughly unpleasant experience has taught him the danger of imprudence. Emily of The Youthful Travellers (1823) by Agnes Strickland must learn the same lesson. During the family's excursion to Goodrich Castle, she wanders off exploring a dungeon and gathering flowers; "I left them . . . and stole away, unperceived by any of the party to survey the ruins at my leisure, being too independent to stand in need of a guide" (167). As she climbs through the building, she manages to trap herself on the ruined steps to a tower where she must wait until her father comes to rescue her. "Never forfeit prudence through curiosity," he tells her (170).

At home, too, curiosity must be subject to direction. Maria Edgeworth's delightful Rosamond, who sacrificed her shoes for a purple jar, has to be shown the advantages of delaying the pleasure of satisfying her curiosity in "The India Cabinet" (1801): "'Mamma, I know you are going to advise me to shut this cabinet, and reserve the pleasure of seeing the other drawers till to-morrow; but then I am so very curious, and I want so much to see what is in them'" (108). With her mother's guidance and encouragement, Rosamond decides to wait until her sister can join her and share the fun.

> "I shall put off seeing the rest of these things for three days because I know I shall have so much more pleasure if I do. . . . I will prove to you that I have resolution enough to choose . . . the great future pleasure, instead of the present little pleasure. I am very curious about some things in those other drawers, but I will conquer my impatience." (113)

The real evil here is, however, not Rosamond's curiosity, but her impatience. In fact curiosity is rarely the villain. In Peter Parley's Tales for the Chimney Corner (n.d.), a little girl, curious for a closer look at a newly drawn map, spills a glass of water all over it, ruining the map. But it is not her curiosity which causes her to ruin the map. It is her carelessness.

Lydia Child in The Mother's Book also sees curiosity about "delicate subjects" as natural and potentially positive:

> There is one subject, on which I am very anxious to say a great deal; but on which, for obvious reasons, I can say very little. Judging by my own observation, I believe it to be the greatest evil now existing in education. I mean the want of confidence between mothers and daughters on delicate subjects. Children, from books, and from their own observation, soon have their curiosity excited on such subjects; this is perfectly natural and innocent, and if frankly met by a mother, it would never do harm. But on these occasions it is customary either to put young people off with lies, or still further to excite their curiosity by mystery and embarrassment. . . . A girl who receives her first ideas on these subjects from the shameless stories and indecent jokes of vulgar associates has in fact prostituted her mind by familiarity with vice. A diseased curiosity is excited, and undue importance given to subjects, which those she has been taught to respect think it necessary to envelope in so much mystery; she

> learns to think a great deal about them, and to ask a great many questions. This does not spring from any natural impurity; the same restless curiosity would be excited by any subject treated in the same manner. (152)

Child advocates curiosity because of its educational value. However, even when it is not leading children in the pursuit of knowledge, it is not a cause for parental alarm. Certainly it cannot compete with selfishness, dishonesty, or disobedience. For the most part curiosity is seen as a natural characteristic of children which helps them grow and mature. It must be governed by prudence, but on the whole, curiosity is to be exploited by the wise parent.

As I said at the outset, I cannot argue that this tolerance, nay, promotion of curiosity is a prominent theme in the image of the nineteenth-century child. We can see it, however, as a moderating influence in the didactic works of the early 1800s. Furthermore, if we compare the image of the curious child of the nineteenth century to the curious child of today, the result is perhaps surprising to those of us who view the modern era as permissive. Our children have been brought up hearing that "Curiosity killed the cat." And even if satisfaction brought him back, curiosity today is not the parent's friend in childrearing.

A brief look at the most famous example of curiosity in children's books today--Curious George--is quite revealing. In Curious George (1941), the first of the Reys' books about the little monkey who comes to live in the United States with the man in the yellow hat, George is curious, eager to see and to learn. He imitates the man using the telephone and accidentally calls in a false alarm to the fire department. For his misdeed George is thrown into jail. He escapes and ends up taking a ride over the city while hanging onto a handful of helium balloons. Although we are told that George is frightened, the illustration shows him to be fascinated by all that he surveys. When the wind stops blowing, George is gently deposited next to the man in the yellow hat. George's curiosity creates minor, temporary problems for him, but nothing that deters him or causes real damage. However, in later books George is deliberately bad, disobedient in pursuing his curiosity. In Curious George Flies a Kite (1958), George goes flying again when he disobeys a warning about flying the kite and is carried away by the wind in an episode reminiscent of his earlier balloon ride. In both instances we are told that George is frightened. But the accompanying illustrations as well as the ultimate outcomes are vastly different. When George is carried away by the balloons, he is clearly fascinated by all that he sees. He continues looking until the wind gives out and he descends naturally. When he is pulled up by the kite, he is not especially interested in the view. In fact he does not like it at all. He really is scared, and he shows it. Furthermore, he has to be rescued from this adventure by a helicopter. The lessons taught by the Reys in these later books have more to do with discouraging disobedience than with displaying what can be discovered. Even without the heavy didacticism, obedience continues to be a major concern--a virtue to be valued, but seldom found in the image of today's child.

The nineteenth-century image of the child was restrictive if not repressive in many ways, but writers and parents were encouraged to foster curiosity in their children so that they might grow and learn. Today the image of the child displays less overt parental control, less religious didacticism, but curiosity is no longer 'a spirit of inquiry' to be awakened in all children for their own good. It has become an uncontrollable urge that leads children to disobedience and danger.

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Bobstays and Billygoats:
Arthur Ransome's Nancy Blackett, the Image of the New Woman

Of all the engaging children created by Arthur Ransome for his Swallows and Amazons series, the one I find most interesting is Nancy Blackett. Although she is as completely a child of her time and place (Britain in the 1930s and 40s) as the other children in these books, she also displays female boldness and leadership which would not receive general public acceptance for another fifty years. The volumes in which Nancy appears are Swallows and Amazons (1930), Swallowdale (1931), Peter Duck (1932), Winter Holiday (1933), Pigeon Post (1936), Secret Water (1939), Missee Lee (1941), The Picts and Martyrs (1943), Great Northern? (1947).

As Nancy herself says on her first introduction in Swallows and Amazons, the first book of the series, "I am Nancy Blackett, master and part owner of the Amazon, the terror of the seas" (108). From that moment on, everyone knows that Nancy will be at the center of the action. The other child characters look to her for leadership. She makes plans and gives orders. At the time of this meeting, Nancy already has a willing, if sometimes timid, follower in her younger sister, Peggy. In the events that follow in Swallows and Amazons she earns the respect of the five Walker children as well.

The two sets of children first meet each other on an island where the Walker children, summer visitors to the Lake District, are camping. The island had been previously claimed by Nancy and Peggy, residents of the area, for their own use. The two sets of children meet as rivals but soon "parley" to unite against their common enemy, "the Houseboat Man," who is Nancy and Peggy's Uncle Jim. As soon as the alliance is formed, Nancy proposes a "war":

> "But it'll be good practice for us to try to capture 'Swallow' and for you to try to capture 'Amazon.' The one who wins shall be the flagship. There's always a flagship in a fleet. If you capture 'Amazon' then 'Swallow' will be flagship and Captain John will be commodore. If we capture 'Swallow,' then 'Amazon' will be flagship and I'll be commodore." (119)

No one ever questions for a moment that a girl can be a captain or a commodore. Such doubt never seems to enter Nancy's mind. By a combination of luck, daring, and quick-thinking by the imaginative Titty Walker, the Walker children capture the "Amazon," making John Walker the commodore, but in the adventure that leads to this result, all acknowledge Nancy's boldness, expert sailing skill, and superior local knowledge.

The adventures in this book set the tone for the others in which Nancy appears. The other children always look to her for the plan.

Sometimes her boldness approaches rashness, but her ideas are always creative. For example, in *The Picts and Martyrs* she manages to hide her two young houseguests in a deserted cottage to keep them out of sight when the straight-laced Aunt Maria imposes a visit on Nancy and Peggy. (The girls' mother is away at the time, and the children are being supervised only by Cook who, bullied by Nancy, is often an unwilling accomplice to Nancy's plans.)

A less exciting solution would have been to allow Aunt Maria to send Dick and Dorothea home if she wished. But then there would be no story. And, most important, Nancy would not allow the mere presence of a difficult adult to interfere with her activities. She welcomes the challenge and scarcely considers solutions such as asking for the help of Aunt Maria or accepting an interruption of the Callum children's visit. The complication Nancy creates in concealing her two visitors supplies most of the plot. Each time another adult (Cook, the doctor, the postman) has to be let in on the secret, Nancy manages to get his or her compliance with her scheme by sheer force of her will.

In *Winter Holiday*, Ransome has Nancy spend most of the book quarantined with a case of mumps. From her sickroom, using coded messages and signal flags, she orchestrates the preparations and orders all the other children on a journey to the "North Pole" across the frozen lake.

With her taste for action and her flair for operational logistics, Nancy is not the typical tomboy of children's literature. Her vision of her own possibilities sets her apart from those girls who do not want to wear dresses or who rebel at sewing samplers. Nancy does not see herself as *not* doing things; she sees herself as *doing* things. On the other hand, Nancy does not see herself as playing boys' games. She is playing her own game--Amazon pirate. Her choice of "Amazon" for the name of her boat and her fantasy of Peggy and herself as pirates are not ideas chosen at random. She admires Amazon strength and spirit, and she wants to imitate a pirate's freedom of the seas on her home lake and any other water she can sail on. When occasion demands, Nancy is perfectly capable of managing party-dress manners and any other appropriate social forms that serve her purposes. This is best seen in her efforts to distract Great Aunt Maria's attention by cooperative behavior in *The Picts and Martyrs*. Nancy's repertoire includes piano practice, poetry recitation, and admiration of flower beds.

Nancy's uniqueness in her chosen role is vividly obvious by contrast with the two other girls nearest Nancy in age in the series. Nancy's sister, Peggy, and Susan Walker both accept and take pride in their assigned roles as "mates" of their respective ships. This involves doing the cooking and supervising clean-up. And in Susan's case it also involves seeing to the needs of the younger children, such as dry socks and proper bedtime. In effect, Susan is imagined as willingly and competently taking on all the necessary tasks of Mother.

A typical example of Susan in action:

> "Rations all ready, sir." said Mate Susan.
>
> "I'm taking a big bottle of milk for us. We'll put it in the bilge to keep cool. And I'm leaving the small one for the able-seaman. She'll be making tea for herself. Mind, you don't let the fire go out, Titty." (*S and A* 182)

Nancy never cooks.

Nancy's fellow Amazon, her sister, Peggy, goes gamely along in Nancy's shadow. She does their cooking, obeys orders, is afraid of thunder, and is much more cautious than Nancy. "Don't be a galoot!" is Nancy's frequent admonition to Peggy.

Peggy gets a chance to be herself in *Winter Holiday* while Nancy is in quarantine. She even tries her hand at Nancy-style language.

> "Who taught *you* to shiver timbers?"
>
> "Just while you were away," said Peggy; and Nancy, startled for a moment at hearing Peggy talk in the Nancy manner, remembered that for all these weeks her mate had been the only Amazon in active life.
>
> "That's all right," she said. "Did you use my other words?"
>
> "Some of them," said Peggy.
>
> "Jib-booms and bobstays?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Barbecued billy goats?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "She even called people galoots," said Roger. (333-34)

The idiolect which Ransome invented for Nancy is another indication of her complete creation of her own image, though the quotation above does show her sharing it for a moment with her sister.

The quotation also suggests that Nancy's language is reserved for her own use only with her fellow "captains," "mates," and "able-seamen" in their partly-imagined nautical world. The only adult who shares in this world is the self-admitted "rolling stone" and adult child, Uncle Jim, known in Nancy's world as "Captain Flint." He is the adult whom Nancy most admires and sees as a role model. He is the ideal uncle. He lives on a houseboat, which he is willing to share with children. He usually treats the children as equals. His life experiences as explorer and itinerant geologist provide information and fuel for imagination, in addition to, on different occasions, a parrot and a monkey. In three of the books, Uncle Jim's willingness to obtain a large sailing ship and sail with a crew of children sets up the plot situation. Willingness to undertake such voyages may suggest that Uncle Jim's courage is equal to Nancy's own, but despite his life adventures, his temperament is too placid to be considered like Nancy's.

Nancy's mother, Mrs. Blackett, makes a few brief supportive appearances. Like other adults in this series, she seems to be no match for her energetic and bold daughter. Mr. Blackett's only appearance is as a signature on the touching note the children unearth when they finally scale "Kanchenjunga." The note tells them that Molly Turner, J. Turner, and Bob Blackett had climbed "the Matterhorn" in 1901. "Who is Bob Blackett?" says Susan. "He was father," is Nancy's reply (*Swallowdale* 328). The past tense in Nancy's sentence is as much as the reader ever learns about Nancy's father.

The relative whose energy and iron-willed determination most resemble Nancy's own is, ironically, her arch-enemy, Great Aunt Maria. The conflict between these two strong-minded women supplies the plot and the wonderful humor in The Picts and Martyrs. Nancy definitely does not want to be like Great Aunt Maria, but she most obviously is. Nancy usually gets her own way. She is always certain of what she wants, and she is as willing as Aunt Maria is to steamroller other people's preferences under her own vision of how things should be.

Except for her dealings with Aunt Maria, Nancy usually meets with adults who are, at best, useful allies. Only in Missee Lee where Ransome imagines his children in the clutches of a real, if unbelievable, adult pirate does Nancy meet a possible role model, and only in this book does Nancy seems to pale. Her early pleasure at the adventure of being captured and held prisoner seems frivolous in the face of the seriousness of the danger, a seriousness the other children seem more able to cope with, especially Titty, whose success in communicating with a fellow bird-lover despite the language barrier helps to save them all.

Missee Lee's forcing them all to learn Latin allows Roger and John to shine at the expense of the girls, all of whom find Latin tedious and difficult, Nancy hating it the worst of all. The sewing of the dragon costume, under which the children make their escape the night of the Dragon Festival, falls mostly to Susan and Peggy. The plot of Missee Lee keeps Nancy's talents in eclipse during most of the book.

One would expect that since Missee Lee is a pirate and a woman, she would be a role model for Nancy. This does not turn out to be the case. After a sort of "gee whiz" admiration for Missee Lee's setup, Nancy is as anxious to get home as everyone else. Along with the others, Nancy admires Missee Lee's seamanship (which is shown to be even more expert than Nancy's own), but Nancy finds Missee Lee's repressive methods burdensone. And when they all sail away, nothing is said about being a real woman pirate, or about piracy as a career for a woman.

But Nancy never talks about a real career. Roger and John hope for careers in the Navy and engineering. Dick plans to be a scientist. Dorothea wants to write books, and Titty may become an artist. Nancy is never seen as wanting to grow up to be anything other than Nancy. (Susan never states any real career plans either, but she is already practicing and very good at mothering.)

Nancy and her original audience were the daughters of the generation who had seen women win the vote and have the doors of Oxford and Cambridge open to them. (Missee Lee's great regret is having given up her chance at a university education in order to fill the place of the son her father did not have. Her repressed vocation for teaching led her to impose Latin on the captive Swallows and Amazons.)

In a few years, the real-life girls of Nancy's generation were volunteering for service in World War II. I imagine that Nancy became an officer and distinguished herself in the Intelligence Service. Her knowledge of codes would make her a natural for such work. Perhaps she made a career of military sevice or perhaps she pursued a university education and distinguished herself as a political leader. Margaret Thatcher would be of her generation. It is consoling to know that Nancy did not have to grow up to be like Great Aunt Maria, who could use her determination and drive only in the domestic sphere. But as a woman of the early twentieth century Nancy could have grown up to be herself. Whatever her chosen career, it would not have been easy, but we know that Nancy thrives on challenge, and once she has made a plan, she *will* carry it through.

But this speculation takes Nancy far beyond where Arthur Ransome, her creator, left her. She appears in nine of the *Swallows and Amazons* books--always bold, inventive, and active, but never seemingly aware of her future beyond the end of the present adventure.

At different times in his life, Ransome told different people a variety of things about the real-life sources of the characters and events of the *Swallows and Amazons* stories. But I have been unable to find that he had any particular real life model for Nancy and Peggy. He says in his *Autobiography*:

> I had for some time been growing intimate with a family of fictional children. I had even sketched out the story of two boats in which my four (five including the baby) were to meet another two, Nancy and Peggy, who had sprung to life one day when, sailing on Coniston, I had seen two girls playing on the lake-shore. (331)

Nor have I found any evidence that Ransome had any particularly advanced views on women. In fact, there are quite a few passages in his writings that would suggest that he held the traditionally accepted views of his time.

Ransome's first marriage was by all accounts unhappy, and his wife may have been mentally unstable. In the *Autobiography* he says of the woman who became his second wife, "This was Evgenia, the tall jolly girl whom later on I was to marry and to whom I owe the happiest years of my life" (229). They met in Russia during the turmoil of the Russian Revolution. And she had been active in it. As the political tide turned against her faction, they escaped from Russia in a real journey that reads like fiction. Surely Evgenia had some of Nancy's qualities of courage and resolve.

Among the many people mentioned in the *Autobiography*, Ransome describes the secretary of his friend Radek. Ransome summarizes this woman's story from her leaving school, to service in the Revoluton, to service in the cavalry, commanding a squadron, evacuating all of the wounded in a certain village, and participating in several other dramatic events for which she received decorations for valor (295-96). It is only my speculation, but I believe that Evgenia and the other women of the Russian Revolution that Ransome met in his time in Russia served as models for the intrepid Nancy Blackett. These women, among the women he knew, are the ones who seem to me to be most like her in personality and accomplishments.

No one who has read about her can doubt that Nancy is an inspired and unique creation. Especially in contrast to Susan and Peggy, she is a girl of a different type. Her leadership qualities, her courage, her intelligence, her imagination all make her stand apart from the rest of the children and make her unique among girls. Ransome shows her, with her colorful nautical language, creating her own self image.

Arthur Ransome probably did not intend a feminist Nancy Blackett, but like many other artists, in creating his character he gave her a life of her own and created even more than he himself knew.

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The Spy and the Poet: Young Girls as Writers in Harriet the Spy and Anastasia Krupnik

Writers of children's fiction during the 1960s and 1970s such as Louise Fitzhugh and Lois Lowry created female characters who would have been destined for reform in earlier works of fiction. John Rowe Townsend sees these contemporary females as "highly-idiosyncratic" characters "whose personalities have been allowed by their authors to develop without too much regard for what constitutes a proper example" (277). Harriet Welsch (Harriet the Spy 1964) and Anastasia Krupnik (Anastasia Krupnik 1979) exhibit their sometimes "eccentric" characteristics in their writings: Harriet's "spy" notebooks and Anastasia's "important things" notebook. Writing, an occupation which had to be "tamed" out of earlier characters, such as Jo March (Little Women), helps these contemporary females order their worlds.

Jo March is a prime example of a young woman who must be "reformed" before she can become a proper lady. Jo's first love is her writing, but this artistic ability is ultimately "tamed to laud domestic and moral virtues" (Clark 81). Cadogan and Craig explain the taming process which was "accepted by writers and readers of nineteenth-century girls' fiction" (54): "Wild" girls were tamed by 1) friends and family, 2) religion, or 3) falling in love. And for these girls writing was not "considered a suitably modest profession" (55). However, for Harriet and Anastasia, writing is a way of ordering their lives--a way that is ultimately encouraged by their parents and by society.

Beverly Lyon Clark states that "seemly feminine behavior" (83) for nineteenth-century females required self-control, with aspirations towards "domesticity and moral goodness" (82) and away from the self-expression of art and fiction. Jo March must give up her "castle in the air" of being a famous writer and "outgrow it, like her strong language and her tomboy exuberance" (84). Unlike the "devaluation of writing" (90) that occurs in Alcott's book, writing skills are beneficial in Fitzhugh's and Lowry's works. Harriet's "spy" notebooks and Anastasia's "love-hate" lists are forms of self-expression, preliminary writing exercises which will continue to help them discover other interests and talents.

Harriet M. Welsch (the middle initial is one she gave herself) is at the start of Fitzhugh's book a "neat compulsive, upper middle class, urban child" (Bosmajian 72) who is often "inelastic" in her habits. Her daily routine--tomato sandwiches for lunch, special "spy" clothes, cake at precisely 3:40 every afternoon, and reading under the covers with a flashlight until Ole Golly tells her to stop--gives her a "tenuous connectiveness" (76) to the world around her. Spying on other people is the real way Harriet connects with her world. It is an activity she does alone; Sport and Janie, her best friends, are not allowed to go along, and her parents are not even aware that she is spying and recording everything she sees and hears. Harriet fills fifteen green spy notebooks with her insights to the fragments of people's lives she glimpses. When asked why she writes about strangers she observes, Harriet responds, "Because I've seen them and I want to remember them" (11). Ole Golly encourages Harriet's writing and tells her that description "is good for the soul" (32).

Harriet takes her seriously. She writes about her teachers, mostly unflattering remarks: "I think Miss Elson is one of those people you don't bother to think about twice" (33); "Miss Whitehead has buck teeth, thin hair, feet like skis, and a very long hanging stomach" (34). And even about her best friends: "Sometimes I can't stand Sport. . . . He's like a little old woman" (182).

However, Harriet does not use her notebook merely for reports about people on her spy route or to record brutally honest descriptions of teachers and friends. She also tries to figure out people closer to home: her parents and Ole Golly. For instance, when she finds out that Ole Golly has a boyfriend, Harriet writes: "Is everybody a different person when they are with somebody else? Ole Golly has never been this way" (97). At one point, Harriet's mother says, "I haven't the faintest idea what anyone else feels" (102), which prompts Harriet to write, "My mother doesn't think about other people much" (102). When one of the people she spies on, a man with dozens of cats, is forced by the Health Department to give them up, Harriet muses in her notebook, "Does everybody look that way when they have lost something?" (164) Later, when this same man triumphs over the system by bringing a tiny kitten into his house, Harriet rejoices for his victory: "Hee Hee. They ain't going to change Harrison Withers" (271). The reader can almost fill in the lines that Harriet, struggling with her own problems is probably thinking: "And they ain't going to change Harriet M. Welsch, either!"

Ole Golly, Harriet's governess, advises Harriet to choose the way she wants to live rather than just settling for the way her family lives: "Ole Golly says there is as many ways to live as there are people on the earth and I shouldn't go around with blinders but should see every way I can" (32).

Harriet's family consists of a father who does something in the entertainment field and who comes home after work "finking" everything in sight and needing a martini, and a mother who seems to do little more than play cards and go to the beauty parlor and to parties. Neither parent pays much attention to Harriet except in an offhand manner. Her mother instructs her to drink her milk every morning, asks if she has washed her face, and reminds her of her table manners--"What do you say when you get up from the table, Harriet?" (27) They are content to let Ole Golly, whom they describe as "pure magic," have complete control over the care and discipline of their daughter. When they do step in, it is to try to "socialize" Harriet. At one point, Harriet's mother takes a good look at her eleven-year-old daughter and decides that she is growing up and will need dancing lessons to be a proper lady. Fitzhugh shows how far female characters have come with Harriet's dramatic response to this parental suggestion: "I'll be damned if I'll take dancing lessons," Harriet screams at her parents (83). Although her mother and father do break out of their self-centered existences and react to this startling retort, they merely instruct Ole Golly to "wash her mouth out with soap." Harriet escapes even this punishment, however, since Ole Golly convinces her that good spies have to be good dancers.

Harriet is content with her ordered existence of spying and writing until two things happen: Ole Golly leaves to get married, and Harriet's current spy notebook is read by her classmates. Harriet records in her new notebook that she "feel[s] funny all over" (171). Her parents help in the only way they know: they turn to outside professionals, a child psychologist, the family doctor, and Harriet's teachers. Luckily for Harriet's future career, her parents do eventually support her writing endeavors. When the psychologist suggests that Harriet should be given some encouragement at school to channel her writing into something healthy, Mr. Welsch replies, "She just might make a writer" (266). And after the principal decides to change "school policy" and select Harriet as the editor of the Sixth Grade Page of the school newspaper, both of her parents believe "she'll do a good job" (277).

Harriet M. Welsch will not give up on her dream to be a professional spy with her name, "Harriet the Spy," in gold letters (78) on the office door, nor will she give up the skills she sees as necessary to obtain this goal: observing people and things and recording faithfully what she observes. As editor of the sixth-grade page, Harriet has an avenue for printing a "retraction" which explains that the unflattering statements in her spy notebook about her classmates were not true. She will still observe the world around her, and she will still be brutally honest in her writings; but she has learned from Ole Golly that writing is "to put love in the world, not to use against your friends" (275). Also she will now put her writing abilities into creating stories, into connecting her ideas and observations instead of writing accurate though sometimes hurtful comments about people she neither knows nor understands. Harriet is satisfied. She is still definitely Harriet--untamed and for all practical purposes unchanged. She has mended her friendship with Sport and Janie and is pleased that she can now "get back to work" as a spy and a writer.

Anastasia Krupnik's green notebooks are not recordings of people and things she "spies" on like Harriet's; instead, they contain "important private information" (4), lists of things she "loves" and things she "hates," favorite words, and "things that might be the beginnings of poems" (4). Anastasia thinks she is "dumb" because as she tells herself, "Sometimes--too many times--I don't feel the same way about things that everybody else feels" (7). Her writing also causes Anastasia misery at one point which parallels the anxiety Harriet undergoes when unsympathetic eyes see her private "spy" notebooks. Anastasia writes a poem for a class assignment which breaks the teacher's rules for poetry: it does not rhyme and it does not have any capital letters. When asked what kind of a poem it is, Anastasia says, "It's a poem of sounds. It's about little things that live in tidepools, after dark, when they move around. It doesn't have sentences or capital letters because I wanted it to look on the page like small creatures moving in the dark" (12-13). For failing to follow instructions, Anastasia's "wrinklesquirm creatures" poem gets an "F," and her teacher, Mrs. Westvessel, gets added to Anastasia's "hate" list.

Unlike Harriet, Anastasia has parents who are interested in her as a person and supportive of her unique talents. Mr. Krupnik, a poet himself, reads Anastasia's poem aloud "the way Anastasia had tried to in class" and pronounces it "fabulous" (17). Instead of siding with authority--Mrs. Westvessel--her parents sympathize with Anastasia's attempt to write the way she feels rather than the way she is instructed to write. "'You know, Anastasia,' her father said, finally. 'Some people--actually, a lot of people--just don't understand poetry'" (17).

Lowry and Fitzhugh use the same line from Wordsworth's "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" to make a point to their two aspiring writers. When Harriet asks Ole Golly if she feels sorry for people who are alone (like Harrison Withers), Ole Golly quotes: "That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" (106). She goes on (as she often does) to quote three more lines from different poets to make her point that solitude is "sweet," until Harriet thinks, "I wish she would just shut up" (106). Lowry lets Anastasia--with a little help from her father--work out the "point" of this same Wordsworth line. Anastasia visits her father's college English class and watches as he tries to stir up some enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poem from his students who are anxious to go home for the holidays. Anastasia wears her "poetry outfit" (much like Harriet wears special "spy" clothes) which consists of a black turtleneck shirt, jeans, dark glasses, and her hair combed "straight and flat" (65). Unlike the college students, she reads the poem carefully to be ready for class. Dr. Krupnik grits his teeth through uninspired answers to his questions about the "meaning" of the poem until he finally releases the students. On the way home, Anastasia feels sorry for her father and tells him that she "liked some parts" of the poem (72). Her favorite line is the line about "the inward eye." Dr. Krupnik explains this line so that Anastasia can put the meaning together: "Memory is the happiness of being alone" (72). This line of poetry comforts Anastasia when she thinks of her grandmother who is very old and often forgets things--such as her own grandchild's name. Anastasia realizes that her grandmother has this "inward eye" because as her father explains it "she lives in the past, and . . . she's happy" (74). Wordsworth then gets added to Anastasia's list of "Things I Love."

Anastasia's parents, one a poet and one an artist, encourage her interest in writing. She loves to look at the four slim books of poetry written by her father which sit on the bookcases in their apartment. The poem she writes for class echoes the "soft sounding and quiet" (3) poems by Dr. Krupnik. Anastasia also writes lists in her notebook because they are "a good way to figure things out" (5). Writing even helps Anastasia vent some of her hostile feelings towards the new baby that her mother will soon be having and towards her thwarted love for Washburn Cummings. Her father talks her out of running away from home by telling Anastasia she can name the new baby. On one of the last pages of her green notebook, she writes the "most terrible name she could think of"(25): One-Ball Reilly. Washburn Cummings, Anastasia's first love, is black and two years older than she is. When he laughs at her attempt to make her "hubbard squash" colored hair look like his two-foot high Afro, Anastasia is crushed. She writes, "I hate Washburn Cummings" forty-seven times in her notebook until her stomachache goes away (47).

When Anastasia's grandmother dies, Anastasia writes in her notebook, "I have no grandmother all of a sudden . . . . But I have an inward eye, for the first time" (100). She finds that she is "getting memories" and that "they don't feel good" (99). One can easily imagine Anastasia recording these new-found memories and continuing to write as a means of figuring out who she is and what she likes and dislikes about her life.

In these two books, writing is encouraged as a form of self-expression. Harriet Welsch's writing is not so much "tamed" as rechannelled. She has fought for and won the right to write what she observes, and she has also regained the respect of her friends. Harriet "will always have a notebook . . . [and] will write down every single solitary thing" (199) she sees and feels. Anastasia Krupnik will keep writing, also. Unlike Harriet, she is never forced to show her notebook to others. But her other venture in writing is evaluated and even graded--first by a teacher with a rigid set of criteria for what constitutes a "good" poem, and then by her appreciative parents. With the help of her notebook, Anastasia discovers that writing, more specifically being a poet, is something she can work towards. Finally, writing helps Harriet and Anastasia grow through their experiences: Harriet accepts the fact that Ole Golly has left and that "sometimes you have to lie" (297) to keep your friends, and Anastasia learns that it isn't "dumb" to be different and that things you hate can often turn into things you love. Writing will not be an "unsuitable" occupation for these two contemporary females, but a valid, acceptable form of expression.

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Innocent Tales for Innocent Children?
Johann Gottfried Herder's Image of the Child and the Grimms' Fairy and Household Tales

It is no wonder that scholars have seen in Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm's Fairy and Household Tales of 1812 the culmination of Johann Gottfried Herder's program for the collection of oral literature.[1] Like Herder before them, the Grimms envisioned the fairy tale as a genre for children and as educational material, they regarded it as the remnants of ancient myth, and they invoked a stereotypical female figure as the teller of tales. The most seductive argument, however, is based on the fact that the Grimms' first edition of their collection of fairy tales appeared at Christmas, and that their friend Achim von Arnim presented it to his wife, Bettina--to whom, together with their son, it was dedicated--on Christmas eve. In his essay, "Tales and Novels," of 1802, Herder had called for a collection of fairy tales for children. "A pure collection of fairy tales, intended for the heart and soul of children, endowed with all the riches of magical scenes as well as with the perfect innocence of a youth's soul," Herder proclaimed, "would be a Christmas gift for the young world of future generations, for precisely in this holy night, the horrors of the ancient primeval world were banished through the radiance of a child, who destroyed the power of evil demons."[2] Herder added in a footnote that such a collection would be appearing at Christmas in 1802, but he died shortly thereafter, no collection having in the meantime appeared. It was the Grimms, it seems, who answered his call.[3]

The relationship between Herder's conception of a collection of tales appropriate for children, and that which the Grimms produced, however, is not so straightforward. Herder was interested in new, adapted, and revitalized tales. He explains: "It is now time for us to lay new meaning into old tales, and to use the best ones with true understanding."[4] The Grimms did not claim to have achieved such a goal; on the contrary, Wilhelm Grimm, in his prefaces to the collections, claimed to present tales from Germany's oral tradition, without addition, deletion, or embellishment.[5] In the preface to the second volume of their collection, Grimm actually describes in detail the word-for-word transcription of oral recitations by a peasant raconteur.[6]

On the other hand, there are discrepancies between the Grimms' claims and their practices. Although as yet there is no clear consensus regarding the extent to which the Grimms may have intended to deceive their audience, it is safe to say that simply comparing the Grimms' manuscripts to each subsequent version of the Fairy and Household Tales reveals substantial editing from one edition to the next.[7] Perhaps in the end they did, then, fulfill Herder's demand. And yet the story is more complicated, for the images of the child that Herder, and later the Grimms, present--in juxtaposition with the tales they described and published, respectively--is doubly ironic. It provides, in all its irony, an interesting perspective on the long-held association between children and fairy tales.

As was absolutely typical of his characterizations of the phenomena of human culture with which he concerned himself, Herder turns, at the outset of his discussion of the tale, to its origin: "We awaken into the world in astonishment; our first sensation, if not fear, is wonder, curiosity, astonishment. What is all of this around me? How did it come to be? . . . So asks, unaware of itself, the childlike mind."[8] The questioning spirit that Herder invokes finds its answers, as he proceeds to proclaim, in tales.[9] Thus the genre arose in order to fill a need, and the oldest tales were, accordingly, "explanations of nature."[10] Wonder, then, surprise, and astonishment at the world around the human being, is the human trait that begets the genre. Wonder, as Herder establishes after having argued in favor of its significance, is the faculty of a childlike mind. If it is not a child who, at the very origin of the tale, summons it into existence, the image of the child serves as a means for describing the human being who did so. Herder operates on the assumption that human beings, at their anthropological beginning, were comparable to the individual in the state of childhood, and the child, according to Herder's image, is one who wonders.[11]

Herder's concern with the creative processes that engender such narratives occupies a central position in his essay, "Tales and Novels"; indeed, in turning to their origins as an attempt at their description, he implicitly privileges genesis, and thus it is not surprising that the tale, as a human creation, is discussed in the context of human creativity. The central section of this essay, entitled "Dream: A Conversation with the Dream," is a celebration and investigation of the mystery of the creating mind.[12] In its parallels to dreams, then, tales are characterized by their freedom from the limits of time, space, and mortality (23: 289). At the same time, Herder suggests an analogy between the creative processes that engender tales and dreams (23: 290-92). This undermines, however, the possibility for artistic control of the tale. Though the dreamer is the author of the dream, the dream is a surprise to its very own creator; it eludes control. This is the basis for a fundamental tension that characterizes Herder's essay, for he regards the tale, in addition, as an educational genre. In his call for the composition of a new set of tales Herder offers prescriptive and proscriptive descriptions of the finished product.[13] His wonder-inspired, dream-like mode of creativity, however, precludes an author's planned and intentional movement toward a preconceived goal. In his discussion of the fairy tale in particular, which is comprised in part by his reception of Charles Perrault's Tales of Mother Goose,[14] Herder develops the concept of the tale he hopes to see created, and it derives, as I will argue, from his image of the child. It is important, however, as I emphasize this side of Herder's discussion, that the tension in the essay not be forgotten. This tension is significant because it mirrors the ambiguities in Herder's conception of the audience for whom such tales arose and for whom they should, in the future, be composed. The wondering human being may be childlike, but s/he is not necessarily a child. Having voiced the questions he imagines gave rise to the tale, as quoted above, Herder shifts his focus from its ultimate origin to its transmission. At this point, the questioning spirit really is a child, and the answers this child seeks are given by "those who received us from nature's womb and once, themselves, so asked" (see note 9). The tension, then, between a creative process that originates in wonder and is akin to dreaming, and one that requires an author's control in order to fulfill a preconceived plan, finds its parallel in the ambivalence of Herder's conviction that such tales are appropriate literature for children.

"It would have been better," Herder suggests as he takes note of the immense popularity of Charles Perrault's Tales of Mother Goose, "if one had called them Tales of Father Gander." As justification for this opinion, Herder refers to the ideal mother, but he fails to elaborate on her character. "A mother goose," he explains, "would have told [the tales] to her goslings more appropriately."[15] Although the maternal voice is invoked as if its existence and nature were self-evident, a more fully developed conception of the child, and a description of the tale that corresponds to this conception, emerge as Herder addresses what he regards as the inadequacies of Perrault's collection.

Herder's critique of Perrault's Mother Goose corresponds to certain ideals of the Enlightenment. He objects to disguising dangers, for example, as wolves and ogres, and he expresses the opinion that the "demons of our hearts" should be "revealed as errors and phantoms, they should die away and be silent."[16] Herder illustrates his first point with the objection that "Little Red Riding Hood" will not recognize the true danger that threatens her when it is disguised as a wolf, and Perrault's goal of protecting his female reader's chastity will not have been accomplished (23: 286). What will occur, however, is that the fantasy of the child who hears her story and others like it will be ruined by the phantoms which inhabit them.[17] The child, in Herder's view, is not only pure, but also innocent of the threats to its purity, and the child's fantasy is, in its original state, free of demons. Fears are introduced, and they are weaknesses, but they are not natural to the child's mind.

Herder leaves his discussion of Perrault and describes his perception of children as listeners:

> Whoever doubts the holiness of the child's soul should watch children when someone is telling them a tale. "No! that is not how it goes, they say, you told it differently before." They believe the fairy tale poetically; they do not doubt truth even in the dream of truth, even though they know full well that they are being told a tale. And if, in the course and at the end of the fiction, their sense of reason or morality is offended, if vice and virtue fail to receive their just due, the reward or the punishment they deserve, the child listens unwillingly, and is not satisfied with the ending.[18]

Herder reveals a great deal about his notion of the child as he describes this scenario. The explicit purpose of his illustration is to prove that the soul of the child is holy, and he demonstrates what comprises this holiness in the course of the passage. Children have a poetic sense, and they have a privileged insight into truth. They are not only sophisticated enough to recognize a tale as fiction; they are also capable of discovering the truth-value it obliquely reveals. They have a strong sense of reason, and a strong moral sense as well. Herder attributes a sense of justice to children, one that he regards as self-evident.[19]

If the tellers of Herder's tales are gendered, his ideal child is not, and if he hints in his reference to "Little Red Riding Hood" at the sexuality that imbues Perrault's tales, he speaks of dangers that threaten the child from without, and proceeds to emphasize the natural chastity of children.[20] The "holiness" of children makes them worthy of tales as pure as they are; it makes them worthy, in fact, of a gift analogous to the gift of the Christ child. Though gendered, this child achieves his special status by virtue of having been born of a virgin. The "perfect innocence of a youth's soul," for Herder, most certainly includes a lack of sex and sexuality, and so should, accordingly, fairy tales.

In the preface to the first edition of the Grimms' tales, one of Wilhelm Grimm's comments echoes Herder's images: "The same purity, for which children appear so wonderful and blessed to us, inhabits these fictions."[21] Not all of his readers found this to be true, however, and in the preface to the second volume of the collection, Wilhelm Grimm responds to his critics with an extensive defense of his collection as an educational book.[22] By 1819, however, Grimm is prepared to make concessions. Stating, as in 1814, that his collection is suitable educational material, he adds:

> We do not seek, in an educational book, that purity that is achieved by a fearful exclusion of that which relates to certain conditions and relations that occur daily and can in no way remain hidden, a practice which would in addition imply that that which can be carried out in a book would be possible in real life as well. We are seeking the purity in the truth of an honest story. . . . At the same time we have carefully deleted, in this edition, every expression that is not appropriate for childhood.[23]

There is a clear progression in Wilhelm Grimm's prefaces, from the tacit assumption of 1812 that the tales upon which the collection is based are for children, to the lengthy defense of its status as an educational book, first offered in 1814, and finally to the implicit admission of 1819 that some aspects of the tales are not suitable for children at all.

Herder's image of children as pure and innocent occasions his deep ambivalence regarding the appropriateness of fairy tales for them, as well as his call for the rewriting of the tales. That he operates, nonetheless, on the assumption that children are the appropriate and intended audience for such narratives is evident both in this call and in his speculation about the tales' origins. Herder's image of the child suggests a context that informs Wilhelm Grimm. The evolution of Grimm's prefaces, from assumption to defense and ultimately to accomodation, undermines his initial assertion that "the same purity, for which children appear so wonderful and blessed to us, inhabits these fictions" (Preface 1812, 1:3). It suggests the very same discrepancy between the child and the tale that pervades Herder's essay, and so obviously disturbed him.

I would argue, and if I had the time I would support my claim with countless studies, that the narratives we call fairy tales originated in illiterate peasant societies in which few distinctions were made between children and adults, and that, being told rather than read, they were heard by all;[24] further, that they were introduced into the literate classes by domestic servants who brought the oral literature of their own culture--as a whole--to the children of the upper classes. They brought it to the children, of course, because these were the family members with whom they had contact, or at least in whom they found a willing audience for their stories.[25] Thus it is from the perspective of the literate classes that fairy tales came to be regarded as children's literature at all. The coincidences and ironies of Herder's and the Grimms' perspectives give pause. Despite Ruth Bottigheimer's convincing argument, in her Grimms' Bad Girls and Bold Boys, that Wilhelm Grimm expunged a great deal of sexual imagery as he edited the Fairy and Household Tales, and Grimm's own admission, as quoted above, that he had deleted all inappropriate references, these tales are not "innocent"; they are not free of violence, nor even of sex, as Maria Tatar has amply demonstrated in her The Hard Facts of the Grimms' Fairy Tales. But neither, as Sigmund Freud has made abundantly clear, are children.

If the historical context of the Grimms' collection of fairy tales casts doubt on their status as children's literature, it ultimately reaffirms it. How strange, indeed, that an image of children as innocent would engender the notion that they deserved a collection of fairy tales; and stranger still that tales so full of horrors, violence, and sexuality--so ill-suited to its imagined audience--would come to be viewed, after all, as children's literature.

Notes

[1] In his preface to the Altdeutsche Wälder, Wilhelm Schoof notes that the Grimms believed that the "Geist der Romantik sich weniger in den Zeugnissen einzelner Kunstdichter, sondern in den Volksliedern, Sagen und Märchen offenbarte. Deshalb sammelten sie besonders fleißig die beiden letzten Gattungen und schritten auf dem von Herder angebahnten Wege fort, der zur Tat aufgerufen hatte . . . " (xxvii). Hans Arens says of Jacob Grimm: "Und niemand nach ihm hat so wie er wieder den gesamten Bereich der Lebensäußerungen des deutschen Volkstums mit scharfem Geist und liebendem Herzen durchdrungen und so das unendliche Herdersche Programm zu einem Teil verwirklicht" (194). See also note 3 below.

[2] Herder's essay is entitled "Mährchen und Romane." The translations are my own; the German originals for all quotes will be provided in notes. I use "tales" for

"Mährchen" as the term assumes a very broad meaning in Herder's essay. It can best be characterized as an essence that seeks embodiment in a particular form, which varies from one culture to another. In Greece, for example, the *Mährchen* assumed the form of the *Epos*. Thus the term acquires specificity only in its particular historical manifestations; Herder states as the purpose of his essay, in fact, to examine "wozu, im Zeitalter Ludwigs, das dem ganzen Europa Ton gab, auch das Mährchen, die Erzählung, der Roman wurde" (23: 278). This explains the title. "Fairy tale" will be used, as it has in the Grimms' title, for *Kindermährchen*. As is clear in the passage under discussion, this is the manifestation of the more general *Mährchen* whose rejuvenation Herder seeks. The passage reads as follows: "Eine reine Sammlung von Kindermährchen in richtiger Tendenz für den Geist und das Herz der Kinder, mit allem Reichthum zauberischer Weltscenen, so wie mit der ganzen Unschuld einer Jugendseele begabt, wäre ein Weihnachtgeschenk für die junge Welt künftiger Generationen: denn eben in dieser heiligen Nacht sind ja die Schrecknisse der alten Urwelt durch den Glanz eines Kindes verjagt, das die Gewalt böser Dämonen zerstört hat" (23: 288).

[3] Quirin Gerstl notes: "Neun Jahre nach Herders Tod zu Weihnachten 1812, erfüllte sich bereits sein Wunsch für die nachkommenden Generationen. Das Brüderpaar Jakob und Wilhelm Grimm veröffentlichte den ersten Band seiner Sammlung von 'Kinder- und Hausmärchen'" (24).

[4] "An uns ist es jetzt, aus diesem Reichthum (den geglaubten Mährchen der verschiedensten Völker) zu wählen, in alte Mährchen neuen Sinn zu legen, und die besten mit richtigem Verstande zu gebrauchen" (23: 289).

[5] The Grimms' quotes are also my own translations. I refer to a passage near the close of the preface to the first edition (1812): "Wir haben uns bemüht, diese Märchen so rein als möglich war aufzufassen, man wird in vielen die Erzählung von Reimen und Versen unterbrochen finden, die sogar manchmal deutlich alliterieren, beim Erzählen aber niemals gesungen werden, und gerade diese sind die ältesten und besten. Kein Umstand ist hinzugedichtet oder verschönert und abgeändert worden, denn wir hätten uns gescheut, in sich selbst so reiche Sagen mit ihrer eigenen Analogie oder Reminiscenz zu vergrößern, sie sind unerfindlich. In diesem Sinne existirt noch keine Sammlung in Deutschland, man hat sie fast immer nur als Stoff benutzt, um größere Erzählungen daraus zu machen, die willkührlich erweitert, verändert, was sie auch sonst werth seyn konnten, doch immer den Kindern das Ihrige aus den Händen rissen, und ihnen nichts dafür gaben" (1: 7-8).

[6] The following story is added to the preface to the second volume (1814): "Einer jener guten Zufälle aber war die Bekanntschaft mit einer Bäuerin aus dem nah bei Cassel gelegenen Dorfe Zwehrn, durch welche wir einen ansehnlichen Theil der hier mitgetheilten, darum ächt hessischen, Märchen, so wie mancherlei Nachträge zum ersten Band erhalten haben. Diese Frau, noch rüstig und nicht viel über fünfzig Jahre alt, heißt Viehmännin, hat ein festes und angenehmes Gesicht, blickt hell und scharf

aus den Augen, und ist wahrscheinlich in ihrer Jugend schön gewesen. Sie bewahrt diese alten Sagen fest in dem Gedächtniß, welche Gabe, wie sie sagt, nicht jedem verliehen sey und mancher gar nichts behalten könne; dabei erzählt sie bedächtig, sicher und ungemein lebendig mit eigenem Wohlgefallen daran, erst ganz frei, dann, wenn man will, noch einmal langsam, so daß man ihr mit einiger Übung nachschreiben kann" (2: 5-6). In reference to this passage, Heinz Rölleke remarks on the Grimms' failure to note, specifically, which fairy tales the woman from Zwehrn told. The reasons for this were, as Rölleke surmises: " . . . einmal weil die Grimms . . . auf das anonyme 'Volk' als Träger und Gestalter dieses Erzählguts insistierten, zum anderen weil so der Eindruck erweckt wurde, daß der (vor allem nach Jacob Grimms Theorie) kollektive Ursprung der Märchen gleichsam eine kollektive Überlieferung bedinge und nur so greifbar sei. Die bewußt außerhalb der einzelnen Anmerkungen plazierte und nicht eben datenfreudige Charakterisierung einer einzigen Gewährsperson wollten die Brüder Grimm offerbar als pars pro toto aufgefaßt wissen; mehr über ihre Quellen öffentlich mitzuteilen, waren sie jedenfalls nicht bereit" (40).

[7] Such comparisons have stimulated a great deal of discussions regarding the Grimms' editorial practices as well as the meaning of their collection. See Bottigheimer and John M. Ellis, One Fairy Story Too Many: The Brothers Grimm and Their Tales (Chicago: U Chicago P, 1983).

[8] "Staunend erwachen wir in die Welt; unser erstes Gefühl, wo nicht Furcht, so Verwunderung, Neugierde, Staunen. 'Was ist alles um mich her? wie wards? Es gehet und kommt; wer zieht die Fäden der Erscheinung? Wie knüpfen sich die wandelnden Gestalten?' So fragt, sich selbst unbewußt, der kindliche Sinn . . . " (23: 274). The ellipsis in the translation replaces the third and fourth questions: "It comes and goes; who pulls the strings of this vision? How are these transient images connected to each other?"

[9] The passage continues: " . . . von wem erhält er Antwort? Von der stummen Natur nicht; sie läßt erscheinen und verschwinden, bleibend in ihrem dunkeln Grunde, was sie war, was sie ist, und seyn wird. Da treten zu uns sie, die uns selbst aus dem Schooße der Natur empfingen und einst selbst so fragten; wie sie belehrt wurden, so belehren sie uns, durch–Sagen" (23: 274). Herder uses Sagen interchangeably with Mährchen.

[10] "Erklärungen der Natur" (23: 274).

[11] The analogy between the child and the human race at its inception recurs in Herder's work, most notably in his "Von den Lebensaltern einer Sprache." Here, too, wonder is characteristic of human beings on the threshold of culture, in this case in the stage Herder regards as the "childhood" of language. His description is similar to the passage from "Mährchen und Romane" quoted above: "Eine Sprache in ihrer Kindheit bricht wie ein Kind einsylbichte, rauhe und hohe Töne hervor. Eine Nation

in ihrem ersten, wilden Ursprunge starret, wie ein Kind, alle Gegenstände an; Schrecken, Furcht und alsdenn Bewunderung sind die Empfindungen, derer beide allein fähig sind, und die Sprache dieser Empfindungen sind Töne,--und Geberden" (1: 152). Despite the fact that here Herder is speaking of language, and in the passage quoted above of tales, he refers in both instances to wonder as the motivating force that engenders human linguistic expression.

[12] "Der Traum. Ein Gespräch mit dem Traume." "Mährchen und Romane" consists of several sections, each of which is titled according to its part in the overall structure of the essay, for example, "Beilage," "Fortsetzung über Mährchen und Romane," and "Schluß." The section on the dream departs from this pattern, and it is additionally set off from the rest of the essay in its dialogic, rather than expository, style. It follows immediately upon Herder's call for a new collection of fairy tales.

[13] These are included in the "Schluß," which is actually the penultimate section of the essay. Herder asks that the author not intrude, that the fairy tale have unity, reason and purpose ("Einheit, Verstand, Absicht"), says that it should lift its readers above the everyday world, that wonders must be necessitated, and finally that the tale should do as the dream does: "Aus dem tiefsten Grunde holt er die Heimlichkeiten und Neigungen unsres Herzens hervor, stellt unsre Versäumniße und Vernachläßigungen ans Licht, bringt unsre Feinde uns vor Augen und weckt und warnet und strafet. . . . " (23: 297). His ultimate demand illustrates the contradictory impulses he envisions in the creative process: "Ihr Dichter, fühlt euren Beruf! Voll Geistes der heiligen Götter, träumt glücklich. Um also zu träumen, seyd nüchtern" (23: 297).

[14] Herder refers to the title Contes de ma Mère l'Oye. Perrault's collection was first published in 1697 under the title Histoires ou Contes du temps passé. It included a frontispiece with the subtitle Contes de ma mère l'Oye.

[15] "Beßer, dünkt mich, hätte man sie Mährchen des Vater Gansert nennen sollen: denn eine Mutter Gans hätte sie ihren Küchlein Zweckmäßiger erzählet" (23: 286).

[16] The passage to which I am referring warrants quotation in full as it supports the notion that Herder's thought was surprisingly closely allied to trends considered characteristic of the Enlightenment: "Die Menschheit muß einmal dahin gelangen, daß sie, ihrer selbst gewiß, einsehen lerne, wie auch die Queerstriche unsres Schicksals von keinem als der großen und gütigen Mutter der Dinge nach ihren ewigen Gesetzen gezeichnet wurden, und daß die Fehler, die wir selbst, die Bosheiten, die andre gegen uns begehen, Verirrungen des menschlichen Verstandes, Krankheiten des menschlichen Herzens seyn, die unsre heilende Pflege erwarten. In diesem Licht die Natur betrachtet, verschwindet aus ihr der große böse Dämon; sein Reich ist zerstöret. Die kleinen Daemunculi in unserm und andrer Herzen sollen (selbst im Mährchen) nie Mitregenten des Weltalls oder unsres Lebens seyn; sondern als Fehler und Phantome aufgedeckt, sollen sie verstummen und schweigen" (23: 288).

[17] Herder notes that if the Kindermährchen were "überdem eben so Verstand- und Zwecklos als schrecklich und häßlich; Vater Gansert selbst würde sie schwerlich erzählen" (23: 286-87). The implication is that the ideal mother will object to the frightfulness and ugliness of Perrault's tales, while the father, who might overlook these drawbacks, will be interested in the reason and moral purpose illustrated therein. Images of the mother as the protector, the father as the voice of reason, emerge.

[18] "Wer an der Heiligkeit einer Kinderseele zweifelt, sehe Kinder an, wenn man ihnen Mährchen erzählet. 'Nein! das ist nicht so, sprechen sie; neulich erzähltest Du mir es anders.' Sie glauben also dem Mährchen poetisch; sie zweifeln an der Wahrheit auch im Traum der Wahrheit nicht, ob sie wohl wißen, daß man ihnen nur ein Mährchen erzählet. Und wird in Diesem ihre vernünftiger oder moralischer Sinn beleidigt, empfangen Laster und Tugend im Fort- und Ausgange der Dichtung nicht ihr Gebühr, Lohn oder Strafe; unwillig horcht das Kind, und ist mit dem Ausgange unzufrieden" (23: 287).

[19] This is a common notion, often referred to as the "naive morality" of the fairy tale. It has, for good reason, come under attack in the last few years. See Neues vom Rumpelstilzchen, ed. Hans-Joachim Gelberg (Weinheim, 1976) and Iring Fetscher, Wer hat Dornrößchen wachgeküßt? Das Märchen-Verwirrbuch, Erweiterte Neuauflage (Hamburg: Claasen, 1974).

[20] Although Herder is translating Perrault's "Le petit chaperon rouge," it is interesting that a female character is given names based on the garments she wears, and that they happen to be masculine in French, neuter in German ("Rottkäppchen").

[21] "Innerlich geht durch diese Dichtungen dieselbe Reinheit, um derentwillen uns Kinder so wunderbar und seelig erscheinen" (Preface 1812, 1: 3).

[22] Grimm's most important critic, whose words find distinct echoes in his revised prefaces, was Ludwig Achim von Arnim. He was a close friend of both of the brothers. See Achim von Arnim und die ihm nahe standen, ed. Reinhold Steig and Herman Grimm, 3 vols., Stuttgart: Cotta, 1904, 2: 213-73 for their correspondence on the Kinder- und Hausmärchen. The salient passage of Grimm's revised preface reads as follows: "Wir wollten indeß durch unsere Sammlung nicht blos der Geschichte der Poesie einen Dienst erweisen, es war zugleich Absicht, daß die Poesie selbst, die darin lebendig ist, wirke: erfreue, wen sie erfreuen kann, und darum auch, daß ein eigentliches Erziehungsbuch daraus werde. Gegen das letztere ist eingewendet worden, daß doch eins und das andere in Verlegenheit setze und für Kinder unpassend oder anstößig sey (wie die Berührung mancher Zustände und Verhältnisse, auch vom Teufel ließ man sie nicht gern etwas böses hören) und Eltern es ihnen geradezu nicht in die Hände geben wollten. Für einzelne Fälle mag die Sorge recht seyn und da leicht ausgewählt werden; im Ganzen ist sie gewiß unnöthig. Nichts besser kann uns vertheidigen, als die Natur selber, welche gerad diese Blumen

und Blätter in dieser Farbe und Gestalt hat wachsen lassen; wem sie nicht zuträglich sind, nach besonderen Bedürfnissen, wovon jene nichts weiß, kann leicht daran vorbeigehen, aber er kann nicht fordern, daß sie darnach anders gefärbt und geschnitten werden sollen. Oder auch: Regen und Thau fällt als eine Wohlthat für alles herab, was auf der Erde steht, wer seine Pflanzen nicht hineinzustellen getraut, weil sie zu empfindlich dagegen sind und Schaden nehmen könnten, sondern lieber in der Stube begießt, wird doch nicht verlangen, daß jene darum ausbleiben sollen. Gedeihlich aber kann alles werden, was natürlich ist, und darnach sollen wir trachten." (2: 7-8). Grimm attempts to assuage potential critics by invoking nature; in any event, he defends his position that the Fairy and Household Tales would make an appropriate Erziehungsbuch.

[23] "Wir suchen für ein solches (Erziehungsbuch) nicht jene Reinheit, die durch ein ängstliches Ausscheiden dessen, was Bezug auf gewisse Zustände und Verhältnisse hat, wie sie täglich vorkommen und auf keine Weise verborgen bleiben können, erlangt wird und wobei man zugleich in der Täuschung ist, daß was in einem gedruckten Buche ausführbar, es auch im wirklichen Leben sei. Wir suchen die Reinheit in der Wahrheit einer geraden, nichts Unrechtes im Rückhalt bergenden Erzählung. Dabei haben wir jeden für das Kinderalter nicht passenden Ausdruck in dieser neuen Auflage sorgfältig gelöscht" (Preface 1819, 1: 17). Maria Tatar discusses the reception of the Grimms' collections and the changes that resulted at the urging of critics and friends (15-22 and notes). She regards the changes I am discussing as a shift in focus as the Grimms lost their scholarly ambitions for the work and edited it in the direction of children's literature. She does not radically question the Grimms' assumption that the tales they published were intended and appropriate for children, although she does point out that in many cases they were originally entertainment for adults (21).

[24] Neil Postman argues that it is literacy that brings about a distinction between children and adults. Reading skills afford access to information beyond that which is accessible through first-hand experience. Through the withholding and controlled release of information, at points deemed appropriate for the younger members of a society, a concept of childhood develops (20, 28-36). Philippe Ariès attributes the notion of childhood to the development of schools and the ensuing separation of children from the rest of society (369). Prior, then, to the conception of childhood, children are integrated into adult society and are not perceived as requiring, for example, their own oral literature. More concrete studies concur with these findings that support, theoretically, the assumption that fairy tales were part of the oral literature of the societies, in which they were traded, as a whole. Werner Psaar and Manfred Klein argue that: "Weiter abliegende Beispiele wie die der noch intakten Märchengemeinschaften der Naturvölker müssen gar nicht bemüht werden, um zu zeigen, daß kein prinzipieller, apriorischer Unterschied zwischen dem erwachsenen und dem kindlichen Märchenrezipienten besteht" (115). For arguments, from a variety of perspectives, that the fairy tale was integrated into society in some way

other than specifically as children's literature, see Walter Benjamin, "The Storyteller and Artisan Cultures," Critical Sociology: Selected Readings, ed. Paul Connerton (New York: Penguin, 1976), 277-300; Jack Zipes, Breaking the Magic Spell: Radical Theories of Folk and Fairy Tales (Austin: U of Texas P, 1979); Dieter Richter and Johannes Merkel, Märchen, Phantasie und soziales Lernen (Berlin: Basis, 1974); Linda Dégh, Märchen, Erzähler und Erzählgemeinschaft dargestellt an der ungarischen Volksüberlieferung, trans. Johanna Till, Deutsche Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin, Bd. 23 (Berlin: Akademie-Verlag, 1962); and Ernst Bloch, Das Prinzip Hoffnung, 3 vols. (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1959).

[25] The interchangeability of the terms Ammenmärchen and Kindermärchen that is evident in Bolte and Polìvka's list of references to Märchen suggests this, as the terms refer to the same narrative situation, with emphasis merely shifting to the teller or the listener.

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What Katy Read:
Susan Coolidge and the Image of the Victorian Child

In March of 1863, the British periodical *Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature* ran a lead article explaining the role of children in the modern world: "It is a bad world, we say, this world of men: full of evils of all sorts and sizes; overrun with selfishness and its prolific brood," the anonymous writer observed. "Still, here are *children* in it" (177). And children, it seems, are the unacknowledged moral legislators of the world, for they "exert an influence with respect to the work of men, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated" (178). This influence permeates best-selling British and American children's literature in the third quarter of the nineteenth century; from Maria Louisa Charlesworth's *Ministering Children* in 1854 to Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in 1885, novels and nonfiction commentary alike present an image of the child as savior.

The typical child heroes or heroines of this genre, like Hesba Stretton's Jessica in *Jessica's First Prayer* (1867), are notable for two experiences. The first is their conversion of those about them to a state of nearly childlike innocence and virtue; as one adult explains to the local minister in Stretton's tract, Jessica's religious questions "have gone quicker and deeper down to my conscience than all your sermons" (88-89). The second is the life-threatening illness they undergo, setting them apart from more robust humanity and rendering their ethical pronouncements doubly precious to their families and friends; in Louisa May Alcott's *Jack and Jill* (1880), for instance, Jill's sledding accident not only improves her own character but those of everyone around her, as she becomes "a sort of missionary without knowing it" (194).

Susan Coolidge's 1872 novel *What Katy Did* plays on this image of the child, simultaneously dismissing and affirming the lessons children may learn through fiction. Its heroine is reminiscent of Alcott's Jo March, who saw the light of print some four years before *Katy* was published; like Jo, Katy is initially careless, clumsy, hoydenish, and infinitely well meaning, and like Jo she is addicted to reading in all its forms. But Jo is consistently denied the glamorous "heroine" roles fiction offers to girls (Amy gets the fairy-tale marriage, Beth the tractlike holy death). In contrast, Katy is permitted to enter into the fellowship of fictional angels--once she learns how to "read" life with the proper discrimination.

Before her reformation, Katy's definition of a heroine focuses on novelistic plot and description rather than on character. Her daydreams concern a future in which

> she would be beautiful and beloved, and amiable as an angel. A great deal was to happen to Katy before that time came. Her eyes, which were black, were to turn blue; her nose was to lengthen and straighten, and her mouth, quite too large at present to suit the part of a heroine, was to be made over into a sort of rosy button. (15)

In this scenario, plainly the love Katy is to attract (and, in turn, her amiability) depend on the perfect conformity of her appearance to that of the heroine of magazine illustrations. Later she comments on the "something grand" she means "to *do*" in her role: "Perhaps . . . it will be rowing out in boats, and saving peoples' lives, like that girl in the book. Or perhaps I shall go and nurse in the hospital, like Miss Nightingale. Or else I'll head a crusade and ride on a white horse, with armour and a helmet on my head and carry a sacred flag" (23). Being a heroine, whether one is Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale, or Joan of Arc, involves action and drama; above all, it takes place outside the home.

As both these examples show, of course, Katy is aware that heroines must be virtuous. But her reading of virtue, too, is exterior rather than interior; she has absorbed the letter but not the spirit of religion. Her editing of a family religious newspaper entitled *The Sunday Visitor* exemplifies the problem with her approach to goodness:

> The reading part began with a dull little piece of the kind which grown people call an editorial, about "Neatness," or "Obedience," or "Punctuality." The children always fidgeted when listening to this--partly, I think, because it aggravated them to have Katy recommending on paper as very easy the virtues which she herself found it so hard to practice in real life. . . . Last of all [came] a chapter or two of "Little Maria and Her Sisters," a dreadful tale, in which Katy drew so much moral, and made such personal allusions to the faults of the rest, that it was almost more than they could bear. (40-41)

The role Katy takes on here requires not her own virtue but that of others. Heroines, it seems, may preach without practicing.

In this first half of the novel, the false ideal Katy has unconsciously absorbed leads Coolidge to suggest, again and again, that reading may not be altogether good because it often divorces theory from reality. The children's Aunt Izzie, for instance, has a hard time interpreting her charges because they are "so little like the good boys and girls in Sunday-school memoirs, who were the young people she liked best, and understood most about" (10). And the unreality of the Sunday-school model causes Aunt Izzie to misunderstand the children, and vice versa; on finding one of Katy's romantic literary effusions, she can make no effort to encourage or direct Katy's creative imagination, but can only predict that Katy "would be in an insane asylum before [she] was twenty" (57). Likewise, Aunt Izzie's cautionary tales about "children who had broken their bones in various dreadful ways," which would certainly have had their desired effect upon the protagonists of Sunday-school tales, are useless in keeping the older children out of the loft (54). That Katy interprets Izzie's prohibition against using the swing as just another unreasonable restriction and disobeys it (which causes her accident) results from this chain of misunderstandings between aunt and niece.

But if Coolidge is reluctant to endorse the body of children's religious literature, she is at least equally unwilling to approve the wild adult romances of which Katy is so fond. Katy's friend Imogen, who "had read so many novels that her brain was completely turned" (74), serves as the traditional Awful Warning of rationalist fiction. Decking herself for tea with Katy and her siblings in "a light-blue barège, with low neck and short sleeves . . . coral beads in her hair, white satin slippers, and a pair of yellow gloves," Imogen succeeds in impressing the Carr children but not the author: "The gloves and slippers were quite dirty, and the barège was old and darned; but the general effect was so very gorgeous that the children . . . were quite dazzled." On Katy's naive comment, "Oh, Imogen, you look just like a young lady in a story!", Imogen reacts with predictable vanity, "toss[ing] her head and rustl[ing] her skirts about her more than ever" (75). Like Katy, Imogen defines a heroine as someone who looks a certain way and is immersed in certain kinds of exciting activities; she romances to the children all afternoon about her experiences with brigands, and only the sensible adults know how to "read" her stories with the proper skepticism. Their disapproval eventually affects Katy, who "began to feel low-spirited. She confessed afterwards that she should never have got through the afternoon if she hadn't run upstairs two or three times, and comforted herself by reading a little in Rosamund" (79). Only Miss Edgeworth, it seems, can take away the discomfort caused by a surfeit of romance.

The secret of good reading, then, may be the reading of good texts, texts that combine romance, religion, and realism to teach the overarching moral of What Katy Did: that heroines are not those who conform to a particular physical stereotype or act within a particular type of plot, but those who achieve a particular set of spiritual qualities. In this sense Katy's invalid cousin, Helen, is the ultimate text in Katy's literary and spiritual education.

At first, having heard from her father about Helen's perfect virtue, Katy can interpret her only in the context of the religious story. While in "the imaginations of the children, Cousin Helen was as interesting and unreal as anybody in the fairy tales," still "there was a sort of mixture of Sunday-school book in their idea of her, for Cousin Helen was very, very good" (85). Instantly assuming that Helen's one activity must be reading the Bible, Katy comes up with an appropriate physical description for her: she looks "something like 'Lucy' in Mrs Sherwood's story, I guess, with blue eyes, and curls, and a long, straight nose. And she'll keep her hands clasped so all the time, and wear 'frilled wrappers,' and lie on the sofa perfectly still and never smile, but just look patient" (85-86). Here again the angelic heroine has no interior qualities; Katy's imagined Helen is no more than the frontispiece to a child's religious story.

The image of the religious heroine gives way to the image of the romance heroine when Katy learns that Helen renounced her betrothed after becoming an invalid. On being told Helen's history, Katy finds her "doubly interesting," because "'It was just like something in a book,' to be in the same house with the heroine of a love-story so sad and sweet" (95). But just as Helen does not conform to Katy's mental picture of a "saintly invalid"--having straight brown hair, a turned-up nose, dancing eyes, unfolded hands, and an expression "absolutely glad and merry" (87)--neither does she behave like the possessor of a broken heart. Indeed, she turns out to have a special talent for organizing family games and telling stories that "sent delightful chills creeping down all their backs" (95).

It is the extra dimension provided by these down-to-earth, everyday charms, and not her resemblance to a fictional ideal, that gives Helen the moral influence of the good Victorian child. While Katy pictures heroines as occupying a realm apart, unable to participate in normal human feelings and pastimes, Helen's ability to empathize with others is the secret of her success. So effective is her sympathy that during her short initial visit every member of the household, from Aunt Izzie down to little Elsie, benefits from it morally and emotionally. On her departure, however, we find that at least in Katy's case these benefits are merely temporary. So pervasive is Katy's habit of concentrating on exteriors that ultimately she can only interiorize Helen's influence by suffering a similar paralyzing fall. Imaginative identification through reading fiction has proved inadequate to reform Katy; she must now "become" Helen physically, just as she gives up writing stories for living them by running the house.

Predictably, it is Helen who explains to Katy exactly why the invalidism of the moral child is typically the source of that child's moral influence, the quality that makes such children "the heart of the house":

> For you know we never do people good by lecturing; only by living their lives with them, and helping a little here and a little there to make them better. And when one's own life is laid aside for a while, as yours is now, that is the very time to take up other people's lives, as we can't do when we are scurrying and bustling over our own affairs. (126)

Here is Coolidge's indirect pronouncement on why fiction about perfect children may not succeed in creating such perfect children in real life. Religious writing is often too didactic and hectoring; romances focus too much on the heroine's life and exclude the affairs of the rest of the world. What Katy Did consciously seeks to avoid both flaws, on the one hand undermining the authority of undisguised moralizing, on the other periodically shifting focus from Katy to one or another of her siblings. The true secret of heroism, the center of the mid-Victorian image of the virtuous child, is selflessness.

Coolidge's point is wholly typical of her era. If Alcott's Jill is "a sort of missionary without knowing it," her moral stature is dependent on her modesty and unassumingness; if the heroine of Charles Kingsley's The Water Babies (1863) is destined for heaven, it is because she has learned "to go first where [she does] not like, and do what [she does] not like, and help somebody [she does] not like" (140). Suffering encourages sympathy with others and forgetfulness of self; in the words of George MacDonald, "Millions of human beings but for suffering would never develop an atom of affection" (48). And once sufferers are redeemed, their influence is powerful. As Marianne Farningham, the editor of the British Sunday School Times, commented in 1869, "A sick daughter is often as an angel in the house. Brothers and sisters feel how dear she is, and for her sake strive to be good" (qtd. in Gorham 49). Conversely, late Victorians were distressed at the self-consciousness and introspection preached in the major moralistic text of the early part of the century, Mary Martha Sherwood's 1818 novel The Fairchild Family: writing in Longman's Magazine in April 1893, L. B. Lang remarked in horror, "It is Self, Self, Self from morning till night, and the more [the children] talk about Self, the more delighted their parents are" (465).

Convinced at the end of the novel that her efforts to be good have been entirely unsuccessful, Katy is free of all such taint of self. And she is thoroughly a heroine. Deprived of her capacity for physical action, Katy has finally been forced to learn that a heroine should not do, but be; at last reading aright the image of the Victorian child, she has interiorized the values of that image. Thus when Helen returns for a visit at the story's end, she witnesses Katy's perfect conformity to the nineteenth-century domestic novel's archetype of virtue:

> To all the . . . children, Katy was evidently the centre and sun. They all revolved around her, and trusted her for everything. . . . She saw Katy meet them all pleasantly and sweetly, without a bit of the dictatorial elder-sister in her manner, and with none of her old impetuous tone. And, best of all, she saw the change in Katy's own face; the gentle expression of her eyes, the womanly look, the pleasant voice, the politeness, the tact in advising the others without seeming to advise. (183-84)

Finally Katy has achieved her early dream of being "beloved, and amiable as an angel"; she has done "something grand," although the ideal does not permit her awareness of her accomplishment.

But in the end, ironically, Coolidge's distrust of the child's ability to absorb the appropriate image of the child heroine through right reading was to be mirrored by other writers' distrust of Coolidge herself. E. Nesbit's The Wouldbegoods (1901) deconstructs Coolidge's image of the invalid in a way very similar to Coolidge's own strategy. When Dora cuts her foot, her sister Alice remarks that

> Dora's very jolly about it. Daisy's been telling her about how we should all go to her with our little joys and sorrows and things, and about the sweet influence from a sick bed that can be felt all over the house, like in What Katy Did, and Dora said she hoped she might prove a blessing to us all while she's laid up. (45)

But in the hands of Nesbit and Oswald, the narrator, this ideal is immediately disapproved: "Oswald said he hoped so, but he was not pleased. Because this sort of jaw was exactly the sort of thing he and Dicky didn't want to have happen" (45). By 1901, the good child was already coming to seem a bad idea.

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The Image of the Child in Picture Books: Adult/Child Perspectives

The earliest books which children encounter—from preschool through the early grades—are usually in the format of the picture book, where pictures and text are considered to be of equal importance. Because these works are first read to, rather than by, children, they need not be limited to a vocabulary restricted to a beginning reader's skill but rather to the child's listening comprehension. Thus, along with their visual depictions, picture books present a range of verbal experiences.

The interrelationship of the adults and children involved in the reading of picture books needs to be acknowledged. In a sense, the picture book functions as an audiovisual without mechanical intermediary: an adult reads the verbal text aloud, while the child listeners look at the pictures, which are integral to the work, unlike the supplementary illustrations in chapter books for older reading children. The picture book artist elaborates upon the writer's text rather than simply reflects it, thus creating imaginative visuals parallel to the words.

Picture books are not only presented but also created by adults. Though the books may be inspired by memories of childhood, they are filtered through their adult creators' socialized sensibilities. As Sheila Egoff has stated, the picture book, "the genre which seems to be the simplest actually is the most complex, deploying two art forms, the pictorial and literary, to engage the interest of two audiences (child and adult)" (248). Thus, the image of the child presented by picture books, verbal and visual, is styled by adults.

A comparative study of picture books which have been selected as outstanding by adults and those favored by children reveals distinctions in images of the child. Two groups of works dating from 1977-1991, the past fifteen years, were used for the study: (1) the picture books which have received the American Library Association's Randolph Caldecott Medal (adult judgment) and (2) those which have been voted the Georgia Children's Picture Storybook Award (children's choice).

In the case of the Caldecott, the criteria for the award apply to the artwork rather than to the text. The criteria have tended to be interpreted by the librarian members of the Medal award committees in favor of serious themes, as a study by Joan Nist will show. Recently, critics, including Cynthia Rylant, Caldecott and Newbery Honor author (387), and Anita Silvey, editor of The Horn Book (405), have attacked this narrow application. The ALA award committees have been urged to consider text as well as artwork and to encourage consideration of the interrelationship between words and pictures ("Terms," 1).

In deciding on the Georgia Children's Picture Storybook Awards, children read from a list of titles selected by a statewide group of teachers and media specialists. Such listings ensure adult quality-control, yet enable the children themselves to make final choices. During the first fifteen years of the Georgia award (1977-1991), over one and a half million children have participated (1,594,574 as of 1990).

The Georgia awardees show that books which children choose as favorites are more likely to focus on the child as central figure and to portray the child as active rather than passive than are the Caldecott Medalists. The two honored books for the first year under consideration, 1977, provide an example. Though Ashanti to Zulu: African Traditions (by Margaret Musgrove, pictures by Leo and Diane Dillon) includes some illustrations with children and some text pertaining to their activities, the work is a sophisticated "alphabet book" best suited for brief (pages have less than a hundred words) reference information on the twenty-six African tribes introduced.

In contrast, Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day (by Judith Viorst, illustrated by Ray Cruz) is a much-reprinted (and translated) classic of ordinary experience. The theme of the hyperbolic title is shown in child terms: "There were lima beans for dinner and I hate limas./ There was kissing on TV and I hate kissing." The book succeeds in fulfilling Egoff's dictum of engaging the interest of a dual child-adult audience, concluding: "My mom says some days are like that./ Even in Australia."

Of the Caldecott Medalists during the past fifteen years, only three have children as the central protagonists: Chris Van Allsburg's Jumanji and The Polar Express and Ed Young's Lon Po Po: A Red Riding Hood Story from China. Jumanji is the jungle game which Judy and Peter play; the text telling of fantasy adventures is accompanied by pictures from varied perspectives. Van Allsburg includes adults briefly, at beginning and end, and visually emphasizes their minor role by showing them only once, from neck down—at Judy's eye-level.

The Polar Express likewise focuses on the child, who is not named, allowing for reader identification with him. The adults shown are attendant upon him and other children: the conductor and waiters on the train, Santa himself. Van Allsburg's text is in the first person, a stylistic device which provides immediacy and one which is not predominant in picture books.

Lon Po Po is a more satisfying variant of "Little Red Riding Hood" than the better-known Grimm tale, for the motivation of the girls in admitting the wolf to their house is better: love for their grandmother, who the wolf claims to be. The Chinese conclusion shows initiative on the part of the sisters in tricking the wolf and literally executing his downfall. The action and conclusion are psychologically more satisfactory than either the savagery of the wolf devouring helpless grandmother and disobedient girl or, in gentler versions, the deus ex machina appearance of a rescuing huntsman.

In two other Caldecott books, both realistic, children are major figures, but they function as participants in family relationships wherein the adult is the active protagonist. In Owl Moon (by Jane Yolen, illustrated by John Schoenherr), the child is subservient to "Pa" from the start, shown in the text, where Pa has "pulled down" the youngster's cap to cover the ears, and reflected in the snowlit pictures which show the father in the lead and at the end carrying the youngster. Both author and artist avoid identifying the child's sex.

The Song and Dance Man (by Karen Ackerman, illusustrated by Stephen Gammell) performs for his appreciative grandchildren. He is the actor in the spotlight; the children are his audience. His is the last nostalgic look back up the attic stairs to the store-chest of memories.

A Georgia award book also portrays a happy grandfather and grandchildren, but the family of adults and children acts only as a frame for a culinary tall tale spoofing weather forecasts: Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs (by Judi Barrett, drawn by Ron Barrett). Another food-focused book favored by Georgia children gives them an image to their taste: The Sweet Touch (by Lorna Balian). Mingling Midas myth with Sorcerer's Apprentice mishaps, the tale shows how the child hero, candy-loving Peggy, and the young genie she dreams up learn that too much sweet can turn into trouble. The only "adult" to appear with the two is the genie's mother, who un-taffy-tangles them.

Another Georgia-winning fantasy with a child indulging his desire is No Jumping on the Bed! (by Tedd Arnold). The boy dreams that he disobeys parental dictum and jumps, only to have his bed crash through apartment after apartment, to the consternation of many adults and a couple of children.

Two of the Georgia winners are set in the most important away-from-home locale for children: school. Harry Allard and James Marshall show that when the image of children is BAD, Miss Nelson [their long-suffering teacher] Is Missing! Only the strictures of witchy Miss Viola Swamp cure their misbehavior and improve their image. By contrast, a single bad student can cause Herbie's Troubles (by Carol Chapman, illustrated by Kelly Oechsli). Herbie is the image of the first-grader who likes school; Jimmy John is the image of the class bully who causes troubles. Three classmates briefly appear, supporting Herbie, but no adults figure in either text or pictures.

A third book with a school setting is an example of children's enjoyment of images of themselves as animals. Mollie, Gary, Lisa, and Jason each wonder whether My Teacher Sleeps in School (by Leatie Weiss, illustrated by Ellen Weiss). The text is realistic; the illustrations depict real situations; but the children and the teacher, Mrs. Marsh, are drawn as elephants.

Another Georgia award picture book shows the identification of themselves with animals which children make: If You Give a Mouse a Cookie (by Laura Joffe

Numeroff, illustrated by Felicia Bond). The mouse goes from one activity to another: asking for milk, straw, napkin; drawing a picture; signing his name—an image of just what the boy of the pictures might do.

Children's interest in images of themselves may have influenced their selection of three Georgia books with animal heroes. Max, the Bad-Talking Parrot (by Patricia Brennan Demuth, illustrated by Bo Zaunders) exhibits the kind of naughty wordplay which children find fun. On the other hand, in Pinkerton, Beware! (by Steven Kellogg), children can identify with the canine hero who is confused by adult verbal commands. And Big Bad Bruce (by Bill Peet), scaled down in size smaller than a teddy bear, remains mischievous, as do many children.

To summarize, the children who make the final judgment for the Georgia Children's Picture Storybook Award appear to seek heroes who are images of themselves or, in the case of animals, who have childlike characteristics. The children tend to choose stories with child heroes who act in familiar childhood settings: bedroom, kitchen, school. (The 1991 award book, about seven civilized dinosaurs, for example, takes place in spaceship school, costume parade, and museum bedtime.) Seven of the Georgia books focus on children and their actions; one features a family as framework; and three have animal heroes with whose adventures children can identify.

On the other hand, the majority of the works receiving the Randolph Caldecott Medal, books which are selected by adults for their high quality of art, do not have children as major characters and sometimes are set in foreign locales or past times; for instance, Ashanti to Zulu, Noah's Ark, Shadow, Saint George and the Dragon. In two Caldecott instances, young people are shown with dominant older family members. In only three books are the children themselves the protagonists and their actions the source for narration.

This examination of a fifteen-year period of two honored groups of picture books, one chosen by schoolchildren and the other selected by adult librarians, shows that they differ substantially in the presentation of the image of the child. The advantage for young readers is that they can draw from both, for enjoyment and enrichment.

Caldecott Medal Winners, 1977-1991

Author/Illustrator	Title	Year Published	Year of Award	Genre	Grade Range	Humor
Margaret Musgrove/ Leo and Diane Dillon	*Ashanti To Zulu*	1976	1977	informational	2-5	no
Peter Spier/(Jacobus Revius)	*Noah's Ark*	1977	1978	Biblical	K-2	slight
Paul Goble	*The Girl Who Loved Wild Horses*	1978	1979	fantasy	1-3	no
Donald Hall/Barbara Cooney	*Ox-Cart Man*	1979	1980	realistic	N-2	no
Arnold Lobel	*Fables*	1980	1981	fantasy	2-4	yes
Chris Van Allsburg	*Jumanji*	1981	1982	fantasy	1-3	slight
Blaise Cendrars/Marcia Brown (tr)	*Shadow*	1982	1983	fantasy	1-3	no
Alice and Martin Provensen	*The Glorious Flight*	1983	1984	informational/ biography	K-2	slight
Margaret Hodges (Spenser)/Trina Schart Hyman	*Saint George And The Dragon*	1984	1985	fantasy	2-5	no
Chris Van Allsburg	*The Polar Express*	1985	1986	fantasy	K-3	no
Arthur Yorinks/Richard Egielski	*Hey, Al*	1986	1987	fantasy	1-3	no
Jane Yolen/John Schoenherr	*Owl Moon*	1987	1988	realistic	K-2	no
Karen Ackerman/Stephen Gammell	*Song And Dance Man*	1988	1989	realistic	1-3	slight
Ed Young	*Lon Po Po*	1989	1990	fantasy	K-3	no
David Macaulay	*Black And White*	1990	1991	realistic/fantasy	3-6	no

Georgia Children's Picture Storybook Award, 1977-1991

Author/Illustrator	Title	Year Published	Year of Award	Genre	Grade Range	Humor
Judith Viorst/Ray Cruz	*Alexander And The Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day*	1972	1977	realistic	K-3	yes
Lorna Balian	*The Sweet Touch*	1976	1978	fantasy	P-2	yes
Bill Peet	*Big Bad Bruce*	1977	1979	fantasy	K-3	yes
Harry Allard/James Marshall	*Miss Nelson Is Missing*	1977	1980	realistic	1-3	yes
Joanna Galdone/Paul Galdone	*The Tailypo: A Ghost Story*	1977	1981	fantasy (folklore)	1-3	yes
Steven Kellogg	*Pinkerton, Behave!*	1979	1982	realistic	K-2	yes
Carol Chapman/Kelly Oechsli	*Herbie's Troubles*	1981	1983	realistic	K-2	yes
Judi Barrett/Ron Barrett	*Cloudy With A Chance Of Meatballs*	1978	1984	fantasy	1-3	yes
William Steig	*Doctor De Soto*	1982	1985	fantasy	1-3	yes
Marianna Mayer/Michael Hague	*The Unicorn And The Lake*	1982	1986	fantasy	1-3	no
Leatie Weiss/Ellen Weiss	*My Teacher Sleeps In School*	1984	1987	realistic/fantasy	K-2	yes
Laura Joffe Numeroff/Felicia Bond	*If You Give A Mouse A Cookie*	1985	1988	fantasy	K-2	yes
Patricia Brennan Demuth/Bo Zaunders	*Max, The Bad-Talking Parrot*	1986	1989	realistic/fantasy	K-3	yes
Tedd Arnold	*No Jumping On The Bed!*	1987	1990	fantasy	K-2	yes
Hudson Talbott	*We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story*	1987	1991	fantasy	1-3	no

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Reflected Images: The Child in Modern Children's Literature

Literature plays an important part in contemporary society, for it both reflects and reinforces society's ideology (Williams 123; Eagleton 167). For the powerless subculture of childhood this notion is even more clearly seen because in children's literature children do not have a voice. The child has relatively little say in any aspect of a book's production. Adults play the major role in every aspect of "children's" literature. Adult book reviewers recommend books to other adults. Adult librarians, teachers, and parents purchase books for children. Adult publishers and editors produce books for children. Even writers of this fiction no longer belong to this subculture. Children have virtually no voice in the literature for and about children. Yet the children's book industry continues to grow, and more books for children are being published every year (Grannis 39; Richardson S18). Since the invention of childhood (Ariès 33), books have been published for children, and children have read and often enjoyed them.

I wanted to explore what adult ideologies of the child in our culture are presenting to contemporary children. I selected books that the children themselves said they enjoyed since I surmised that the image of the child as presented in these books would be felt by the children to be closer to themselves, or how they wished to be. For this reason I selected books from the "Young Reader's Choice Award" winners. This award, given annually by the Children's and Young Adult Services Division of the Pacific Northwest Library Association, was begun in 1940 and so provided a larger sample than most awards of its type. However, even in a reader's award, adults first select the list from which the children then choose. Ten to fifteen titles from the previous three years are selected by librarians and then presented to children in grades four through eight who vote for their favorite book. The children are from Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia.

I analyzed fifteen books published over a fifty-year period to examine more closely the image of the child as presented in these books. I chose three titles from each decade to represent my sample.[1] Whenever possible I chose books that had been the top favorites of the children, which I determined by comparing this list to twenty-eight other children's choice awards. My experience as a children's librarian confirmed the list for me.

What I would like to present is a brief look at some of the historical as well as the contemporary notions of the image of the child in American children's literature. My own findings will then either confirm or negate some of these notions and attempt to integrate the complexity of today's image of the child by including the introduction of the affective domain, or the sphere based on emotion, and the rise of the rebellious (antithetical) child.

Children's literature, historically, has had a consciously didactic purpose. Reality in children's literature is refracted through adult attitudes toward children and society (MacLeod, Tale 116; Kelly xiii; MacLeod, "End" 100). Children reading these stories learn what adults regard as important (McClelland 135). The literature of any given period can be as revealing as a historical portrait since literature provides a coherent organization of thought and feeling in a form that may continue to shape our experience of past and present (Marx 80). Children's literature, then, is a primary source for obtaining a cultural portrait of the child, or more precisely, adult images of childhood, for children. One should then be able to gather from children's literature what adults regard as important for children at any given time.

MacLeod, in her book A Moral Tale (1975), examines children's literature of the 1820-1860s. She attributes the great increase in the production of children's literature in the United States during this period to American preoccupation with the future of the republic and with the children who would shape it. Christian morality suffused nearly all popular works of literature of the period and shaped any social or political issue found within their covers. The purpose of the novels was moral edification, and moral content was regarded as more important than intellectual content or enjoyment. Children were viewed as containing elements of both good and evil, but the direction of their lives depended heavily upon the training they received while growing up. The children were seen to be actively engaged, with the help of their parents, in the examination of the moral values and the development of strength of character (MacLeod, Tale 146).

There was also an element of doom included, for the tales presented some anxiety for the future of the republic contrasted to an admiration of the past. The idealizations in children's fiction often appeared to run counter to the direction of change in Jacksonian society. MacLeod argues that the authors were reacting against some alarming tendencies of their era by idealizing virtues that would counterbalance the dangers they saw (MacLeod, "Children's" 21). These mirror images present to the child reader the ideal of a reality, as opposed to their experience. This juxtaposition places two ideologies, such as the child needing to be saved and the child as savior (the future), at precisely the point when society is undergoing change. Literature, then, not only reflects the culture of its origin, but shapes it as well.

A look into the twentieth century presents a different image of the child. Children's realistic fiction portrayed a consistency of attitudes until the late sixties. The child was presented in a family that was solid, stable, and secure.

The family was organized in a hierarchical order, and the parents were managers who solved problems and taught children. The child's part was to be affectionate, responsible and good, loving towards family/home, school/teachers. Conveying this image of the family was more important than telling a sustained story. The child was often depicted as going out into the community and then returning home to ponder the lessons learned. The most important notion was that there was "nothing to be scared of" in the world, in the future, or about human character (MacLeod, "End" 104). This image is not unlike that of the previous century; however, the tales are not so obviously didactic. Children's novels were now being read for enjoyment, not moral instruction.

Junior novels, or those written expressly for adolescents, began appearing in the 1940s. However, beginning in the seventies, the young adult novel, with its characteristic negativity, became the realistic fiction of the period. Emotional trauma reflecting the sturm und drang of the adolescent period was the basis for this fiction. Books were now written in first-person narrative, and conformity was no longer celebrated. Instead one finds children encountering the worst that adult society can offer in terms of difficulties, hostilities, and uncertainties. Society is depicted as a dangerous place with few shelters for the innocent. For the first time the children express a hostility towards their parents and their parents' inadequacies. The children appear then as more sensitive and natural, indeed better human beings than adults (MacLeod, "End" 107; Burton 317).

The adaptation of the adult novel techniques into that of children's fiction might account for the change. Perhaps this new realism is brought on by a lessening of the separation between adult and child. Currently American society is willing to be more permissive in the media, print and non-print alike, and has adopted a changing view of the nature of adolescents and their induction into adulthood (Postman 99). Children as recipients of knowledge are increasingly treated like adults, while adults with their uncertainties, unwillingness to carry burdens, and preoccupations with their own satisfactions, function more like children or adolescents. Perhaps the adult authors are angry at failures in society and portray this in their fictional characters. MacLeod argues that the literature is now fundamentally anti-child because of the eagerness of the authors to acquaint children with all the terrors of the modern world ("End" 115). The literature also conveys adults'hostility towards children, and in effect towards childhood, because of the increasing unwillingness of adults to accept the burden that childhood imposes upon them. MacLeod also claims that contemporary American culture is ambivalent about children--unsure whether they are dependents, companions, or adversaries--and this attitude is revealed through the literature perhaps better than anywhere else (MacLeod, "End" 116).

My own analysis also displays a change in the image of the child, though not in such a noticeable fashion. My sample of younger children's fiction did not reveal the drastic differences the young adult fiction demonstrated, but changes were present and in the areas similar to that of the older children's fiction as presented in MacLeod's work. These changes were more easily seen when comparing books by the same author. In my sample two authors wrote more than one book. Comparing the books to each other, one readily notices a change in familial roles, a rise in rebelliousness of the child, and in children's dissatisfaction with adults. Beverly Cleary wrote Henry and Ribsy (1954), The Mouse and the Motorcycle (1965), and Ramona the Pest (1968). In the first book a traditional family is depicted. Henry is shown as loving and obedient and his parents as loving and wise. His mother does cause him anguish at one point when she attempts to give him a crew cut which turns out rather badly, but somewhat rectifies the situation when she convinces other mothers in the neighborhood to be thrifty and do likewise. The story centers on Henry and his dog, Ribsy, who seems to be constantly getting into trouble. Ribsy's troublesome nature is revealed by his stealing a policeman's lunch, guarding the trash so closely so that the trashman will not take it, chasing Ramona who has stolen his bone, and upsetting the boat so that the fish is lost. However, he is also seen as pointing out the largest trout trapped in a small stream that Henry is able to catch with his hands. It is Ribsy, the dog, and to a lesser extent Ramona, the toddler, who are seen as rebellious and needing to be controlled.

In The Mouse and the Motorcycle, the human child and the mouse are approximately equal in age. Although Keith does disobey his parents by associating with a mouse, Ralph, it is Ralph who is rebellious and a risk taker. Ralph's father died from taking risks; consequently, his mother constantly asks Ralph to behave himself. Ralph, however, usually does not listen to his mother and has many adventures on Keith's toy motorcycle. He is nearly caught several times but always manages to escape, often with help; and usually something beneficial comes out of it. Ralph is also depicted as a savior when he finds an aspirin for Keith who has a fever. Ralph is progressively more rebellious than Ribsy, but both are antithetical characters who are also depicted as saviors.

The third book, Ramona the Pest, tells both a similar and a dissimilar story. Animals have a very small part in this book; Ribsy and a cat are only mentioned. Now it is five-year-old Ramona who exemplifies this antithethical nature. Ramona constantly tries to get her own way. She frequently says no and is often allowed to do as she pleases. For instance, her parents do not force her to go to school when she refuses to go. In this Beverly Cleary book one begins to see a breakdown of traditional parental authority. Also notable are the highly descriptive passages of Ramona's feelings and details providing insights into why she acts as she does. Although it is not written in a first-person narration, this book could easily have been. A few years later Cleary will write Dear Mr. Henshaw, a first-person narrative revealed through a child's letters and journal. This prominence given to the child's thinking and emotional state accounts for the most significant change found in contemporary children's literature. The child is now psychologically developed in the literature.

Two books by Judy Blume also demonstrate this affective mode and an increasing rebelliousness on the part of the children, particularly the younger child. Both books, Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing (1972) and Superfudge (1980), describe the Hatcher family of Dad, Mom, Peter, Fudge and in the later book, Tootsie as well. These books are written in first person from Peter's point of view first at age nine and later at age twelve. The books describe the ways Fudge gets into problem situations and how they affect Peter. Fudge is something of a genius and usually takes control, and Peter, often at the request of his parents, is the one who has to straighten out the situation. As readers we learn how Peter frequently feels his parents are inadequate. He correctly predicts the outcomes of his parents' dealings with Fudge, which his parents, especially his mother, cannot.

The later book brings out all these elements even more strongly than the first. Fudge is now five and in kindergarten where his actions clearly show him in control. He is transferred to another room when he engages in conflict with his teacher on his first day of school. There is also less separation between adults and children. Adults play along with the children's games, such as pretending to believe in trick-or-treat worm cookies. Adults are seen still discovering who they are. Mr. Hatcher quits his advertising job to attempt to write a book, and moves the family down to Princeton where Mrs. Hatcher is forced to return to work. Things do not work out, and the family returns to New York and their old way of life. Superfudge clearly depicts the antithetical child (Fudge) and the affective mode (Peter), two elements which come to prominence in the children's literature of the 1980s.

A change in traditional family hierarchy was one of the elements found in young adult novels of today (MacLeod, "End" 107). For most of the novels in my sample this type of change was not the case. An exception is Thirteen Ways To Sink A Sub (1982), the most recent book in my selection. Here the parents do not play any role in the story, and the main adult in the book, a substitute teacher, realizing she does not have control of the classroom, undertakes to beat the children at their own game. In this book, children rebel against adult authorities and attempt to make their substitute teacher cry. In other recent fiction, a change occurs in the stereotypic roles for fathers and mothers. The father in Bunnicula (1979) is seen helping to make supper and assisting in chores, and the mother is a lawyer. Mr. Hatcher, unable to cook in Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing (1972), is studying cookbooks and making supper eight years later in Superfudge. Also in Superfudge, Mr. Hatcher quitting his job forces Mrs. Hatcher to return to work. These family images contrast sharply with Mr. Popper's Penguins (1938) in which Mrs. Popper and the children hardly say anything, and Mr. Popper, who has absolute authority, is never criticized even though some of his ideas are ridiculous.

The children in my sample are extremely capable and often adultlike. Alexander in The Black Stallion (1941) is the lone survivor of a shipwreck. He tames a wild stallion, manages to save the two of them, and ends up outracing the fastest horses in America. This book, although it acknowledges that Alexander is not like his schoolmates, clearly idealizes the child who is presented as all knowing, disciplined and hard working, true to himself, capable of great love, highly respected, and victorious. Adults are continuously depicted as marveling at this child. Many of the children in the books examined have this genius quality. Henry, in Henry Reed's Baby-sitting Service (1966), can speak several languages, manage any crisis, and is considered something of a genius by those who know him. Fudge, in Superfudge (1980), is considered a genius as well, and at the age of four is often in control of the situation. Even when presented in a family setting, the child is still amazingly capable, though "only" a child, as depicted in By the Shores of Silver Lake (1939) and Old Yeller (1956).

Animals can also share in this quality of genius. In Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH (1976), the rats are characterized as young-looking rats who have gained longevity and superior intelligence through intervention by scientists at the National Institute of Mental Health. At the request of Mrs. Frisby, the widow of one of the mice who also managed to escape from NIMH, the rats rescue Timothy, Mrs. Frisby's ailing genius, from a certain death by medical and engineering skills. They also devise a community where they will not be dependent on others. Here the world is shown as a threatening place. Larger society is depicted as trying to imprison or destroy the rats. As a result, the rats feel forced, physically and morally, to fashion a new culture away from human contact. Chester, a cat in Bunnicula (1979), attempts to save the family by trying to kill the vampire bunny which has come into the household. Despite the fact that his schemes fail, Chester is depicted as being competent as evidenced by his ability to read (Postman 18).

There is the high prevalence of animals in the stories studied. In all stories but one, animals are present as pets, or in an even greater capacity. In three of the novels (The Incredible Journey, Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH, and Bunnicula) the animals are the major characters, and the humans (adults?) have very minor parts. In six of the tales the animals share an equal part with the humans.[2] Almost two-thirds of the sample then has animals sharing with children an equal, if not greater, role. Animals because of their powerlessness and basic innocence are an alternative image of the child. Animals can be used in fiction to introduce new ideological concepts about the role of the child in a less threatening manner. The child in these tales appears in a traditional and easily believable form, while the animals are presented as morally courageous and highly intelligent beings who are true to themselves (Old Yeller, The Incredible Journey, The Mouse and the Motorcycle, Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH, and Bunnicula). In all these the animals appear to be almost human. This anthropomorphic quality is clearly demonstrated in Bunnicula, written in first-person narration by Harold (even his name sounds human), the dog. Harold, as the "writer" of this tale, describes the adventures of Chester, the cat, who attempts to solve the mystery of whether the new bunny in the family is, or is not, a vampire bunny. The two animals play Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson roles. Although the family does not understand Chester's antics and ends up sending him to a cat therapist twice weekly, the book is clearly sympathetic to Chester. Chester, although powerless, is nevertheless presented as the superior being in this tale. Since the book is written in the first-person, the reader is able to empathize with the powerless being and his "correct" motives, not unlike the situation of the children.

One of the most noticeable changes in the fiction for children today is the change in narrative. Much of the children's fiction written in the last fifteen years is a first-person narration. In my sample, the last four books (Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing, Bunnicula, Superfudge, and Thirteen Ways To Sink A Sub) are first-person narratives; only one prior book in my analysis, Old Yeller (1956), has a first-person narrative. The contrast in point of view is even more strongly seen in By the Shores of Silver Lake (1939), an ostensibly autobiographical novel, yet told in the third-person.

From the seventies onward the novels possess an increasing psychological cast. Even when the fiction is in third-person narration, the authors continually tell us how the character feels and why the character acts as he does. The feelings of the child (or in one case a dog's) become paramount. This point of view transforms in children's literature, not only the notion of childhood, but also adulthood, since all actions are now viewed through the feelings of a child. The child now expresses a dissatisfaction with his/her adult caretakers which was not present in the earlier fiction.

Through the voice of the child the world takes on new meaning in the literature. Every action is filtered through the affected mode. It is the emphasis on the affective domain which I see as responsible for the changing images of children and adults in contemporary fiction for children. Outside children's novels, psychological theories have become a common means for modern men and women to shape their understanding of society. The didactic literature of the nineteenth century attempted to guide children to the correct forms of thinking and feeling. The literature of the twentieth century, especially since the seventies, seems to have swung to the other side of incorporating many of the "negative" aspects in an emotional disclosure; parents lack understanding; the world is a frightening place; only uncertainty exists; misunderstandings are numerous.

Yet the voice of the adult speaks for the child in these novels. These child/animal characters in the story appear to be equal to the children reading the story, but are in reality adult voices portraying themselves as a child's voice. It is as if these contemporary adult voices are telling the child to rebel, even if the rebellion is minor, or if these adult writers are effectively breaking free and reparenting the child within them. In my sample, the books from 1965 onward all contained elements of rebellion in them. The antithetical child is what society appears to value in postmodern America. This child is also inventive, intelligent, responsible, verbal, individualistic, morally strong, and more powerful than ever before.

American society has created a change in the image of the child as presented through literature for the child. Although my sample of books for younger readers contained continuity as well as discontinuity, others have noted an even stronger break in the young adult novel (MacLeod, "End" 101; Burton 318). Since the child has almost no position except that of receiver in children's literature, all changes in fiction must come from outside the child's own culture. The literature suggests that children, as well as adults, share the ideology of contemporary childhood.

Notes

In the following list I will first note the year the book won the award, and then follow it by the bibliographic information.

[1] 1941 Florence and Richard Atwater, Mr. Popper's Penguins (Boston: Little, Brown, 1938).

1942 Laura Ingalls Wilder, By the Shores of Silver Lake (New York: Harper and Row, 1939).

1944 Walter Farley, The Black Stallion (New York: Random House, 1941).

1951 Marguerite Henry, King of the Wind (Chicago: Rand McNally, 1948).

1958 Beverly Cleary, Henry and Ribsy (New York: Morrow, 1954).

1959 Fred Gipson, Old Yeller (New York: Harper and Row, 1956).

1964 Sheila Burnford, The Incredible Journey (Boston: Little, Brown, 1960).

1968 Beverly Cleary, The Mouse and the Motorcycle (New York: Morrow, 1965).

1969 Keith Robertson, Henry Reed's Baby-sitting Service (New York: Viking, 1966).

1971 Beverly Cleary, Ramona the Pest (New York: Morrow, 1968).

1974 Robert O'Brien, Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH (New York: Atheneum, 1971).

1975 Judy Blume, Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing (New York: Dutton, 1972).

1982 Deborah and James Howe, Bunnicula: A Rabbit Tale of Mystery (New York: Atheneum, 1972).

1983 Judy Blume, Superfudge (New York: Dutton, 1988).

1985 Jamie Gilson, Thirteen Ways To Sink A Sub (New York: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, 1982).

[2] Mr. Popper's Penguins, The Black Stallion, King of the Wind, Henry and Ribsy, Old Yeller, and The Mouse and the Motorcycle. In title only, eight of fifteen novels indicate that an animal played a significant part in the story.

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The Baroque Child

Childhood, Entertainment and Representation

What magic is it that has one of the ogre’s daughters drawn by Gustave Doré to illustrate the Perrault tale, "Tom Thumbe," lie in her bed with the air of a Baroque angel sleeping amidst a billowing mass of clouds? And why do the dead children arranged on a silver platter in the home of the other ogre, the one in "Puss and Boots," in the same 1862 edition, assume the languishing pose of the putti of Baroque art? Again, why nearer to our own time, in 1986, does the French illustrator Kelek[1] represent Donkey-Skin, another famous Charles Perrault heroine, and give the young girl the clothing and pose of the Infanta Margaret of Austria, who was depicted by Velázquez on several occasions bedecked in laces and brocade and a splendid robe, and more particularly in the famous 1656 painting "Las Meninas"? Velázquez, one of the leading Baroque painters of his time, very significantly also presides over the treatment of childhood given in the historical novel by the American novelist Elizabeth Borton de Trevino, I Juan de Pareja (1965), which has been highly successful in the recent French translation.

These regular incursions of Baroque art into iconography and into novels intended for young readers appear to correspond with an abiding interest, which cannot fail to arouse the curiosity of the contemporary observer: is there some special link between childhood and Baroque art, which precedes classical art as youth precedes maturity? Without attempting to demonstrate phony parallels, I should note that in the case of the Perrault stories, the process of revival is the source of the stories themselves, which are, as the title of the 1697 collection indicates, Stories of Times Past (Histoires du Temps Passé): it originates in the reminiscences of the old storyteller, the "granny" from whom Pierre Darmancour, the Academician’s son, gathered the Mother Goose tales. Though timeless, these tales were recorded no earlier than 1630 to 1650, i.e., the period of the childhood of Charles Perrault himself and the apogee of Baroque art, characterized by courtly feasts, which were later superseded by the rigor of the classical style.

Considering the Baroque of the stories as an effect of the nostalgia of the storytellers gives a psychological foundation to the rule formulated by Philippe Ariès, that the cultural objects reach children with some delay; one can understand how the writers, aging Baroque people, tried to transmit these delights for the pleasure of their grandchildren and of the artists who were to illustrate them. Thus the thesis which I intend to demonstrate can be stated in the form of this question: is the Baroque child not part of an art permanently linked to resurgences of "popular" theatricality which imposes itself as the expression of an imagination repressed by the dominant culture?

The Uneven Pearls of the Kingdom of Reason

What does the term "Baroque art" really mean? As attractive as it is ambiguous, this term has given rise to many different exegeses, so well summarized by Marc Fumaroli in his preface to the re-edition of Victor L. Tapié's book, Baroque et Classicisme, that there is no need to go into these details here. I would simply point out that two categories of impassioned critics clash there: one group, strict historians, stress an aesthetic current, limited in time, which involved the plastic arts and flourished from 1580 to 1650 in Italy and in France, and then spread slowly into Central Europe and Russia or South America until the eighteenth century. The other school, including Eugenio d'Ors, in a study which produced a sensation in 1935, and Jean Rousset, does not hesitate to extend the concept to literature and culture in general and considers Baroque art as the expression of an archetypal structural attitude. In their opinion, this style points to a permanent bent in human beings, referring us by antithesis to a Dionysian tendency which prevents or delays the coming and return of Apollo's order.

In this first perspective, Baroque art is closely connected to the religious trend of the Counter Reformation and the growth of the cult of the Virgin and the child Jesus. Thus the "miraculous effigies" of the child, commonly shown on altarpieces and church paintings and in catechetical iconography (Loskoutoff 7), were intended to persuade young people to identify themselves with them since, in the spirit of the fathers of the Roman Church, these young people were threatened by the rise of Protestantism. But this art was also an art of the court, highlighting an aesthetic of light and ecstasy. It is based on an interplay of metamorphosis and illusion, on the preciousness of the concetti and the irregularity of the forms, on the outpouring of passions and of the volute, characteristics which were soon pruned by the emergence of classical art.

The most obvious trace of its force at work in the imagination of the tales are the pearls which emerge from the mouth of the younger daughter whenever she speaks in the famous story, "The Fairies," published by Charles Perrault in 1695: these pearls are an emblem of the metamorphoses of which wonderland is the main theater. Since the etymology of the word "baroque," from the Portuguese "baroco," means an irregular pearl, then it is indeed the irregularity of imagination and youth which they implicitly highlight in the order of reason. Its fairyland, common in the court ballets or feasts organized at Vaux le Vicomte by Fouquet in 1661 or by the king or in the Versailles Labyrinth entirely dedicated to children, appears to show the permanence of the great spectacles of yesteryear which

Ménestrier brought back into the foreground in his book, written in 1682, Des ballets anciens et modernes (Rousset 15).

The most celebrated of these ballets were about Circe: one of them, "Circe Driven from Her Estates," produced one year before Perrault's birth, is one of these "court entertainments" in which, to the sound of "extravagant music," the magician's followers "cast spells with their wands," as Ménestrier describes (Rousset 15). This ballet is equalled by the feast given on the occasion of the reception of Queen Christine of Sweden, which was related in an official account, published in 1656, the same year as "Las Meninas": on this occasion, the Baroque "fairies" appear, ancestors of Cinderella's "fairy godmother," who turns pumpkins into chariots and lizards into coachmen and gives the girl a magnificently pleated dress.

The same setting and devices appear in Madame d'Aulnoy's work, "The White Cat," 1698, translated and reprinted by Andrew Lang in The Blue Fairy Book (1889), in which the "old fairy" is distinguished by the brutality of the metamorphoses which she brings about (the cat's neck has to be cut for it to turn into a princess). This phantasmagoria, replete with surprising exoticism (parrots, monkeys) culminates, in this case, with a final appearance of the Princess coming out of her "chair carried by four of the guards. It was hewn out of one splendid crystal" (Lang 177). This scene directly echoes Circe's ballet where, as Jean Rousset recalls, quoting Ménestrier: "a cloud [came] down from the sky, screening the mount, and the spell was broken and the twelve boulders were changed into twelve horsemen" (Rousset 15), or the image of Circe "as a prisoner" of the mountain or ordering it to open (16). The final twist of "The White Cat" reveals that "at a touch from the Princess the crystal shivered into a thousand splinters and there she stood in all her beauty" (Lang 178).

Obviously the Baroque fairies bent over the literary cradle of the great storytellers and inspired them in the 1790s.

Mother Goose's Preciousness

This is why the Baroque images of childhood and adolescence are not absent from the setting of the Perrault tales which is itself Baroque: Cinderella, when she "showed her step sisters a thousand civilities" and gave them "part of the oranges and citrons which the Prince had presented her with" (Lang 67), was Baroque. Sleeping Beauty is Baroque in her preciousness, her bed with gold and silver embroidery: "One would have taken her for an angel, she was so very beautiful; for her swooning had not diminished one bit of her complexion: her cheeks were carnation, and her lips were coral" (Lang 56). The sentiments of Prince Charming were Baroque, for when he discovered his Sleeping Beauty, he made no mistake and in her "bright and, in a manner, resplendent beauty," he found "something divine" (Lang 60).

Tom Thumb's parents are Baroque in their generosity and heedlessness which suggest the people's habits of the period described by V. L. Tapié (75), for they celebrate as long as their money lasts. The Dragoons in "Blue Beard" are also Baroque: these violent swashbucklers, ready to cleave the traitor, like their ancestors made sadly infamous by the etchings which Jacques Callot, the Baroque engraver, made of their "dragonnades." Similarly, the series of mirrors, "looking glasses in which you might see yourself from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent that ever were seen" (Lang 291), testifies to the prestige of an aesthetics of the double and reflection; it expresses an interest in the "border" which connects the Baroque insistence on the "framing," noted by V. L. Tapié in the Lebrun paintings at Versailles (265). Reflection here matches magical transformation, but is grimly associated with death whose menace also shines through the images of the toads and vipers of the elder sister in "The Fairies." And what can one say of the ultimate transformation, that of fine talk which "produces lovableness and beauty"? It carries the seal of preciousness and of violent passions which would not have been rejected by the author of L'Astrée for, as the storyteller stresses in his tale "Ricky of the Tuft": "Some claim that it was not the fairy's power that wrought the change, but that Love alone brought about the Metamorphosis" (Lang 150).

Is the inaugural Baroque of the Mother Goose tales a childish and facetious doublet of Baroque preciousness? Beyond doubt it always affirms a taste for magic and trompe-l'oeil, the passion for the arabesque scene in the decorations and clothing, sumptuous retinues and the gold of the processions. It highlights the return to a popular spirit, combining the feeling of childhood with that of the "people-child." It is not surprising that these tales which had been added, as Marc Soriano has shown, to the capital of "erudite culture" (Soriano 490), should in some way have become the active foci of Baroque art: they are marked by a freedom of manners, by the turbulence of energy which suggests both childish vivacity, the "paidia" described by R. Caillois, which here triumphantly takes the magical form of the seven-league boots to allow the child hero to take enormous strides, and by the turbulence of an aristocracy and a bourgeoisie which had not yet been brought under control nor yet fully separated from the people in a uniformity of manners imposed by "court society," as Norbert Elias has shown (203). This is the major characteristic periodically reactivated against censorship and "classicism" of every kind.

Nativities: The Baroque Angel

The constantly active power of Baroque aesthetics is permanently fed today by the ritual evocation of the nativity of Christ, which has become the central feast in our consumer society. This ritual of Christmas in fact opposed the canonical cult of the church by a sort of popular religion, as F. A.

Isambert has shown: in this way, it assumes a far from negligible narrative importance in the scenarios of works as different as Le pays des fourrures of Jules Verne (1873) and Rascal by Stirling North (1963) or White Peak Farm (1984) by Berlie Doherty. The symbolic coincidence of the image of the child Jesus and the hero of the story reveals a rhetoric of theatricality in these works which is brilliantly portrayed in a pop-up book by Tomie de Paola, The Story of the Three Wise Kings (1984), published by Intervisual Communications, Los Angeles, and exported to many countries. Here, in the mobility of the cardboard structures when the album is opened, the crib and the child Jesus appear in Biblical scene.

In this presentation, the child is both the "infans humilis" placed in the luminous straw which recalls the effects noted by Loskoutoff in the religious pictures of the seventeenth century in which "each straw in the crib is a flaming dart" (36 and 39) intended to touch the souls (and eyes!) of the faithful. This being is the concrete incarnation of the mystery, accomplished by the union of the human and the divine. However, the face of childhood in this picture book is also presented in the "child of glory" assumed by the angels who are brought out of the clouds by a little lever to sing hallelujahs. It can be noted that the robe of the central angel consists of golden pleats, prolonged as rays of light which come down to the feet of the Magi. This musical conjunction of heaven and earth takes place under the sign of the sacred: the nativity is above all the unfurling and unfolding of imponderable matter worked by a magic influx, by this energy in which Gilles Deleuze, in his book, Le pli: Leibniz et le baroque, still sees the distinctive sign of Baroque aesthetics: the fold, which stands as an emblem of the philosopher's active world, and the spirals and springs, which characterize the images, also define the mechanical working of the pop-up album. They make this object the perfect illustration of the spirit of bounce and happiness which currently is addressed to childhood in all the albums printed by Intervisual Communications and in animated films.

Growth and Changes of the "Child of Glory"

Thus every birth nowadays, in a way, tacitly takes us back to the central "mystery" of our culture, and every adolescence mythically rejoins that of the infant Jesus with a Prince Charming or a Princess in a vision of the "wonderful infant" which each parent carries in his or her self, as Serge Leclaire has shown. This union is revealed in many stories, as I intend to demonstrate in a forthcoming book, which, among others, points out the influence of Madame d'Aulnoy's tales on later books written for children, such as Histoire de Blondine by the Comtesse de Ségur or Collodi's Pinocchio and the insistence of the Baroque pattern in children's literature.

In American literature, a few resurgences of this archetype are highly significant: the first is that of Little Lord

Fauntleroy (1886) by Frances Hodgson Burnett. A model of what has been called "the beautiful child" (Carpenter 107), the little Lord, with his velvet costume, his Van Dyke collar (Van Dyke, another great Baroque painter), and his curls, has all the characteristics of the Baroque child in the outlook of the novelist who was captivated and fascinated, as we know, by the beauty of her own son. Mrs. Burnett, foreshadowing the outpourings of the governess in Henry James's The Turn of the Screw, writes: "If the Castle was like the palace in the fairy story, it must be owned that Little Lord Fauntleroy was himself rather like a small copy of the fairy prince" (63). Cedric, the hero, is therefore distinguished by the pearls of his language, by his "childish words" which impress his admirers. The "little one" here is the "wise one" in the Tom Thumb story, or the "great little one," as the inhabitants of Prague referred to the infant Jesus of the Counter Reformation (Loskoutoff 2). He helps to overcome social evil as he "has worked miracles" (128), and at the decisive moment of his recognition as the true inheritor of his grandfather's estate, his head is haloed by a heavenly light in the parish church: "And as he sang a long ray of sunshine crept in and, slanting through a golden pane of a stained-glass window, brightened the falling hair about his young head. His mother, as she looked at him across the church, felt a thrill pass through her heart" (102).

In the highly moralizing project of the work, the "child of glory" here takes on a sacred function, and the value of awakening, which was attributed to such a child during the Counter Reformation period, is transformed to the service of an "aristocracy" which is that of the heart and was soon to be that of the leisure class, according to Thorsten Veblen (256-59). The mother of the "model child," like the Comtesse de Ségur in her novels, immediately converts this emotion into a sermon: "Be only good, dear, only be brave, only be kind . . . and that big world may be better because my little child was born" (103).

However, Cedric lying sprawled, not on a cloud, but on tiger skins, turns away from this vision of a modern saint and opens the way to a more decadent expression of the Baroque child: with his games which express his energy and his ability to be friends with his grandfather's dreaded dog, he also heralds Mowgli. Frances Hodgson Burnett, a great admirer of Henry James (Thwaite 184), renovated the genre and proposed the "popular image" of a character combining the realism of Dickens[2] and the decadent aesthetics, the "erudite version" of which is found in Dolcino in The Author of Beltraffio (1884), referring to Leonardo da Vinci's children and to the Italian putti transformed in the pre-Rafaelite perspective. The wit of Cedric also heralds the appearance of What Maisie Knew (1897) and escapes into the kingdom of the imagination of the tale in which she appears as the Sleeping Beauty awakening to the realities of life: "Everything that had happened when she was really little was Dormant" (21). James's heroine, however, goes further in her expeditions into the Baroque world: With her stepfather she goes into the "thingumbob at Earl's Court" (122), a fair which represents an important development of what was later to be known as "theme park," one of the first forms of which originated in this same year, 1897, on Long Island, New York. Here the child discovers "a collection of extraordinary foreign things in tremendous gardens, with illuminations, bands, elephants, switchbacks and side-shows" (122).

A similar constellation of elements combined by the same archetypal logic gives its power to the contemporary novel by Cynthia Voigt, A Solitary Blue: in this story, published in 1983, the mysterious young boy who lives through the drama of divorce, experiences an initiation at the fair ground which brings back all the fairy-land reality of light:

> The Octopus turned in circles. . . . While the arms turned and the cars turned, music played and colored lights flashed overhead, pouring down on Jeff like fragments of sunlight. He sat back alone in his car, facing the empty seats; his arms spread along the back of the seat. (97)

In this flight, described in terms of ecstasy, the attraction park, like Maisie's fair, is the new place of Baroque revelation and a tawdry "glory." Jeff, like Christ, or Saint Francis, or Cedric, is also close to animals, notably to the heron, which is his wonderful and burlesque double. He too has musical ability and uses his guitar to conquer the friendship of Dicey and happiness: "The only time he could relax his vigilance was when his body swung with the movement of the octopus and calliope music drowned out human voices, and the shattered prism of color poured over him" (97).

The victory over solitude, the "healing" of his father and the promise of a new life are symbolically sealed by the magic recovery of a "ring," a family jewel which illustrates both faithfulness to tradition and promises for the future. Jeff, who intervenes symbolically in Dicey's life when the Tillerman children's wanderings stop and who, through his courage, repairs the breach opened in his family by the divorce, thus becomes the positive hero of an America confirming its value.

The Apotheosis of Disneychild

Other examples could be given of these mythical incarnations of the new wonder-child in literature, the most conspicuous being Ida wrapped in golden garb and ecstatically floating in the sky in Maurice Sendak's Outside Over There, like some holy Virgin in a Baroque chapel. I conclude with a final image: that of the appearance of Cinderella leading the Disneyland parade in the middle of buildings where Peter Pan, Davy Crockett, and all the literary heroes are gathered in the Californian theme park. On her dream chariot decorated with flashing lights, to the background of a Christmas carol converted into a merry-go-round jingle, Cinderella, derived from the images of the films and picture books made about her, wears a magnificent blue dress and has a heavily made-up face. She is both a star and an innocent in her triumphant transformation: she is the image of success and precedes Alice and the swashbucklers who are fighting an endless duel as a distant echo of the dragoon combats also seen in "Blue Beard." The latest addition to the procession is Dumbo the Elephant, majestically obese, who closes the show with his clashing cymbals.

This parade is halfway between a circus parade and a procession and cannot fail to remind us of the procession on June 26th, 1660; described at length by V. L. Tapié (204-05), it intended to celebrate the arrival of the infanta of Spain, the new queen to Paris: "Come, come, conquering queen, come and rule over the hearts of the French . . ." (204). What is exhibited in the frenzy of the bodies in the modern show is the sublimation of the childhood queen. It is the turbulent version of "It's a Small World" presented by the Bank of America in one of the buildings: the glassware of mass culture. A universe of choirs of children swaying like flowers in the inebriation of an ecstatic celebration which goes far beyond the shows seen by James's Maisie and incarnates the supreme Baroque childhood, angels, Jesus, and Virgin all combined in stylized androgyny, the image of an America singing, laughing and hoping. The multiplication of Disneyworlds throughout the world and notably in France, a new economic and cultural "miracle," rings to the sound of Uncle Sam's "Disneydollars" with which we pay for a dream childhood in mythical purity and warmth, in a liturgical sensing which screens anything that could distract from the happy business of consuming.

Such an illumination may lead some readers to a cultural initiation, but the comparison of this Baroque with that which inspires Maurice Sendak or Cynthia Voigt suggests the diversity of the critical awareness implied in practicing phantasmagoria and the use which is made of Baroque archetypes.

Notes

[1] Charles Perrault's stories, 1697, were illustrated by Gustave Doré for Hetzel in 1862 (republished Paris: SACELP, 1980) and recently by Kelek (Paris: Editions de l'Amitié, 1985). A new critical edition has been published by Marc Soriano entitled Contes (Paris: Flammarion, 1989).

[2] Henry James wrote to Hugh Bell on January 7th, 1892: "Only the infatuated Mrs. B. has still further diluted and simplified her Dickens" (James, Letters 369-70).

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The Evangelical Image of the Child in Mrs. Sherwood's The History of the Fairchild Family[1]

The revival of Evangelicalism which occurred in the later decades of the eighteenth century and which soon came to suffuse the Church of England played a dominant role in the molding of various aspects of English society during much of the next century. Not least of the influences exerted by this revival revolved about its very distinctive view of childhood, a view prominently revealed in the vast outpouring of Evangelical juvenile literature. Often regarded as the doyenne of that particular genre was the Church of England Evangelical Mrs. Mary Martha Sherwood (1775-1851) whose more than 350 books, tracts, chapbooks rendered her one of the most prolific and influential of Evangelicalism's writers for children. Her popularity was tremendous and lasted long after her death in 1851. Particularly successful was the three-part The History of the Fairchild Family, with its alternative title The Child's Manual: Being a Collection of Stories Calculated to Shew the Importance and Effects of a Religious Education. Indeed, this story of the day-to-day life of a closely knit and devout Church of England Evangelical family of five--Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their three young children, eight-year-old Lucy, seven-year-old Emily, and little Henry who was between five and six--was one of the best-selling children's books of the nineteenth century, and for decade after decade was read by great numbers of English children of all social backgrounds.[2] Over the next few pages I wish to discuss the image of the child as represented in this work, indicating that it is particularly expressive of early nineteenth-century Evangelicalism's unbending puritanical dispositions towards the young, their education and upbringing. I am almost solely concerned with Part I, written in India when Mrs. Sherwood was at the height of her Evangelical vigor. Parts II and III, published in 1842 and 1847 respectively, are milder with regard to mood, religious intensity, and theories of child rearing. Moreover, any notoriety which the Fairchild Family possesses today is almost totally due to the fierce Evangelicalism of Part I.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of Evangelical writers for juveniles was their unanimity in maintaining that children were evil; they held it as one of their main objectives to help parents banish the evil from their offsprings' souls. It is also a characteristic which Mrs. Sherwood displayed over and over: "'there is no child that can be said to have a good heart,'" she has Mrs. Fairchild declare. (96) The first stanza of Hymn VI in the Fairchild Family is most indicative:

> Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin
> And born unholy and unclean;
> Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
> Corrupts his race, and taints us all. (44)

For the nature of the child, Mrs. Sherwood was convinced, was thoroughly depraved by original sin. At the funeral service for Charles Truman, a poor friend of modest background of the Fairchild children and a most obedient and God-fearing boy who had died a saintly death, Mr. Somers, the clergyman, points out that "through the sin of Adam, every one of his children had become unfit for heaven, and were by nature children of wrath and heirs of death and hell; having inherited from their father hearts so wholly and entirely filthy and corrupt, that they could not of themselves turn unto any good, or so much as wish to do well" (299). Charles himself had declared shortly before he died "'that by nature there is no manner of good at all in any man's heart: nay, that sin is so strong in us that we can no more stop from sinning than we can from breathing'" (292). Elsewhere, Mrs. Sherwood was quite explicit in her conviction that "[a]ll children are by nature evil, and while they have none but the natural evil principle to guide them, pious and prudent parents must check their naughty passions in any way that they have in their power, and force them into decent and proper behaviour and into what are called good habits"

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(Darton, Children's Books 169). Baptism certainly restored the child to the state of grace, but its effects were not enduring, and it was inevitable that the child's vile nature would very soon reassert itself. Accordingly, the purpose of education was to combat human evil and to lead the soul back to the grace which had been briefly possessed after baptism. To aid this process Mrs. Sherwood was careful to include throughout her writings multifarious religious lessons and hymns, together with appropriate texts from the Bible, chapter and verse being provided. Every chapter in Part I of the Fairchild Family ends with a prayer and also a hymn, with Biblical passages being scattered about in almost every other paragraph. Most of her other writings were similarly religious and didactic, for, until she mellowed somewhat towards the end of her life, she was convinced that stories possessed little value unless some moral or religious injunction could be spelled out to the young. Thus, it is not surprising that she was critical of much imaginative literature. In fact, she edited other writers' works and endeavored to render them more suitable, according to her own very subjective notions, for young readers. For example, she bowdlerized Sarah Fielding's The Governess, or Little Female Academy, divesting it of its fanciful accounts of giants, dwarfs, fairy lore, and so on. She had little problem justifying such an action: "'But since fanciful productions of this sort can never be rendered generally useful, it has been thought proper to suppress the rest, substituting in their place such appropriate relations as seemed more likely to conduce to juvenile edification'" (Darton, Children's Books 97). Children's literature was not intended for mere enjoyment. Until the mid-1800s it "sought to edify, instruct, alarm, caution and improve," its primary purpose being to help lead the souls of depraved youth back to God (Rooke 2).

The History of the Fairchild Family consistently illustrates Mrs. Sherwood's belief in the very important role parents were obliged to play in the upbringing of their children. For it was all important that children be raised in a spiritual, God-fearing environment and guided on their path to forgiveness and salvation. The great tragedy of little Augusta Noble's accidental death by fire, as Mr. Somers pointed out to Mr. Fairchild, was not that she died but that her parents neglected to instruct her in religion and the fear of the Lord. We read that the poor child's mother "'never taught her any thing concerning God and her Redeemer, and never would let any body else: nay, she was taught to mock at religion and pious people. She knew nothing of the evil of her own heart, and nothing of the Redeemer, nor of the sin of disobedience to her parents'" (159). The control which parents were to exert over their children was to pertain to all aspects of their life and not just the religious. It was the Evangelical aim to dominate children completely, to influence all their thoughts and actions thoroughly, to remold them. As Susanna Wesley wrote to her son John, advising on the right method of raising a child: "'Break his will now, and his soul will live, and he will probably bless you to all eternity'" (Sangster 141). Thoroughly distrustful of eighteenth-century rationalism and the educational theories of Rousseau and those of such Rousseauists as her contemporaries Richard and Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Sherwood refused to allow children to trust to their own reason. On the contrary, she was adamant that parents were directly responsible for leading the children to God and personal salvation. As Mrs. Fairchild enjoined Lucy: "'Whilst you are a little child, you must tell your sins to me; and I will shew you the way by which only you may hope to overcome them'" (48). It was the duty of parents to be constantly on the watch over their offspring to keep them from evil-doing. If the three Fairchild children had been well behaved lately, their mother told them, "'it is not because there is any goodness or wisdom in you, but because your papa and I have been always with you, carefully watching and guiding you from morning till night'" (71-72). To underscore this point, a few days later, Mrs. Fairchild announced: "'Those poor children who have not good fathers and mothers to take care of them, do many very wicked things, because they have no one to restrain them, and they do all things which their evil hearts incline them to'" (84).

To make children aware of their utter sinfulness Evangelical parents had them constantly scrutinize their thoughts, whereby they would of necessity come to understand how far their natures fell short of that of Christ. Of course, by such self-examination it was expected that their spiritual development would improve. Accordingly, it is by no means strange that in the Fairchild Family we read of Lucy being given a diary by Mrs. Fairchild in which she is to record all her wicked deeds. When her mother reads what Lucy has written in her diary, she seems not a whit surprised at the wickedness which she finds there: "'I thank God, who has by his Holy Spirit helped you to know a little of the wickedness of your heart. Your heart, my dear, is no worse, and no better, than the hearts of all human creatures; for there is none good, no not one'" (89).

Thus, the nature of the child in Mrs. Sherwood's eyes is evil, and it is primarily through parents' wise guidance that its soul may be redeemed. It is not surprising, therefore, that another very important aspect of the control exercised by Evangelical adults concerned the utter necessity of children to obey them. Indeed, the power of parents is absolute in Mrs. Sherwood's works, and those children who reject parental authority invariably suffer dire consequences. But Evangelical parents would hold that they are not upset just because the child's wickedness shows disrespect to them but because it connotes a turning against the rightful power of God, whom parents are representing. Mr. Fairchild actually told little Henry: "'I stand in the place of God to you, whilst you are a child; and as long as I do not ask you to do any thing wrong, you must obey me'" (269). For if wickedness is not punished here and now and the child freed from evil, he will go on to greater and greater crimes until finally after death he will suffer eternal damnation as retribution. A telling incident occurs when little Henry has spent all evening locked up in a dark room with no food as a punishment for stealing an apple that he had been expressly forbidden by his father to take. When Mr. Fairchild finally released little Henry from his solitary confinement he explained: "'Henry, . . . you have had a sad day of it; but I did not punish you, my child, because I do not love you, but because I wished to save your soul from hell'" (69). Thus, obedience to parents and punishment for failure had as their main aim the salvation of the child from everlasting damnation. Indeed, a chapter in the Fairchild Family is entitled unequivocally "Fatal Effects of Disobedience to Parents."[3] The tale is told here of how the spoiled Augusta Noble, ignoring an injunction by her mother not to carry lighted candles about the house, disobeyed and "died in agonies last night--a warning to all children how they presume to disobey their parents!" (156) There then follows a detailed, morbid, Gothic account of little Augusta's funeral with copious descriptions of hearse, coffin, undertakers, funeral service, and so on.

Indeed, one child-rearing practice frequently utilized by Evangelical parents and writers which we today might label as particularly harsh and inadvisable was their insistence on the necessity to inculcate a fear of the Lord and the horrors awaiting the wicked after death by imbuing terror in children. Children were to be constantly made aware of dying and hell, for anyone who died in the state of sin would suffer unspeakable torments for ever. E. E. Kellett quotes a snatch of dialogue which, though probably funny to us now, was typical of the period: "'I'm five years old to-day, Papa,'" said a child. "'Five years nearer your grave, my boy,'" replied the father (66). Death could come at any moment, and one had to be prepared. It was no good postponing the spiritual life, for if one died now in the state of sin, one was damned. Not surprisingly, death was a favorite theme of Evangelical writers, and every conceivable form of dying was presented in book after book for the edification of young readers. For example, children are frequently depicted being brought to visit corpses and dying children in order that they might realize that death was ever present and would come to all. Perhaps the most memorable and certainly the most infamous scene in the Fairchild Family occurs when Mr. Fairchild takes the three children, Lucy, Emily, and Henry, to see the decaying body of an executed man. They walked to a wood where there

> stood a gibbet, on which the body of a man hung in chains; it had not yet fallen to pieces, although it had hung there some years. The body had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress still entire: but the face of the corpse was so shocking, that the children could not look at it.
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> "Oh! Papa, Papa! what is that?" cried the children.

> "That is a gibbet," said Mr. Fairchild; "and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer--one who first hated, and afterwards killed his brother! When people are found guilty of stealing, they are hanged upon a gallows, and taken down as soon as they are dead; but when a man commits a murder, he is hanged in iron chains upon a gibbet, till his body falls to pieces, that all who pass by may take warning by the example." Whilst Mr. Fairchild was speaking, the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung.
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> "Oh! let us go, Papa!" said the children, pulling Mr.Fairchild's coat.
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> "Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild: "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place." (57)

Accordingly, Mrs. Sherwood spares no gruesome detail, all in order to point the paramount moral. The dead man had murdered his brother, the problems between them having begun when the two were young boys and they were forever fighting between themselves. In like manner, even the petty quarreling as had occurred among the Fairchild children earlier that day could easily lead to much worse crimes and corresponding dire consequences in later life. As Mr. Fairchild relates, "'but I wish first to point out to you, my dear children, that these brothers, when they first began to quarrel in their play, as you did this morning, did not think that death and hell would be the end of their quarrels'" (59).

Another grisly scene occurs later in the Fairchild Family in a chapter appropriately entitled "On Death" where Mr. Fairchild brings the children to see the recently dead body of a neighbor, this time a good man. Copious detail is provided of the stench and ghastly appearance of a body beginning to putrefy, all to provide Mr. Fairchild with the opportunity of preaching one of his customary sermons:

> "[S]uch is the taint and corruption of the flesh, by reason of sin, that it must pass through the grave, and crumble to dust. And this shews the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and its horrible nature, that the soul, which has sinned, must be born again, and the sinful body be dissolved, and fall to dust in the grave. Remember these things, my children, and pray to God to save you from sin." (151)

Of course, the main benefit of such graphic depictions of death, according to Evangelical writers, lay in their power to persuade children to reform their evil ways and aim at communion with their Lord in Heaven. As death could come at any time, it was essential always to be in the state of grace in preparation for it. Evangelicals even urged young people to look forward to death, to welcome its advent. The attitude of the very sick Charles Trueman in the Fairchild Family was to be highly lauded: "Oh, Master Henry!" said Charles, "I never was so happy before in all my life, as since I have been ill, and have thought of going to my Saviour" (284).

Though the image of the child depicted in the Fairchild Family might strike many today as harsh and inhumane, it would be a mistake to imagine that Mrs. Sherwood, and her fellow Evangelicals, had little affection for children. Even a brief perusal of Mrs. Sherwood's diaries reveals that she deeply loved her own offspring and was heartbroken at the deaths of a son and a daughter during her sojourn in India (Darton, Life and Times 295-99, 325-26). For Evangelicals invariably strove to surround their children with care and attention and to develop a very close domestic relationship with them--the Victorian close-knit family owed much to Evangelical influence. As Doreen Rosman remarks of the Fairchild Family, "The book so often taken to typify family life at its most terrifying, testifies too, more subtly but no less surely, to the underlying happiness of many evangelical homes" (115). It was the primary duty of Evangelicals to help their children avoid the plenteous snares of "the world," that great Evangelical bugbear, and help them attain everlasting happiness in the next life. Certainly, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild meted out a wealth of punishment, chiefly psychological, but this, they would argue, was to eradicate the evils of original sin in their indubitably corrupt children, all to aid them on the path to salvation. Instilling in children a fear of death was patent evidence of parents' love for them. If offspring were not taught to fear damnation, how could they be saved? Shakespeare's "I must be cruel, only to be kind" or the French "Qui aime bien, châtie bien" would have sounded particularly apt to Evangelical parents.

Though modern critics and historians of children's literature frequently laud Mrs. Sherwood's writing style, they generally excoriate the content, the tone, and the message of her works. Her religious fervor and that of her Evangelical ilk finds relatively little favor in today's overwhelmingly secular literature for children. Moreover, we moderns, imbued with plenteous knowledge of the works of child-centered educationists and developmental psychologists, might be tempted to surmise that Mrs. Sherwood's child-rearing views, which owed next to nothing to Rousseau, Blake, or Wordsworth, were necessarily detrimental to very many of the multitude who were brought up under their aegis. Likewise, it would be easy to argue that if the *Fairchild Family* helped lead some young souls back to God, it just as likely caused great feelings of guilt and unhappiness in others. Nevertheless, we should be very careful not to treat this work's possibly harmful psychological effects from an ahistorical viewpoint. It is wise to remember, for example, that death, especially that of children, was much more an obvious, ever-present reality in the early nineteenth century than today (Pinchbeck 300). In fact, society then, far from hiding death and treating it as a taboo subject, tended to celebrate it, and frequently even enjoyed it as a spectacle. Indeed, public hangings were by no means uncommon in Mrs. Sherwood's England. Certainly, M. Nancy Cutt is persuasive in her argument that considered in its own setting *The History of the Fairchild Family* should be seen as "realistic rather than terrifying" (68). Still, it must be acknowledged that, with its constant underscoring of the child's evil nature and its repeated urging that this nature must be reformed, it is difficult to see how this book could have fostered any other than a weak self-image in children.

A strong case might be made that the *Fairchild Family* is a grown-up's book masquerading as a child's book. Certainly, its stress on the evil nature of children, its emphasis on the awful power of parents, standing in the place of God, to remold their childrens' souls for the difficult path to salvation, and its repeated warnings about the necessity of offspring to give complete and utter obedience to parents seems much more likely to appeal to adults than to the young. However, one might proffer another reasonable argument that, while this work is undoubtedly sanctimonious, narrowly didactic, and, to our tastes at least, one promoting a reprehensible image of children, it seems plausible that the thousands and thousands of copies which made it such a best seller for such a long time could not have been accounted for by school prizes and birthday gifts by moralistic aunts. Could, strange though it may seem, large numbers of children have bought this book for themselves and, heavens above, even enjoyed it? At any rate, allow me to suggest in conclusion that, as a most important gauge of a book's worth is, naturally, its appeal to its readers, a very fruitful avenue of research might reside in determining what *precisely* children themselves thought of *The History of the Fairchild Family*.

Notes

[1] I am indebted for a number of the ideas in this paper to Paul Sangster's *Pity My Simplicity: The Evangelical Revival and the Religious Education of Children, 1738-1800*. London: Epworth, 1963.

[2] Though Part I of the *Fairchild Family* was first published nineteen years before Victoria ascended the throne, it had a powerful influence on Victorian domestic life, particularly the conduct of the Sabbath. For it was one of the most popular sources of Sunday reading in countless households for many decades. Indeed, Mrs. Sherwood was still read in numerous English homes at the close of the century and, as Eric Quayle observes, titles of her works written in the early 1820s were still being given as Church of England Sunday School prizes right up to the outbreak

of the Great War (79). It is amusing to read Gillian Avery relating how Frederic Hamilton in the early 1900s attended a "Fairchild Family" dinner where everyone present had to adopt the role of one of Mrs. Sherwood's characters (93).

[3] Of course, this emphasis on parental authority also accounts to some extent for the continued popularity of this work during the patriarchal tenor of the Victorian age.

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Lost in Space: The Child in the American Landscape

There is a characteristic moment in many English and American novels for children, a moment so powerful and central that it defines an image of the child in those texts: the child stands on the edge of the landscape, poised, even frozen, in liminal time and space. One thinks of Peter on the Darlings' windowsill, the animals at the edge of the Wild Wood, Mary outside the secret garden, Alice or Dorothy at the edge of the unknown. This characteristic moment, even gesture, suggests other dimensions of transition: from dependence to independence, from conventionality to forms of self-knowledge, from the known to the unknown.

This tense frozen moment, poised on the brink, is followed by the plunge, the journey of exploration simultaneously into the self and into the landscape in so many texts. My interest here is in the place of the child in the American landscape and particularly the exploration of that place in two relatively recent texts, Scott O'Dell's Sing Down the Moon (1970) and Chester Aaron's An American Ghost (1973). I want to sketch out the powerfully pastoral vision present in many nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century novels and stories for children, a vision which echoes the dominant understanding of the American landscape, and then show how these two novels both participate in and subvert that pastoral vision. In these two novels, the landscape does not provide a great alternative set of moral insights; it does not act, together with the child characters, as a critical commentator on the foibles and injustices of adult society. Rather, the land in these stories acts to isolate the children even further. Participating as they do in what I think of as a deeply characteristic gesture, the child poised between human community and natural landscape, these novels, unlike their nineteenth-century predecessors, offer the children no safe landing at all. The heroes here are in free fall, lost in space.

Alfred Kazin reminds us that the first great age of writing for children took place in the United States in the 1870s, when the tremendous reform energies that resulted in war and Reconstruction had subsided and when many Americans turned to the business of economic and geographical expansion. This great shift in the national culture, away from a largely rural and agricultural way of life and set of values and toward an urban and industrial society, led inevitably to a kind of nostalgia for the past. This nostalgia, Kazin suggests, reveals itself, among other places, in fiction for children. With Hawthorne as a precursor, writers like Booth Tarkington, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Margaret Sydney, Louisa Alcott, Samuel Clemens, and even Stephen Crane celebrate American children who live reasonably carefree lives, genially resist adult authority, and create play-filled alternative worlds, particularly if the characters are boys; girls generally have no such freedom of alterity (Kazin 176). Most important for our purposes, these late nineteenth-century novels and stories show their characters passing readily through the screen that separates nature from culture. Indeed, one might say that the boys-heroes in particular are really part of nature; they resist, as Tom Sawyer does, the civilizing designs of the adult females. Only in the rare text like Huckleberry Finn do we find this nostalgia for a simpler and more rural life turned against itself; here the memory is not of afternoons filled with adventures and pranks but of brutality, cruelty, violence, and death.

Still, even Huckleberry Finn participates in the dominant myth that seems also to structure so powerfully the post-Civil War writing for children. That myth proposes, as Myra Jehlen has suggested recently, that for American men, the land incarnates the spirit of individualism. The eighteenth-century liberal political agenda which sought to free males through individual political and property rights and limited government responses to its citizens, was no American invention. These revolutionary ideas were commonplace in the age of enlightenment (Jehlen 3).

What was distinctive, say Jehlen and other cultural historians, was the way in which land itself seemed to function as guarantor and enabler of those political ideals. Conceived of as a vacant continent, the land for white Americans was not simply the source of raw materials and economic abundance but was linked inextricably with their own selfhood. To move into supposedly vacant land was equivalent to occupying the inner landscape. This ideology, that sees American land as the self incarnate, was of course limited to white males, but was all the more powerful for its supposedly universal application. In a society torn by racial, class, and gender conflict, the existence of available land shifted conflict out of time and into space. For many writers and politicians in the mid-nineteenth century, social discord could be avoided by shifting it elsewhere (Dimock 18-21).

We see this same impulse and ideology at work in late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century writing for children. The locus of attention is shifted to the past, the childhood past of the authors, and most important the locus shifted to a natural setting, the yet untouched wilderness existing on the edge of antebellum American towns and villages. Children, especially male children, step off the edge and find themselves in the rich and friendly abundance of nature, a perfect setting for their adventures. In novels and stories by Baum, Stockton, Scudder, and the writers mentioned earlier, the tremendous social conflict of urban and industrial America is transmuted into generational conflict between irrepressible children and authoritarian adults, and that conflict in turn is tamed through recourse to the land. There is always that pastoral place to which the little rowdies can escape, much as adult theorists claimed, incorrectly as it turned out, that the West was a safety valve for urban population pressure.

The two novels I want to examine in light of this ideological and historical background were published in an era of considerable social unrest. They reflect, in their story lines, a growing awareness of racial and ethnic injustice, as in the forced resettlement of the Navaho in Sing Down the Moon, and of the enormous violence in American life, so marked in An American Ghost. Coming as they do at the time of challenge to dominant cultural ideologies, it is no surprise that these novels should also shock and unsettle the reader. Rather than provide a comfortable image of children in nature, at the edge of civilization's boundaries, exploring both dimensions, these novels give us an antipastoral image of nature as providing no safe haven; conflict and violence are not solved by a retreat into nature, but only follow the child there.

O'Dell's novel tells of a Navaho girl in the 1860s who undergoes two forced removals, first when she is kidnapped by slavers and second when she and her people are forcibly removed from their land in Canyon de Chelly and resettled near Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The first event, during which Bright Morning encounters another slave girl, Rosita, who had fully accepted her captivity, prepares the girl for the greater test to come. She learns in slavery to maintain an inner resolve, a refusal to accept the terms of her captors. Those lessons would be useful later when she and her husband Tall Boy escape from the Fort Sumner compound and make their way back to Canyon de Chelly.

From the perspective of ideological criticism, Sing Down the Moon performed several useful functions when it first appeared. It helped to give a more accurate picture of western history; it celebrated a strong and independent female character. And it showed a people deeply connected to the land as a source both of material and of spiritual abundance. At Fort Sumner, Bright Morning thinks constantly of the Canyon both as a living reality, her actual home, and as a symbol of independence. When she and Tall Boy actually return to Arizona, they decide to settle nearby, in Hidden Canyon, which offers more security. But her dream has been fulfilled; she returns home and has her first child on her people's land.

In one sense, it would seem that Sing Down the Moon, for all its criticism of white imperialism and cultural hegemony, actually duplicates the dominant myth sketched out above. That is, Bright Morning thinks of herself as incomplete until she is reunited with the land. She demonstrates, in both her captivities, a profound connection with the Canyon, an unquenchable desire to return. In another sense, of course, the linkage of land and people in Navaho culture has little to do with the Anglo-American attitude, which is rooted in personal possession rather than community ownership. But I would argue that on a yet deeper level, neither white nor Navaho pastoral vision functions successfully in this novel. Rather, Sing Down the Moon is an antipastoral, and nowhere more so than in the deeply unsettling postscript. Here we learn that in 1868 about 7000 Navaho left Fort Sumner for new land given them, near the Four Corners of Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, and Colorado. The Four Corners, O'Dell tells his readers, is nearby Canyon de Chelly, where in fact some Navaho have again taken up sheepherding. This is, of course, exactly where the story began, and also near the place where Bright Morning and Tall Boy found their own shelter.

Doubtless O'Dell meant this postscript to complete the circle; forcibly taken from the Canyon, the Navaho returned to the area and eventually to the Canyon itself. Yet the result, at least for this reader, is a feeling of anticipation, even dread. The last sentence reads: "you will see girls who look much like her [Bright Morning], tending their sheep now in Canyon de Chelly. They are dressed in velveteen blouses, a half-dozen ruffled and flounced petticoats, their hair tied in chignons--a style copied from the officers' wives at Fort Sumner long ago" (O'Dell 137). Lovely Navaho girls, tending sheep--this is precisely how the story began. Rather than providing security, or a deep sense of personal and communal identity, the striking though unintended consequence of the postscript is to raise the question of the next displacement. Indeed, uranium mining and air pollution from the enormous power plant at the Four Corners may once again cause the Navahos' forced displacement.

An equally disquieting antipastoral is Chester Aaron's An American Ghost. Set in the same decade of the 1860s, Aaron's novel tells of a boy trapped in his family house and set adrift by a flooding river. Albie finds that he is sharing the house with a mountain lion, also trapped by the rising waters. When Albie's life is threatened by thieves, the lion, whom he has named Alice after his youngest sister Alice Anne, saves him. Later, Alice tows Albie to safety and then disappears into the tall grass, along with her cubs.

In its depiction of river life, its frontier violence, and its challenges to conventional values (in this case, the supposed difference between human and non-human life), An American Ghost is strikingly reminiscent of Huckleberry Finn. The tilting house, the river with its snags, currents, debris, and bloated animal carcases; the vicious thieves and thugs who prey on people in need; all these suggest that Aaron sees himself very much in a line of descent from Mark Twain. But the striking difference, on which this essay is based, is this: Mark Twain explores and celebrates the difference between river life and shore life, the moral superiority of the space beyond conventional norms. As Kazin puts it, "the book says that truth exists rebelliously, that the individual and society are irreconcilable, that 'society' is the biggest family of all, the most tyrannical family" (180-81). But Aaron holds out no such hope of a "world elsewhere," to use Richard Poirier's term. Nature seems unremittingly violent, a Darwinian exercise in survival. True, the lion and Albie befriend each other, but the lion behaves instinctively to protect her cubs, while Albie is left to reflect on the moral issues. That is, he puts a human face and name on the lion, projects human values onto their interaction. But nature itself, in Aaron's vision, has no answering voice, no independent moral status; it simply is. Albie falls into a natural landscape that simply has no particular concern for him; even the lion's concern, while deeply touching, is problematic and open to multiple interpretations.

The novel's most striking moment is left for the end. Finally Albie is rescued and returns home through a series of riverboat journeys. As he comes near his family's new house and barn, he sees the pelt of a newly killed mountain lion tacked to the barn wall. He explodes in rage and sadness, deeply aware of the incommunicable experiences he has had, which now separate him forever from his family. If nature is not particularly trustworthy or reliable, in its sudden floods and droughts, neither is human culture, with its violence and ethnocentrism. Albie has, as it were, stepped off into the liminal space between nature and culture and is floating there, at home nowhere.

This paper has attempted to sketch out the ideological background of two contemporary American novels for children. Both need to be seen, I would argue, against the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century cultural assumptions regarding nature as the grand alternative and true home for genially rebellious youth. Transferring social conflict into spatial expansion, the dominant American myth of incarnating individualism has its counterpart in a children's literature that celebrated the child's freedom in the space beyond the town. But in these two novels, written in a dark time of tremendous social dislocation, this ideology is found bankrupt. Sing Down the Moon, for all its attempts to resolve the problem of imperialism by restoring the Navaho to their homeland, ends with the disturbing possibility of another forced resettlement. An American Ghost finds the hero abandoned both by nature and culture, suspended in midair, his only genuine love, the lion Alice, symbolically murdered by his own kin. Both novels thus give us the disquieting image of the child as lost in space.

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Playing Oz: The Bridge From Page to Stage

If children's literature still occupies, despite ever-increasing intelligent interest, concern, and respect, something of a ghetto in many English departments, then children's theatre is in the unenviable position of being a ghetto within a ghetto, largely ignored and/or despised by those interested in children's books, as well as by those interested in drama as text and as performance. Plays written and performed primarily for children are generally considered unworthy of serious consideration by adults, be they directors, actors, audiences, or critics. Like most generalizations, this one contains a measure of truth. Too many scripts and productions churned out for child audiences are sadly lacking in originality and depth, combining a superficially frantic and noisy slap-stick energy with an equally shallow moral lesson. The assumption seems to be that children, particularly those brought up on a steady diet of television, lack the intelligence and the attention span to immerse themselves as individuals and as audience in a challenging theatrical experience. Live drama can only hope to hold them--if at all--with the ephemeral novelty of being in a theatre, watching real round sweaty people for a change, instead of the two-dimensional animated figures they see so much of at home.

Children are frequently the victims of ageism. Like all the pernicious "isms" that afflict our culture, this one has the invidious power of becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy. The belittling assumptions of the power groups, in becoming to a certain extent true, are held self-evidently to have always been truth. Children--especially ones who really are too young for a formal theatrical production--who are forced by well-meaning adults to sit through frenetically condescending performances of banal material do tend to be less polite (and more honest) than grown-ups in a similar position. Instead of quietly going to sleep, or exercising the freedom to slip out, they noisily rattle their programs, squeak their seats, and engage in lively conversations with their neighbors, whom they rightly perceive as more entertaining than what is happening on stage. It is difficult to fool children: Consider the succinct reaction of a five-year-old boy, leaving a bad live production, who remarked "Punch and Judy sucks."

Moreover, children who have never been challenged by live theatre may in turn grow into adults who are unable to handle the power of great drama and who are uninterested in doing so. With the saving exception of remarkably strong individuals, members of any oppressed and deprived group tend to live down to the assumptions of the power-elite. Human beings are frighteningly able to adjust the scale of their sights to the parameters of their decreed prisons for disturbingly long times: women in the kitchen, blacks on the streets, gays in their closets, kids in front of the television. Children, though, are different in a crucial way. They have, by definition, an apparently automatic way out of their restricting category: They grow up. Another obvious difference is that the powerlessness of children is _not_ simply or merely a construct. Children really _are_ in need of protection, guidance, forming, and shaping by adults. They really _are_ in a state of flux, immersed in a constant process of developing, changing, becoming, and what they turn into is an inextricable mixture of who they have always been from the moment of conception and all the things that happen to them from that moment on.

One last obvious difference: We have all been there. It can be argued that no man can fully understand a woman, no white a black, no straight a gay (and vice versa). It can also be argued, by the way, that art can uniquely enable us to enter into those ordinarily separate worlds and perspectives. But we all entered the world as babies and passed through childhood _en route_ to our present exalted condition. We cannot get away from our child-selves; but we can blind and deafen ourselves to the child within.

Fortunately, not everybody combines growing with forgetting or distorting. It is almost a truism to comment that the great books for children are written by authors who have kept touch with the child inside and, frequently, with an intimately precious child outside, since many children's classics originated as stories told to a beloved child. These include Carroll's Alice stories, Stevenson's _Treasure Island_, Milne's Pooh stories, and Kipling's _Just-So Stories_. Baum's Oz tales are part of this tradition, originating, as John Algeo points out, as stories Baum told to his sons and other neighborhood children ("From Oz" 134; "Notable" 271). Writing well for children demands, even more than writing well for other adults, a unique perception of an audience both like and unlike one's self; the text bridges the gap. The child reading or being read to is both an unusually demanding and an unusually receptive audience.

So is the child sitting in a theatre. And, just as there are books equally worthy of consideration in our age as in our youth, so there are plays. Notable among these are those of Virginia Glasgow Koste, award-winning writer of eight published scripts for children (with two more on the way). Her works are multi-generational in their appeal and their interest, and challenge audiences, performers, and readers on many levels.

A connection between page and stage is more common in plays for young audiences than in those for old ones. Adapting recognizable--and thus marketable--classic titles is a staple of both amateur and professional children's theatre. On the face of it, Koste is no exception to this rule, since most of her plays spring from well-loved books, as their titles suggest: _Alice in_

Wonder, The Trial of Tom Sawyer, A Little Princess. But Koste's works are unusual in their simultaneous recognition of the gulf which separates and the bridge which connects the original literary experience with the new theatrical one. Her plays are less "adaptations" than translations; the script necessarily and consciously forges a new language and a fresh focus and form for the familiar material.

The author of the original book is frequently a presence in the play; he is not simply an omnisciently removed narrator, but a character in the new work who serves sometimes as shaper, sometimes as participant, sometimes as spectator, sometimes as commenter--and who frequently throws up his hands in wonder as this genuinely new creation runs away from, and with, him. Koste is fascinated by the relationships between author and text and play. The author whose texts seem to have most fully engaged the play of her own mind is Lyman Frank Baum, from whose fourteen Oz books have sprung three of her own plays: The Wonderful Wizard of Oz (1982); ON THE ROAD! To Oz (1983); and Scraps: The Ragtime Girl of Oz (1986).

Indeed, Koste's most radical experiment (so far) with the intricate relations between author and text and play is ON THE ROAD!, the middle play of her Oz trilogy. In this script, these dynamic components--author creating text, text becoming theatre--become focal rather than, as in the other plays, tacit, by making not only the author but the playwright a central character. In her synopsis, Koste describes ON THE ROAD! as "a metaphor for the mysteries of playwriting; the creative process, and the process of life" (n.pag. [62]). The playwright, Elliott Marlowe (nicknamed Yotty; the role can be taken by a woman or a man), in whose mind the action takes place, is struggling to write a play inspired by L. Frank Baum's thirteen "other" Oz books. S/he is aided, guided (distracted, bullied, once nearly catastrophically deserted), and collaborated with by Dorothy Gale, direct from Oz, and four actors who try out various roles and episodes from the stories: Miranda, Rebecca (Reb, the Rebel), David, and Will--the most obstreperous of the four, who turns out to be none other than "old Frank Baum himself. One living image of him" (60). ON THE ROAD! explores several related roads: the agonizing, exhilarating process of writing, specifically playwriting; the nature of the translation from page to stage; and the search for a theme which can dramatically unify the joyously randomly rambling episodes of Baum's Oz stories without distorting their spirit.

Translating Oz involves some unique challenges. The territory is at once unusually familiar yet usually strange to most audiences. Koste acknowledges this in her notes to The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, which treats the best known by far of Baum's "wonder tales": "This new play escapes imitation of the MGM film classic or The Wiz by being more faithful to the half-forgotten original book, and at the same time creating a completely fresh framework which frankly glorifies the theatre as a medium and books as a birthright worth cherishing" (n.pag.

[73]). These notes also discuss Koste's fascination with "the relationship of the creator to the creation" (which fascination becomes focal in ON THE ROAD!; indeed, the seed of that play is in these notes). She writes:

> [This relationship] is a continuing mystery to me. This matter lies in the realm of High Magic, and is central to this play. The Author originates his world and its characters, and seems to control them--or does he? To what degree is he the objective maker, and to what degree does he become the action, the character? How does he detach himself so as to see it all from the outside, lucidly, and when does he find himself inside the story, weaving the web from inside? In dreams we are simultaneously player and audience. Baum, who is onstage throughout most of the play, is much of the time in the role of seer, audience, director, parent, quietly looking on (always with interest, sometimes in surprise) at the action that he himself has set in motion.
>
> The idea of the multi-levelled presence of Frank grew on me gradually as I worked on the script, until he turned out to be himself the Wizard. It is that dramatic element which unriddles the different levels of magic and of reality, fusing the complex strangeness of the commonplace (Kansas and home are not really ordinary) and the odd familiarity of the unknown (Oz and the realization of dreams are not really impossible). With skill the play works to make people understand this, as art can, at an unconscious level. (n.pag. [73-74])

All three of Koste's Oz plays frankly glory in the experience of theatre; not of cruelty, but of joyous stagey magic. Instead of trying to make her audience forget that they're watching a play, the characters frequently remind them. In The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, Frank makes explicit the difference between what is possible on the page and what is possible on the stage, suggesting effortlessly along the way both the venerable traditions of formal theatre and the continuing connections between those traditions and the living root of them all in vital child play--thus evoking for the young audience both a cultural heritage of which they are probably as yet unaware, and a kind of imaginative experience as natural to them as breathing. He explains about some particularly fantastic monsters:

> And you won't be surprised that in this play we're keeping the Kalidahs offstage, like in Greek tragedy . . .I just mention them to give you an idea--you know as well as I do that it's a sight better to imagine really fantastic things like that...[sic] (As he's paging through the book.)...[sic] and that's not just an excuse to get out of making more costumes; it's really true. So anyway, the book tells. . . .(39)

Later, while Dorothy and Company are awaiting their first audience with the Great Oz:

> Also, they all had to wait and wait in the book, and each go in on a different day--but we haven't got all night . . . here in the theatre, so we're doing what you do when you play: *telescoping* time, so we get on with the action without all that waiting around, SO . . . (42)

The Wizard's special effects are described in the production notes as being "razzle-dazzle, side-show kinds . . . a sort of low-budget stage magic" (n.pag. [74]). The Wizard, remember, was originally a carny balloonist working out of Omaha at the turn of the century.

This freewheeling vaudeville-y feeling suffuses much of the first act of *ON THE ROAD!*, as Yotty, Dorothy, and the four actors experiment with a series of short scenes.

> YOTTY. You know what Picasso said about how he painted?
>
> DAVE. (*vaudeville-routine style*). No, what did Picasso say about how he painted?
>
> YOTTY. (*sailing on, intent*). He said, "I put in my pictures everything I like."
>
> WILL. Probably sounded better in Spanish.
>
> YOTTY. (*spilling it out while looking through book*). He said the things just had to get along with each other, and he felt sorry for any artist that liked blondes but was afraid to put them in his pictures because they might not go with the apples.
>
> WILL. What?
>
> YOTTY. So that's what I'm going to do now--just play around with parts of Oz that I like--and see how they get along together. (15)

There is no apparent continuity between the "bits" played out, and although all of the characters are from Oz, much of the dialogue is straight out of vaudeville:

> YOTTY. (*jumping up, book in hand*). CUT! Now give me a Sawhorse! I want a 16-second Sawhorse scene! (*Sawhorse is dragged on; DAVE gets under it.*)
>
> WILL. You got it, Boss!
>
> YOTTY. Cue DOROTHY!
>
> DOROTHY. (*having whipped into place facing Sawhorse*). Now? (*Curtsies to Sawhorse.*) I'm very pleased to meet you. Tell me, are you intelligent?
>
> DAVE. (*as SAWHORSE*). Not very. Why waste intelligence on a common sawhorse when so many professors need it? (*And Sawhorse is dragged off as ALL sing and dance the vaudeville finish tune.*) (16)

However, there *is* continuity in the act, a method in the yutzey madness. Yotty is searching for the form of the play, and as s/he tells the skeptical Will, "Listen, you *have* to let your mind wander sometimes--it's like daydreaming; it's not wasting time--it's how the ideas come" (14).

Moreover, the episodic, light-hearted side-show spirit is essentially true to Baum's original material. Koste uses it, in varying ways, in the three Oz plays because it is in tune with her source; the tones of her other "translations," of Twain, Carroll, Burnett, or Tolstoy, are necessarily quite different from Oz and from each other. But she, like Baum, is very much at home in the peculiarly American idiom of the traveling player. (It is interesting to note that two of her plays for older audiences, *The Chicago Gypsies* and *Airlooms*, translate not another author's books, but her own life roots as a child born to actors, cradled--literally--in a trunk, raised in theatres and theatrical hotels.) Various critics, discussing Baum's books, pick up on this cheerful, episodic, opportunistic American spirit. John Algeo writes that Baum's *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* "has an optimism and a fascination with gimmicks that is American" ("Wizard" 291). James Thurber celebrates "the quick movement, the fresh suspense, the amusing dialogue, and the really funny invention" (162). Ray Bradbury describes Oz as a place where "everyone goes around democratically accepting each other's foibles . . . and feeling nothing but amiable wonder toward such eccentrics as pop up" (249). Roger Sale comments:

> The essence of Baum is his restless, careless ease, his indifference to the complexities of life, his eagerness to describe what enchanted him without ever exploring or understanding it. Such people often become entertainers of one sort or another, but they seldom become writers. It might be said he had a knack for writing the way some people have a knack for singing or dancing or hitting a baseball. (238)

Whether writing books really was as careless and easy for Baum as Sale suggests or not, writing the play is not altogether easy for Yotty; the process is joyful but also painful. S/he struggles to find that paradoxical but essential balance between maintaining control over the material--both the books and the actors--and surrendering it. Half-way through the play, s/he loses that balance, alienating the actors by insisting too hard that s/he, and s/he alone, is fully in charge: "You're not even *real* yet. This theatre is in *my* head, after all! . . . Get this straight: I'm the one that has to make the decisions around here; I'm the one that started this, and I'm the one that's got to finish it" (30-31). This both is and isn't true, as s/he realizes when the four actors abandon her; in losing them, s/he is in turn lost: "But, I don't *know* what happens next. If the characters leave, you're lost" (32). It is Dorothy, the concrete living link between Yotty and Oz, who finds the key: which is not to give in to but to go *with* the idea of being lost and allow it to lead back into the source material:

> YOTTY. You lead; I follow.
> DOROTHY. All right . . . . Let's see: *lost*! I know!
> . . . I know what you're looking for!
> . . . *The Road to Oz*! Book Five! And I'm in

it! (34)

Will (who is also, remember, Baum) reenters as the Shaggy Man, and he and Dorothy move into the much more sustained dramatic action which dominates Act II; which is in sharp contrast to the playfully chaotic scene-shifting and word play of Act I yet which--never forget--grows out of it.

What makes ON THE ROAD! such a fascinating script is its multilayered complexity. It is a play about writing a play; in other words, the play we see is not the play that Yotty will eventually write. Yotty's discoveries in Act II are recognitions of the Oz themes s/he wants to work with: that being lost (and found) is a state of mind; that, as s/he puts it (and I compress the dialogue):

> The way to live on is to live on the way? (Pacing, accelerating, thinking.) Because in real life we're always on the way somewhere. Travelin' along. As soon as you get to the end of something you find you're in the middle of some new beginning. . . . That's what Oz is all about. Making up life as you go along. Life's no destination; it's a journey! . . . Yes! So that's what the play is about . . . wandering. Travelin' along. (60)

The play that Koste writes (which is, of course, not the same as the one that her character is working on) has its own dramatic shape, direction, and climax, which is three-fold. First, the resolution of the dramatized action from the book, with the arrival of Dorothy, Button-Bright, Polychrome, and Shaggy Man at Ozma's birthday party and Ozma's lovingly magical insights into Shaggy Man's reasons for stealing the Love Magnet. Second, Yotty's finding the themes s/he's been searching for, quoted already. Third, the recognition of Will/Shaggy Man as Baum:

> YOTTY. You old Wizard, you! You've been here all along, leading me on! Why didn't you tell me?
>
> WILL. Don't you know yet, you have to find your own way?
>
> MIRANDA. With a little help from your friends? (61)

Now, as Koste's play ends, a stage direction describes Yotty as "left alone C [center], in spot, typing furiously and happily, as joyous tap-dancing and drumming are heard from the shadowy middle-distance" (61). "We're off!" exclaims Yotty. "To See!" (61) The play is over, but the process it celebrates goes on.

Maybe it is only fair to let old Lyman Frank Baum have the last word. However careless he may have been as a narrative artist, he understood some pretty basic truths about the reasons why art, and the imaginative play that it both grows out of and fosters, are not just dessert but the whole enchilada. In this quote (which a student copied from a Celestial Seasonings tea box; no more precise source is available), he is speaking, characteristically, of "practical" technological innovations--the telephone, the steam engine, moving pictures--but, equally characteristically, what he says has much wider applications and implications:

> For these things had to be dreamed of before they became realities. So I believe that dreams--daydreams, you know, with your eyes wide open and your brain-machinery whizzing--are likely to lead to the betterment of the world. The imaginative child will become the imaginative man or woman most likely to create, to invent, and therefore to foster civilization.

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The Image of Children as Daydreamers
in Marie-Louise Gay's Picture Books

Young children naturally move between reality and fantasy, transforming neutral, mundane surroundings into magical, exciting places. Through make-believe play, young children act out their daydreams. According to Jerome L. Singer, daydreaming or conscious fantasy plays a significant role in helping children to develop autonomy (105). Children are visual image makers, who, like Sendak's Max, invent alternate worlds where they can act out their fantasies and be in control. Marie-Louise Gay, Canadian author-illustrator, fully realizes the interplay of reality and fantasy in the lives of young children. "My favorite ingredients for a story," she states, "are bits of real life, wisps of daydreams and glimmers of fantasy" (Our Choice 25). The following analysis explores how Marie-Louise Gay creates the image of the child as daydreamer and fantasizer in four of her recent picture books.

In Moonbeam on a Cat's Ear, published in 1986, the first double-page spread sets the scene for fantasy. A cat dreams about a mouse while a new moon shines on the cat's ear (Gay 1-3). While the cat actually sleeps on Rosie's bed, its dream takes place outside under the light of the new moon and the stars. When Toby wakes up Rosie and takes her outside to play with him under the shadow of an apple tree, Gay implies that they enter into the cat's dream. A bird's-eye view shows Toby at the top of the apple tree reaching for the moon. Perry Nodelman states that "figures seen from above become part of an environment, either secure in it or constrained by it" (150). Here the realistic environment constrains Toby and Rosie. As soon as Toby reaches up toward the moon, the story breaks with reality and moves into a fantasy where it is possible to pull the moon out of the sky and play with it.

The moon becomes a sailboat on which Rosie and Toby, joined by the cat and mouse, sail to Rio and fly to Mars. The children completely control their daydream. As soon as it becomes frightening, with thunder and lightning impeding the joyful journey, Rosie and Toby tumble out of the moon and are soon asleep back in Rosie's safe, comfortable bed. However, the last page of the book shows that the fantasy has not actually ended--cat and mouse perch on the curve of the moon as it hangs back up in the sky. Is this the cat's dream, or has Rosie and Toby's make-believe play continued on in their night dreams?

In her illustrations Gay particularly uses broken frames, marginals, foreshadowing, and movement to enhance the story's fantastical qualities. To call attention to particular parts of a picture, the objects within the framed illustrations often break through into the surrounding white space. For example, the moon in the second double-page spread breaks the upper frame and thus seems to move from the sky into Rosie's bedroom. Also, as Rosie and Toby fly to Mars, the sail of the moon-boat breaks through the frame. Thus, we are more likely to notice that the sail serves double duty. It is also the cover on Rosie's bed, reminding us that children naturally incorporate familiar surroundings into their make-believe play. The last page of the book is the only illustration where the frame remains unbroken. This has a calming effect as we close the book and think of the cat and mouse sleeping peacefully on the slice of moon.

Gay's use of unique marginals adds yet another dimension to the story. In fact, as Joan Weller claims, they "tease the reader to see and look for more in the illustrations and text" (19). Early in the story as the cat dreams, the marginal provides the hint that it dreams of the sky and outer space. When Toby climbs the apple tree to reach for the moon, the marginal in eye-catching pink shows an airplane and kite, which help set the stage for a fantastical flight through the sky in the moon-boat. Other marginals reinforce the changing shape of the moon as it diminishes in size or show additional scenes of the make-believe journey.

As stated earlier, children often incorporate familiar surroundings into their daydreams. Rosie's blanket becomes the moon's sail. The poster of the moon and Mars in Rosie's bedroom foreshadows the daydream. Likewise, the lightning design on the living room walls hints at the trouble which will bring the dream to an abrupt end.

Finally, Gay uses movement to depict the children's entrance into and exit out of their fantasy world. The way we read pictures in a book carries over from the way we read print, from left to right (Nodelman 135). Thus, a movement on a page from right to left is of major significance. For instance, when Rosie and Toby begin their make-believe play, they move from Rosie's bedroom door on the right to being framed by an open door on the left. This right-to-left movement creates a tension, letting us know that something unusual is about to occur. Gay again uses this technique of right-to-left movement when the children's fantastical journey ends. The book's gutter splits the moon-boat and freezes its movement. When Toby and Rosie jump out of the moon, they fall to the left, back to the safety of home. This follows Nodelman's statement "that one voyages away from home to the right and returns to the left" (164).

Marie-Louise Gay again involves two children in make-believe play in her next picture book, Rainy Day Magic, published in 1987. When Joey comes to visit Victor, rain forces them to play indoors. At the point where Victor's father can no longer stand their frenzied activity, they escape to the basement. There the lights suddenly go out, and the make-believe play begins. They play on the back of a giant tiger, use a snake as a slippery slide, and finally dive into the sea where they are eventually swallowed by a whale. The make-believe play abruptly ends when Victor's mother opens the basement door and floods the area with light. As in Moonbeam on a Cat's Ear, the fantasy does not quite end back in the world of reality. On the last page, we see Joey wearing a starfish in her hair. Perhaps Gay wants to remind us that children do not draw fast boundary lines between the worlds of reality and fantasy.

In Rainy Day Magic, similar to Moonbeam on a Cat's Ear, Gay uses broken frames and foreshadowing. Here she also introduces the element of light and dark to move the children from their everyday world to one of make-believe. Nodelman states that frames around illustrations create a "tidier, less energetic" scene (50). Gay breaks the frames to emphasize the nature of Victor and Joey's play. For instance, on the second double-page spread, the broken frame draws attention to the energetic activity of the children. Pieces of a shattered plate break through the frame. Joey's red head pops through the upper frame as she rides her bike over the top of the couch. This frightens the cat so much that it leaps from the couch, and as it breaks the lower frame seems to jump right out of the picture. When the children are suspended between the real world and fantasy, the frames remain unbroken and thus alert us to a change in action. During the daydream, Joey and Victor climb over the back of a tiger, mistaking it for a bumblebee. Gay uses a broken frame to draw attention to the tiger's size. Its huge body breaks through the left frame and, in fact, bleeds right off the page. Our eyes are drawn to Joey and Victor's predicament as their bodies break the upper frame. They crawl down the back of the tiger, heading straight for the beast's huge mouth. On the bottom the tiger's claws break through to remind us again of the potential danger. The story ends with one of the quietest scenes in the book, that of Joey and Victor seated for supper. However, even here, the children's hair slightly breaks the border, a reminder that the imaginations of these children cannot be constrained. The world of magic, symbolized by the starfish in Joey's hair, remains accessible.

As in Moonbeam on a Cat's Ear, foreshadowing helps predict events in the make-believe world. Everyday surroundings are again incorporated into the fantasy. A child's drawing of a tiger comes to life. The splashing fish in the tank and the whale wallpaper border set the scene for the underwater play. House plants grow into banana trees through which the toy train chugs without the benefit of tracks.

Finally, Gay's use of light and dark effectively moves the action from the real world to fantasy and back again. When the lights go off in the basement, play for a moment stops. In the dark the children change gears and enter into make-believe play by crawling toward a small blue light and into a place "where banana trees sway" (Gay 11). As they enter into the fantasy, light returns. Likewise, darkness also brings an end to play.

Just as Victor and Joey become scared after being swallowed by the whale, Mom opens the door, and light pours down into the basement. The children move out of make-believe play from the whale's dark belly into the light of reality upstairs.

In Angel and the Polar Bear, published in 1988, Gay moves away from depicting two children in imaginative play to focus on an only child who uses make-believe play for self-distraction. Angel, the daughter of very tired parents, wakes up early in the morning. While her parents stay in bed, Angel fills the time with make-believe play. She imagines a flooded apartment through which she paddles her rubber giraffe. She periodically checks in with her lethargic parents, particularly her mother, who wakes up enough to mumble answers to Angel's questions. Hungry, Angel opens the refrigerator door, and a cold blast of air turns the water to ice. Now Angel skates through the apartment while a gigantic polar bear crawls forth from the fridge. When the polar bear begins to chew the quilt on the parents' bed, Angel comes to the rescue. She turns up the heat to melt the ice and then opens the apartment door so that the water and polar bear wash out onto the landing and down the stairs. The fantasy game seems over until Mr. Cantaloupe, the downstairs neighbor, returns the polar bear. When the huge bear backs Angel into a corner, Angel is understandably frightened until the bear growls his interest in a game of dominoes. The last page shows the polar bear and Angel sprawled on the floor happily playing. Since Angel's imagination has brought her an imaginary companion, she no longer needs or takes interest in her parents, who still have not gotten out of bed.

As in Moonbeam on a Cat's Ear and Rainy Day Magic, Gay again uses broken frames and foreshadowing. In Angel and the Polar Bear, she introduces two new artistic devices, continuous narrative and the concept of the glance curve. In Angel and the Polar Bear, the broken frames seem to have less significance than in the two earlier books. Here they draw attention to a very energetic child creating chaos. Toys, furniture, and even food float off the edges of the page. Angel herself continually breaks into the white border. Her head pops through the frame, her foot breaks into the white space, or her scarf swings off the page.

As was true in the two previous books, foreshadowing sets the scene for the daydream. As we look into Angel's bedroom, we notice some of the interests of this child. A large poster of a polar bear hangs on the wall over Angel's bed. An interest in water is also evident. Her wallpaper depicts an underwater world with a fish motif, and a drawing taped to the wall shows a shark splashing in the sea. A banana on her dresser foreshadows the story's conclusion when Angel and the polar bear happily play dominoes and eat bananas.

When Angel walks a tightrope from her bed to her dresser to pull out her rubber giraffe and flippers and then leaps off into the water, she fully enters into make-believe play. Here Gay uses the artistic device of continuous narrative, that is, portraying a character in two places within the same setting, to imply movement (Lacy 157). This scene conveys a particularly important moment in the plot. Angel, while moving within the space of her bedroom, also leaps into the text of the daydream. On the same double-page spread, first we see Angel gingerly walking the tightrope, and then on the right side of the page, we see her again leaping feet first into the flood.

According to Nodelman and Gaffron, the glance curve is the movement of our eyes across a picture from the left foreground around to the right background (Nodelman 135). Thus, Nodelman comments that protagonists of picture books most often appear on the left side of an illustration and "the move of a previously established protagonist to the right can suggest that the protagonist is in some sort of difficulty" (136). After the first two pages of the book, Angel usually appears on the left side of a double-page spread. When she has discovered the polar bear and seems to have lost control of her daydream, she appears on the left, huddled inside the frame of her parents' bedroom door. However, when she realizes that her parents are completely defenseless in their stupor, Angel's difficulty is emphasized by her appearance on the lower right side of the spread with part of her body bleeding off the page. As Angel faces the problem of what to do with the gigantic polar bear, she continues to appear to the right of the bear. In fact, the climax shows the bear filling up two-thirds of the picture space with Angel cornered within the lower right. On the next page, the last in the book, tension is released. As Nodelman states, in the last picture of a book, the placement of the main character on the right may suggest rest (136). Our eyes move up and then down the polar bear's body to a happy Angel quietly at play.

In Fat Charlie's Circus, published in 1989, Gay again depicts a single child creating his own daydream. Charlie does not move into a world of fantasy because he is lonely like Angel; he lives his dream by continually practicing to be a circus performer. Charlie fits Singer's model of a daydreamer who spends his time planning for the future (55). Charlie balances the family cat on his nose, then pretends that the cat is a lion needing to be tamed. Charlie trains goldfish to jump through a hoop, and later Charlie walks a tightrope, a clothesline full of clean clothes. It is not until Charlie juggles a set of plates and breaks them all that his parents demand a stop to his play. The story reaches its climax when Charlie rebels by climbing to the top of the tallest tree with plans to jump into a very small glass of water. While family and friends yell up at him to come down, Charlie continues to sit on a high tree limb, too scared to jump but too humiliated to climb down. It takes the common sense of Charlie's unconventional grandmother to coax him out of the tree with his ego still intact. As is true in Angel and the Polar Bear, Charlie's story ends with him still immersed in his fantasy world. He and his grandmother practice a wild bike-balancing act as they ride off to buy eggs.

In Fat Charlie's Circus, Gay uses frames within the pictures, perspective, and a parallel story to develop the fantasy. When Charlie is immersed in his daydreams, Gay places him inside a frame created by a border which looks like that of a quilt. Within the border and often breaking out of its frame, Charlie practices his circus tricks. However, when Charlie's juggling breaks the dishes, we notice a change, which alerts us to the shift in plot. Here Charlie appears without the constraint of the frame. Instead, Gay shows the text itself within the quilt border. This shift draws attention to Charlie's parents' loss of patience. They demand that he give up his dramatic play. The next double-page spread shows Charlie's plan for rebelling with the scene enclosed in such a large quilt border that it disappears off the edge of the page. This motif continues after Charlie climbs the tree and sits on a high limb wondering what to do next. At dusk when his family and friends give up trying to talk him down from the tree, the scene shifts again. Charlie's fears bring him face to face with reality. Again this is noted visually with a small quilt frame around the text and Charlie completely unprotected on his tree limb. This use of the frame continues during the rescue scene by his grandmother. It is not until the next morning that Charlie is again ready for make-believe play. We see him and his grandmother framed by a large quilt border as they ride off practicing their balancing act. The last illustration of the book, with no quilt border, shows a smashed egg and suggests another temporary halt in Charlie's circus play. Thus, Gay cleverly uses the quilt frame to depict movement from the world of fantasy to reality and back again.

Gay's use of perspective to focus our point of view heightens the emotional impact of the tree scenes. In the first such scene, our eye is drawn up the elongated tree trunk and then moves down to the small figure of Charlie standing next to his tiny glass of water. We recognize Charlie's dilemma, but see that he still feels very much in control. This worm's-eye view continues as Charlie climbs the long trunk which appears to sway right off the page. Charlie's mood of elation shifts when he reaches the top of the tree. This is dramatized by a bird's-eye perspective. We look down upon Charlie sitting high up in the tree and then focus on the speck of a glass far below. Charlie has realized the precarious position his rebellion has put him in. When everyone tries to persuade Charlie to climb down the tree, Charlie pretends to be in control. Inwardly afraid, he refuses to budge but instead announces, "'I'm going to be famous'" (19). Charlie's outward semblance of control is visualized by another worm's-eye view.

As a third device to enhance the fantasy, Gay creates a parallel story to add humor. A pair of mice, who dress and act like humans, play alongside of Charlie. While Charlie's goldfish jump through hoops, the mice swim in the goldfish bowl. During Charlie's tightrope act, they practice the same feat on the quilt frame. Unlike Charlie, they are fully in control during the tree scenes. They reach the top of the tree along the quilt border, as if they were climbing a mountain. However, they are not trapped at the top, but have several ways of getting back down, including parachutes, umbrellas, and wings. Much like the marginals in Moonbeam on a Cat's Ear, the mice add not only humor, but also another dimension of fantasy to the main story.

In each of her four picture books, Marie-Louise Gay creates a vivid, positive image of children who are daydreamers. Her characters show an inner ability to use their imaginations and thus be fully alive at any given moment. As Singer states: "By dreaming man can examine the alternatives that inhere in every moment. The capacity for make-believe provides us with a power over our environment and an opportunity to create for ourselves novelty and joy" (254). With her unique artistic style, Gay successfully creates the world of the child daydreamer. Use of movement, light and dark, continuous narrative, or broken frames helps convey passage in and out of the make-believe world. Other artistic devices, such as marginals, foreshadowing, parallel story, or perspective, enhance the fantastical qualities of the children's daydreams. Gay's work reflects children's ability to use their imaginations to cross the border easily from the world of reality to fantasy. This fantasy world remains accessible as long as children have the capacity to daydream. Sheila Egoff states that modern authors often disregard traditional conventions of fantasy, particularly that of ending the magic when the story closes (304). Marie-Louise Gay fits this description since, for her characters, the world of magic remains only a daydream away.

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The Center of Centerburg: Robert McCloskey's Regionalist Image of Boyhood

> This is the kind of local Americana, however, that encompasses the whole world of boyhood; it really is universal boyhood.
>
> Ethel Heins in McCloskey and Heins

Robert McCloskey's Homer Price (1943) and its sequel, Centerburg Tales (1951), have been frequently praised for their rich and comic evocation of life in a small Midwestern town. It is a pleasant, if not idealized, world both in its illustrations and prose, where young boys tinker with radios and read comic books, girls jump rope or play jacks around the courthouse square, men gather at the local barber shop to play checkers and talk about the weather, new books, and ladies' hats, and women meet to discuss plans for a box social. The opening to Centerburg Tales states, "In every town there is a best place to do everything" (10). In McCloskey's celebration of small-town American life, Centerburg becomes the best place to do everything, and at the very center of Centerburg is Homer Price. These two books essentially focus on the experiences of a young boy growing up in a small Midwestern town during the 1920s. In doing so, the Centerburg books belong to that rich and varied pastoral tradition of American boys' books that hark back to Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer (1876) and continue to Garrison Keillor's Lake Woebegon Days (1985).

James Daugherty, a fellow children's author and illustrator, praised Homer Price, calling it "America laughing at itself with a broad and genial humanity, without bitterness or sourness or sophistication" (127). Daugherty continued his enthusiastic praise of the book and singled out McCloskey's charming depiction of the protagonist, exclaiming: "This is to welcome Homer Price to Tom Sawyer's gang, that immortal and formidable band of boys of American fiction. For this boy is a real boy, thinking out loud and living out these rich and hilarious dilemmas with solemn and devastating humor" (126).

It is curious, and perhaps enlightening, that Daugherty praises McCloskey's Homer for the very quality which L. Frank Baum in his 1909 essay "Modern Fairy Tales" praised Lewis Carroll's depiction of Alice: "The secret of Alice's success lay in the fact that she was a real child, any normal child could sympathize with her all through her adventures" (138). Just as Alice was based in part on the personality and adventures of a real child, Alice Liddell, part of Homer Price's vitality as a character is that he is based on another real-life child: the author's recollections of his boyhood in Hamilton, Ohio, in the 1920s.

The literary prototype of Homer Price appeared in McCloskey's first picturebook, *Lentil* (1940). Lentil, the young boy who longs to sing but cannot, bears a striking resemblance both in physical appearance and cheerful personality to McCloskey's better-known character, Homer. It is Lentil who saves the day, with his humble harmonica, when the welcoming committee for Colonel Carter--Alto, Ohio's most notable citizen--is puckered and silenced by Old Sneep's sucking on a lemon.

In his 1942 acceptance speech for the Caldecott Award for *Make Way for Ducklings*, McCloskey discussed how his views and subject material for children's books were greatly influenced by his editor at Doubleday, May Masse. He recalled their initial meeting at which he showed Masse examples of his work: "I don't remember *just* the words she used to tell me to get wise to myself and shelve the dragons, Pegasus, limpid pool business and learn how and what to 'art' with. I think we talked mostly of Ohio" (82). McCloskey heeded Masse's suggestions; although he did not return to Hamilton to create *Lentil*, there is a clear connection between his recollections of his boyhood and this first literary version of Hamilton, which was later to be elaborated into Centerburg.

Anthony L. Manna is right when he observes that these three books should be understood as regional stories steeped in local color (93). Linda Silver has argued that Centerburg is "archetypical rather than typical . . . the quintessential Midwestern small town" (115). More insightful is Lynd Ward's suggestion that links the children's book illustrators of the 1940s, such as Robert McCloskey, to the earlier work of American Scene artists of the 1930s, particularly Grant Wood, John Steuart Curry, and Thomas Hart Benton (31). Both groups of artists found inspiration and worthy topics in American themes firmly grounded in a particular region of the country, generally narrative ones that appealed to a wide audience because they used familiar subjects presented in a more literal style than did other modernist painters.

Homer Price has been frequently called a latter-day version of *Tom Sawyer*; in fact, Ethel Heins has suggested that the Centerburg books are "Mark Twain almost reconstituted" (McCloskey and Heins 333). I would like to argue that although there are some telling comparisons with Twain, the books contain many more striking differences. While McCloskey drew, in part, on his childhood in Hamilton, he is clearly attempting to create a Regionalist version of Centerburg much more in the style of a Grant Wood painting than that attempted in Twain's classic tale of growing up in St. Petersburg.

While Tom and Homer are clearly brothers in that great family of stories concerning American boys, Homer has a more intimate, although "lost" brother, in the unnamed protagonist of

William Dean Howells's A Boy's Town (1890). Howells wrote about his boyhood in Hamilton, Ohio, during the 1850s in the autobiographical A Boy's Town, initially published in Harper's Young People. The artistic career of McCloskey, who left Hamilton for art school in Boston and eventually made his reputation as a writer and illustrator of children's stories about Ohio and New England, seems at times to duplicate the literary career of Howells, who left the same town a generation earlier to make his way to Boston where he eventually became the editor of Atlantic Monthly. Henry James's critique of Howells's work seems equally pertinent to the focus of McCloskey's Centerburg books: "He adores the real, the natural, the colloquial, the moderate, the optimistic, and the democratic" (Commager ix).

A closer reading of Homer Price reveals it to be different in tone from Tom Sawyer, or even A Boy's Town. Once again I am reminded of Baum's "Introduction" to The Wizard of Oz in which he maintains that the modernized fairy tale ought to aspire to become a text "in which the wonderment and joy are retained and the heart-aches and the nightmares are left out" (2). Although Baum failed to achieve this combination in his text, McCloskey succeeds admirably in his Regionalist version of boyhood in Homer Price and Centerburg Tales. There is no terrifying Injun Joe to haunt Homer's dreams, no Huck Finn to tempt him into wickedness, no Aunt Polly to play cruel practical jokes on, and no charming Becky Thatcher to make his head spin. The only spinning that takes place between boys and girls in Centerburg occurs when Homer's top inadvertently hops over on the girls' side of the G.A.R. monument where Ginny Lee and the other girls play jacks or jump rope. Homer's attitude toward girls in Centerburg Tales is neatly summed up in his exasperation: "You can't trust girls!" (68)

Twain makes it obvious that Tom "was not the Model Boy of the village. He knew the model boy very well though--and loathed him" (14). One can hardly imagine Tom offering to work in Uncle Ulysses's Lunchroom rather than going fishing as Homer does in "The Wheels of Progress." Recalling Tom's general aversion to work, best exemplified in his whitewashing Aunt Polly's fence, Homer seems to favor Sid more than he does Tom.

This whitewashing of the central character is seen to have been liberally applied to the entire community when McCloskey's Centerburg is compared to Howells's recollections of growing up in Hamilton. A Boy's Town depicts a much more rough-and-tumble world where boys frequently get into fights, tie cans to the tails of unsuspecting dogs, and are expected occasionally to run off. Hamilton has a much more gritty feel to it, according to Howells. It is a town peopled with bullies, drunkards, and a crazy man, Solomon Whistler, whose frightening appearance makes the young boy shrivel with terror. Howells's naturalistic Hamilton resembles Twain's St. Petersburg much more than McCloskey's nostalgic portrait of small-town life.

It is illuminating to examine the description of Hamilton, the geographic basis of McCloskey's Centerburg, in The Ohio Guide produced by the Writers' Program of the Works Projects Administration (WPA) in 1940, published three years before Homer Price. The Prices live two miles outside of Centerburg, where Route 56 and 56A meet; Homer spends much of his time in town "going to school, or doing odd jobs, or playing with the other boys" (McCloskey, Homer Price 10). In "The Doughnuts" episode of Homer Price when Uncle Ulysses's labor-saving doughnut machine goes haywire and starts mass-producing doughnuts, Mr. Gabby, the sandwich-board man, loses count at twelve hundred and two doughnuts, and someone in the gathering crowd exclaims, "There are almost as many doughnuts as there are people in Centerburg" (59). McCloskey's Centerburg is a cozy town where news travels fast so that "it wasn't long before practically everyone knew" the gentleman's agreement between Uncle Telemachus and the Sheriff that the winner of the title of the World's Champion String Saver "was supposed to have the hand of Miss Terwilliger in marriage" (79) in the "Mystery Yarn" episode of Homer Price. The Ohio Guide describes Hamilton as an industrial city of 50,632 with "huge factories for which the city is well known" (280). Although it is true that Centerburg is based on McCloskey's recollections of Hamilton in the 1920s and not 1940s when The Ohio Guide was published, the WPA description notes, "Upon completion of the Hamilton 'Hydraulic' in 1852, the town had the best water-power plant west of the Allegheny Mountains; it changed from a dozing Midwestern village into an alert industrial center" (282).

In choosing to present Centerburg as a sleepy Midwestern village rather than an industrial center, McCloskey has adopted the Regionalist ideology that supports much of the art work of Grant Wood, John Steuart Curry, and Thomas Hart Benton. The best known of the Regionalist artists of the 1930s, they were tagged by the press as the "Midwestern Triumvirate of American Regionalism" for attempting to elevate and mythologize life in the Midwest. Grandpa Hercules's four stories that begin Centerburg Tales, as well as Dulcey Dooner's giant ragweed in "Experiment 13" in the same collection, recall the tall-tale tradition, but set these yarns in a specific Midwestern locale. The children playing around Centerburg's G.A.R. statue look forward to the appearance of Uncle Hercules and his wildly exaggerated stories. Homer's beloved Grandpa Herc plays Centerburg's equivalent role of Solomon Whistler, the crazy man in Howells's A Boy's Town. This toned-down portrait suggests the extent of McCloskey's whitewashing of his boyhood. Uncle Hercules's legendary nineteen-mile jump from Centerburg to Top Knot, Indiana, in "The Gravitty-Bitties" is a clear inversion of Twain's "Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," just as "Pie and Punch and You-Know-Whats" is a modern reworking of Twain's lesser-known tale, "Punch, Brothers, Punch." Twain's influence on McCloskey is more from his humorous tall tales than from Tom Sawyer.

Uncle Hercules's tall-tale versions of his boyhood are more reminiscent of Wood's ironic and exaggerated historical paintings, such as the 1931 "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" and the 1939 "Parson Weem's Fable." Art historian Wanda Corn has observed of the later painting that it is "a fable about the making of fables" (120). It becomes a kind of metafable, with Weems pulling the curtain aside to reveal the dramatic scene of honest young George Washington, ax in hand, confronting his angry father. Corn suggests that what Weems did for Washington with his cherry tree tale is exactly what Wood attempted to do for the Midwest in his painting: "to leave behind a body of folklore that would ensure his region and its types a place in the national memory bank" (120). McCloskey creates a very similarly fabricated tall-tale version of Midwestern life in the Centerburg books that attempts to instill a pride and confidence in Midwestern culture. It is worth noting that between the 1941 publication of Lentil and the 1943 publication of Homer Price, McCloskey did the illustrations for his first collaborative work, Yankee Doodle's Cousins (1941). Anne Malcolmson's collection of American folklore and tall tales was to have a strong effect on his structuring of the Centerburg books. Rather than presenting boyhood in the more realistic manner of Twain or Howells, McCloskey adopted the Regionalistic version of childhood, choosing to round off the rough edges and smooth out the curves in a manner similar to the highly stylized paintings of Wood and Benton. Corn's assessment of Wood's artwork is an equally appropriate critique of the ideological basis of the Centerburg books:

> His works were fables for hard times, assuring Americans--particularly midwesterners--that they had a collective identity and a shared past. His idyllic landscapes spoke reassuringly of peace and plenty; his figurative paintings made common life in rural and small-town America important and worthwhile. (62)

Homer Price is a character who appears to have stepped out of a Grant Wood painting. Unlike Lentil which is a picturebook for young children, both Homer Price and Centerburg Tales are collections of short stories loosely held together by a common setting and a fixed set of characters intended for a slightly older audience. Although Homer is not always the protagonist in these stories, he, like his Greek namesake, is the teller of tales. We see Centerburg through his eyes, so that he, like McCloskey, becomes the artist who frames the scene. Gary Schmidt has perceptively noted that each of the stories in Homer Price is built around one central illustration, so that the illustrations work much in the manner of a picturebook expanding visually the meaning that may have only been made implicit textually (30). Where the Regionalist artists drew paintings that were meant to be read as narratives, McCloskey wrote and illustrated his children's texts that are meant to be understood visually as well as verbally.

Homer sports a crew cut and a common sense attitude toward life. Unlike his friend Freddy, Homer has a healthy skepticism toward the Super-Duper comic magazines in "The Case of the Cosmic Comic" episode of Homer Price pointing out that "Gosh, Freddy, these Super-Duper stories are all the same" (37) and prefers pitching horse shoes to rereading the same old super-hero-rescues-pretty-girl-and-catches-the-villain-on-the-last-page sort of story. On their way home after meeting Super-Duper at the opening of "The Super-Duper and the Electric Ray" at the Centerburg theater, the boys, with the help of their horse, pull the super hero's new car out of a ditch. When they watch their hero wince in pain when iodine is dabbed on his scratches, the boys realize that Super-Duper is more a man of flesh and blood than steel. They agree to keep silent on this newly acquired knowledge until they can trade their large stack of Super-Duper comic books from the grateful super hero to some unsuspecting friends for a Louisville Slugger that is only slightly cracked and a good baseball ball.

This preference for the old-fashioned, as opposed to the modern, is repeated over and over again in the Centerburg books. Much of the humor of the books stems from Uncle Ulysses's misguided weakness for "the latest thing in labor saving devices" (McCloskey, Homer Price 50). This problem repeats whether it is with the doughnut machine in the classic "The Doughnuts" episode in Homer Price, or the jukebox in the "Pie and Punch and You-know-Whats" episode in Centerburg Tales. McCloskey's most biting attack on modernism is found in the ironically titled episode "The Wheels of Progress" in Homer Price. With the encouragement of Uncle Ulysses, Naomi Enders, the great-great-great-granddaughter of Ezekiel Enders, the first settler of Centerburg, is convinced to transform the Enders' Homestead into Enders' Heights, a suburb of one hundred modern houses. These new houses are mass-produced on the same principle of the doughnut machine. Each house has as much originality and character as one of Uncle Ulysses's doughnuts:

> Each front yard had its own climbing rose bush, two dwarf cedars, and maple trees, all planted and sodded round about. Each back yard had its mass produced ash can, bird house complete with weather vane, and revolving clothes line. In fact modern production genius had thought of everything: sheets, towels, pillow cases, and a print of Whistler's Mother for over every fireplace. (McCloskey, Homer Price 136)

Like the Regionalist painters, McCloskey prefers the indigenous qualities of a small Midwestern town to the homogenization and blurring of regional differences resulting from industrialization and modernism. When the Homestead, the Enders' stately old mansion, is removed to make room for another modern house because it "did stand out like a sore thumb" (McCloskey, Homer Price 141), the citizens can no longer find their way home. They use the piece of vernacular architecture as a visual landmark to count the number of houses to their own indistinguishable homes.

McCloskey's Centerburg books reflect many of the same concerns of the Regionalist art movement in their attempt to promote small-town virtues and community spirit. McCloskey celebrates the unique qualities of the local Midwestern culture over the bland general culture that attempts to do away with regional characteristics in the name of modernization and progress. It is worth noting that if there is a villain in such a pleasant locale as Centerburg, it is the decidedly non-public-spirited Dulcey Dooner. His attempts to blackmail the town in "Wheels of Progress" and "Experiment 13," like Old Sneep in Lentil, make him the opposite of community-minded Homer Price. As the model boy of Centerburg, Homer is always willing to help, be it in tracking down robbers in "The Case of the Sensational Scent," or in placing cotton in the children's ears so they are not pixied away by the music of Michael Murphy in "Nothing New Under the Sun (Hardly)," or playing the part of an Indian in "The Wheels of Progress" as a participant in the wonderfully parochial, but comic, hometown pageant to celebrate "One Hundred and Fifty Years of Centerburg Progress Week." In creating the Centerburg books, McCloskey has produced the enduring character of Homer Price, who although not the universal version of boyhood that Ethel Heins suggested, is the very embodiment of the wholesome Midwestern Regionalist virtues of Centerburg, Ohio.

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Notes from a Dark Side of the Nursery: Negative Images in Alphabet Books

Probably no one genre in the field of children's literature can claim a greater number of published titles than alphabet books. And probably, with perhaps the exception of Mother Goose rhymes, alphabet books are the first books to which infants are exposed. Thus, since the imprint of these early exposures can be expected to leave lasting impressions, choosing and understanding these books is of enormous importance. That endeavor is also of enormous proportions.

Although Ruth Baldwin's studies of alphabet books, by her own admission, are far from exhaustive, they are, nevertheless, one of the most inclusive single explorations currently available. Therefore, a review of her _100 Nineteenth-Century Rhyming Alphabets in English_ serves as an instructive starting point in understanding the range and the numbers of these books.

Baldwin's collection of children's books, now estimated to contain some 35,000 or more different titles and editions, started with a birthday gift from her parents while they were in England. She refers to the gifts as a "handful of chapbooks." In spite of the scope of her subsequent collections, she tells her readers, "As the years have gone by I have never ceased to be amazed at the endless quantity and the variety of children's books which one [the nineteenth] century produced" (ix). In 1968 she bought from Ben Tighe of Athol, Massachusetts, some 250 alphabets. About half of the examples in her alphabet book come from this collection. She cautions that her book "is by no means a definitive collection. In fact, it may contain only a small portion of all the rhyming alphabets produced for children in the nineteenth century" (ix). So prodigious was the field that, according to Baldwin, "A simple bibliography of all of the nineteenth century rhyming alphabets would be a book in itself" (ix).

Because exact dates, and often artists and writers, were lost, the great bulk of these pieces was published anonymously. "Most remarkable perhaps," says Baldwin, "is the fact that neither the alphabets nor their illustrations were commonly reprinted from one book to another as the stories so frequently were" (ix). That fact makes two reissues which appeared respectively in 1978 and 1966 of special interest. _A Coon Alphabet_ by Edward Windsor Kemble in 1898 was reprinted in 1978 by Andante Publications, and the 1859 manuscript of _An Illustrated Comic Alphabet_ by Amelia Frances Howard-Gibbon was published by the Toronto Public Library in 1966. But before we analyze these two books, let us go back to Baldwin to survey the pictures of black and white children in grotesque or demeaning roles in the one hundred alphabets.

Because of the difficulty with chronological or alphabetical arrangements, Baldwin grouped her alphabets by theme. Appropriately, the book opens with an invitation in rhyme titled "The Invited Alphabet." "A said to B. Come here to me,/ And we will go call on C" (1). This bit of civility is followed by seven other categories: (1) variations on "A was an apple pie"; (2) single names; (3) nature which includes animals, birds, farm life, gardening, and flowers; (4) trades or professions built largely around the Tom Thumb alphabet; (5) goodness and scriptures; (6) travel; and finally miscellaneous alphabets with a single thought. Baldwin explains that "if there is an imbalance in this selection, it reflects the imbalance in my library" (x). Obviously, she has made an honest effort to be as representative as possible. Therefore, with a reasonable assurance that we are dealing with what was typical of the times, we can look to her examples to find pictures of black children to compare with those illustrations in *A Coon Alphabet*.

Since all alphabet rhymes have slightly more or slightly fewer than twenty-six frames, it is safe to say that we can expect to find some twenty-six hundred frames in the collection at hand. Of these two thousand plus frames, only ten single frames in ten different poems feature Afro-Americans. The obvious choice of *N* for Negro is used in five poems (46, 208, 220, 242, and 335). *S* specifically for Slave occurs only once (265), but *Q* refers to "Quas-hee, a poor little slave" (33). The remaining examples are somewhat contrived uses of *X* (134), *F* (287), and *Q* (288). The pictures, all of which are grossly subservient at best, become even ironic when viewed in the context of the book titles in which they appeared.

The ludicrous dash which illustrates "N was a NEGRO chasing a coon" (242) taken from *Little Pet's Picture Alphabet* needs no further comment. The following poem about a black boy appears in "Alice's Alphabet" from *Babyland*:

Nimble Negro Named Ned
        Who is never tired or sleepy tis said,
                But smiling and bright
With a bow most polite
        He brings up the news
                Every morning and night. (46)

Ned's bow is made to his young master--a white child. *Young America's Library ABC Book* gives further evidence of the happiness falsely attributed to the slaves. Here, "N is for Negro, from Afrie afar;/ How contented he seems as he smokes his cigar" (220). Dignity is not granted even in the act of emancipation. *The Union ABC*, citing "N is for Negro, no longer a slave" (208) shows a kneeling black at the feet of a white soldier who carries a large flag. The ultimate in incongruity comes from *The Mother's Picture Alphabet*: "S begins Slave. Who can look without pain/ At that agonized face, and that whip and that chain" (265). With this slave, also on his knees with hands clasped in prayer, the illustrator spares his child viewers no literal details.

These token inclusions of the Negro in this overview of nineteenth-century alphabets afford no positive images of black people. But then neither does the total focus found in A Coon Alphabet.

According to the biographical notes included in his book, Kemble was born in Sacramento, California, in 1861. While he was an eleven-year-old traveling with his father in the West, he began drawing pictures of Indians. During the winter of 1880-81, he enrolled in a sketching class, but formal training was short lived, for he began quickly to earn his living drawing for the Daily Graphic, and in 1883 he began doing pictures for the original Life magazine. His success with Life's series of comic Negro dialect stories was prelude to his illustrating the first edition of Huckleberry Finn. Mark Twain called Kemble "a genius of an illustrator" (Paine 72). With benefit of hindsight, Henry Pitz, in a 1963 edition of Illustrating Children's Books, says that the artist had a "natural, unsophisticated eye which was united to an untutored but ingratiating technique" (76). The Sambo image had become lucrative pop art during the latter part of the nineteenth century, and Kemble was not above exploiting an opportunity.

The frontispiece of Coon Alphabet sets the tone for the rest of the book. A very black Negro boy in a floppy cloth hat is shown with the whites of his eyes popping and exaggerated lips grinning as he peers expectantly into a chicken coop. The concerned hen seems to know what comes next from the youngster's fist clenched in anticipation. The book proper is structured in fifty-two frames, allowing two pictures per letter of the alphabet. Most of the text, in a ludicrous doggerel, starts with a person's name. The figures are all in caricature. Slapstick actions and a heavy dialect dominate each scene.

We start with "A is fo Amos/ what rides an ole mule/ so he can be early/ each monin for school." In the mock finery of a well clad jockey, Amos is mounted on a mule that is wearing glasses. We turn the page to see that the mule has pitched Amos off with such force that the youngster is flying head first into a doorway beneath the sign labeled "Gramer Schole" (n. pag.). The book is so designed that in each instance a page is turned to expose the last line of verse which invariably is a physical as well as verbal punch. For example, "D is for Didimus/ what blew down a gun/ now he and his sister . . . ." You can guess the effects of the punch line which, in gross understatement of the resulting explosion, reads "ain't havin much fun." The pattern goes on for such as Ezra, Fatima, Kiah, LuLu, Pompey, Rastus, and others. The farce features both young and old as buffoons. The girls are stereotyped pickaninnies with stand-up pigtails, and the boys are mischievous rascals with no respect for age or physical deformities. The final scene offers us "Z is for 'zeb'/ what was mindin some veal/ til a common bull frog [turn the page] made him do a pin-wheel." Zeb is sitting on a stump with his arms wound around tucked up legs. He is--true to the pop image--asleep on the job. The grazing calf, whose tether is attached to Zeb's wrist, is startled by the frog, and in a mad dash jerks the rudely awakened Zeb into mid air. In writing for Studies in American Humor, Elvin Holt observes that "Kemble's quaint little book is much more than a humorous introduction to the alphabet; it is also a clever primer of racial prejudice" (318).

Significantly, not all of the dark side of nineteenth-century alphabets concerns itself with black children. In order to create a comic incongruity, Howard-Gibbon's An Illustrated Comic Alphabet also uses less-than-ideal images of juvenile principals. Although this book is not as obviously offensive as A Coon Alphabet, it is alien to our age's notion of wholesome material for children. Indeed, some may wonder at the use of "comic" in the title.

In reality, Howard-Gibbon's book is one of the many illustrated versions of "A was an Archer," or "Angler," sometimes called Tom Thumb's Alphabet. Although many of the usual adult professions are featured in Howard-Gibbon's poem, the distinctive feature about her version is that she uses cherub-faced children dressed up as adults. Considering the fact that, as a teacher, she designed her alphabet as a teaching tool, and that she had the freedom of choice, some of her child/adult depictions are to be wondered at. The commonly used "archer," "butcher," and "captain" work without problem, but to see the baby-faced "Drunkard with a red face" being served by an equally innocent looking child maiden gives easy rise to raised eyebrows. Female stereotypes, to be expected, present L as "a Lady with a white hand" and O as "an Oyster Wench, one that could scold." The choice professions such as King, Merchant, Nobleman, and Parson, of course, go to the boys, but then so do some less desirable ones. The "Robber who wanted the whip" is male as is the "Vinter, a very great sot." If a bad liver does not do him in, damaged lungs may as he puffs away at his pipe.

There is a shift in the Y and the Z. Here, we have pictures of children in the roles of children, bringing the images closer home to the intended audience. "Y was a Youth who did not love school" and "Z was a Zany [who] looked like a fool." To underscore the final child image, Z in center stage wears a dunce cap and a sign hung around his neck which labels him "A know nothing."

Baldwin makes the point that the Tom Thumb alphabet was one of the most popular choices of nineteenth-century illustrators. Whereas some subjects--such as the archer and the angler--remained fairly constant, others enjoyed greater variety. In Baldwin's nine reprints of this poem (120-40), D appears as

"Duchess,""Drover,""Dandy,""Drummer,""Dish," and "Doctor" in six different versions while three others, like Howard-Gibbon, use "Drunkard." In these same nine, Z for "Zany" deviates only twice--once for "Zebra" and once for "Zechin," a Venetian coin. The other seven all use "Zany" presented in one way or another as a fool, usually as a jester, but once as "a silly goose,/Who thought it would be very jolly/To stay out of school, and act like a fool." In no instance in the Baldwin examples is Zany presented as a child.

Of interest, perhaps, is the observation that we do find one of the relatively rare pictures of blacks in Baldwin's Tom Thumb collection. It is shown in one of the Picture Baby Books, part of Aunt Mavor's Little Library [series] (134). Here, "X was Expensive, and so became poor." X is a richly dressed gentleman relaxing in a plush chair while being offered an elegant decanter and wine glass by a stereotyped, patronizing black servant.

One should not take leave of the dark pictures of the nineteenth century alphabets without noting that (at least in England) there followed some twenty years after Howard-Gibbon's Comic Alphabet, the romping antics of the playful children who populate Kate Greenaway's A Apple Pie. Nor should one take leave without noting some of the improved American images of black children in the twentieth century. Two books come to mind. Ashanti to Zulu, by Margaret Musgrove with pictures by Leo and Diane Dillon, is widely known because of its Caldecott Award. At least one child appears in each picture. These are sophisticated pictures featuring life in twenty-six different African tribes. Closer to home is Adam's ABC by Dale Fife with illustrations by Don Robertson. Robertson's sensitive black and white drawings are realistic renditions showing the daily city life of Adam and his friends. The text is a poetic prose reflecting an underlying theme that black is beautiful.

As a final thought we should note that, in spite of the bulky catalogue of existing alphabet books, new titles continue to be issued annually. Obviously, both the importance and the perenniel popularity of these books are recognized. But while we can be grateful for the plethora and a few improvements, we must, at the same time, realize that the need for a broader light of cultural diversity in the content of these books still exists. And because they so securely implant their images at such an early age, further watch on the improvement of their content deserves our special attention.

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A Nostalgic Image of Childhood:
Nancy Ruth Patterson's The Christmas Cup

In the 1979 May Hill Arbuthnot Honor Lecture, "Beyond the Garden Wall: Some Observations on Current Trends in Children's Literature," Sheila Egoff briefly traces the prevailing image of innocent children in literature for the young from Victorian times to the late 1950s and early 1960s and traces the development of the problem novel and the new realism in fiction for children, which began in the early 1960s.

Professor Egoff points out that from the mid 1800s to the early 1960s, realism and fantasy for children were characterized by the portrayal of childhood as different from adolescence and adulthood, the period of time when books depicted children as "basically good and innocent and [when] childhood was . . . valued for its own sake" (258). Up to the 1960s writers for children "sheltered and nourished and developed those special characteristics of children's literature: warmth, wonder, gaiety, sentiment, simplicity--in a word, the childlike" (271).

In the 1960s, however, the prevailing image of innocence that had characterized children's fiction for a hundred years changed. The garden, to use Professor Egoff's metaphor, representing "seclusion, protection, confinement . . . order, serenity, [and] aesthetic delight" (261) was torn down. Literary historians often name Louise Fitzhugh's 1964 novel, Harriet the Spy, to mark the beginning of the "new realism" in children's literature, the first major novel for children de-emphasizing the image of innocent childhood.

While Harriet does reflect some qualities that can be called "childlike," and though Harriet's problems are real, there is little that is innocent or childlike about the ostracism, rejection, and parental neglect Harriet suffers. Nor is there much that is childlike about Robert Burch's Simon and the Game of Chance (1970) in which Simon suffers from the repression of his reserved and fanatically religious father.

Julia Cunningham's Dorp Dead! (1965), Bette Greene's Summer of My German Soldier (1973), and Robert Cormier's The Chocolate War (1974) dismayed many adult readers of children's fiction if the three novels did not shock them. The protagonist in Judy Blume's Then Again, Maybe I Won't (1971) has enough problems to send an adult howling to a psychiatrist if not to a locked and padded cell.

These, of course, are only a few isolated examples, but there were many others in the decades of the 60s and 70s, novels which made Joseph Krumgold's . . . And Now Miguel (1953) and Madeleine L'Engle's Meet The Austins (1960) seem more like pablum for saps rather than books for children. Before the 1960s it was a rare story in which there were divorced parents; in which there were deaths, except for a few that occurred off stage; in which there were illegitimate, alienated, abandoned, and abused children; in which there were drugs, abuse, violence, suicide, and a host of other topics considered taboo for children's fiction until the 1960s.

Though the number of problem novels of the 1960s and 1970s has diminished somewhat during the past decade, the problem story still prevails from picture stories for the youngest to stories for young adults. Many recent picture books deal with senility, death, and other problems of old age as these problems affect young children. Typical and well known among the stories about a child and a grandparent is Tomie de Paola's Now One Foot, Now the Other (1981), in which a little boy, whose grandfather has helped him learn to walk, helps his grandfather learn to walk again after he has had a stroke.[1] Vera Cleaver's Moon Lake Angel (1987) deals with the problem of an unwanted child, and Betsy Byars' Cracker Jackson (1985) deals chillingly with wife abuse as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old boy.

Yet, there is a growing number of exceptions to these problem novels, and a recent one is Nancy Ruth Patterson's The Christmas Cup (1989), which does not emphasize the problems of its protagonist, Ann Megan McCallie, but presents the image of a charming and relatively innocent child reminiscent of the older realistic fiction for children. Patterson emphasizes not the problems of Megan but an image of a nostalgic childhood through her protagonist's naivete, innocence, and sweetness and her goodness, kindness, and wholesomeness, character traits often lacking in the child protagonists of many problem novels for children since the early 60s.

Like a great number of its predecessors from Victorian times on, The Christmas Cup is a novel about a middle-class family striving to preserve a sense of dignity and compassion from one generation to the next. The novel is not only a story about a middle-class family; it is set in middle America, in fictitious Mount Air, Missouri, in the late 1940s or early 1950s.[2] The McCallie household is a three-generation family: Nannie, the grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. McCallie, two children, Charlie and Megan, and a dog, Boo.

Megan McCallie goes by various pet names; Charlie sometimes calls her Fang because she planted her two front teeth in the side yard so that "a tooth tree would grow," according to Charlie, who also sometimes calls her

> P.Q., short for Patchwork Quilt . . . . because Doc Butler had taped a white gauze patch over her left eye to make her lazy right one grow stronger . . . . Her mother called her Meggie; her father called her Meg. Nannie, her grandmother, called her Little M. That was the name Ann Megan McCallie liked best of all. (3-4)

When the story opens, Megan prepares to sell lemonade at the next-door auction of Miss Gracie Holcomb's antiques; Megan sells lemonade in "flowery eight-ounce paper cup[s]" (16), earning $5.25 or $5.04, Megan could not be sure because "It was hard to keep all the pennies straight . . . " (18).

Near the end of the auction, the auctioneer picks up "An old, dented, rusty, pint-sized tin milkshake cup" (17), and when he finally offers the cup for five cents, Megan bids five dollars for it. Two high school girls make fun of her and her foolish purchase. Crying, Megan runs home where Nannie consoles and comforts her, suggesting that they can think of some way to make the old cup beautiful.

They decide to save all their change from shopping trips and all that

Megan makes doing odd chores and keep the money in the cup, hidden away, and they rename the milkshake cup "the Christmas Cup"; they will make a list of names "of all the people who had been especially good to them that year. Family didn't count. When Thanksgiving came, they'd decide who . . . had meant the most to their lives, and they'd buy that person a special Christmas gift." And the Christmas Cup and the person they select will "be their secret forever" (24).

When Thanksgiving dinner is over, Nannie and Megan count the money in the cup, and Megan finally decides who on the long list will get the secret Christmas gift with the $25.75 Megan has saved.

After Megan decides, they order the gift from a St. Louis store, and on Christmas Eve, after everyone has gone to bed, Nannie and Megan slip out of the house and walk down the deserted, snow-covered street to place the package against the front door of the person Megan has chosen. Megan and Nannie have indeed transformed the old, dented, and rusty cup into something beautiful.

No summary can portray the richness of Nancy Ruth Patterson's story about Megan, Nannie, the Christmas Cup, and the essence and image of the innocence of childhood that Patterson creates in Megan. Nor can a summary reveal the sensitivity with which Patterson creates through the use of dramatic revelation and a limited omniscient point of view the nostalgic image of a real, but nonetheless, childlike character without the adult-like problems of children in most fiction since the early 1960s.

Megan is not a protagonist from a problem novel; she is not abused, rejected, or neglected; her family is a three-generation one living harmoniously together. Patterson shows that Megan is, above all else, a child whose family loves her.

For example, one summer night while Megan and Nannie are washing the supper dishes, Nannie tells Megan that people call her "teacher's pet," a name that Megan dislikes, because they are jealous. In her innocence and naivete, Megan asks what "jealous" means. Nannie explains that jealousy occurs when you have something that "somebody else really wants." Prompted again by her naivete and innocence, Megan asks Nannie what she has that "somebody could be jealous of":

> "A family that loves you, for starters," Nannie said. "Most people never know the kind of love you take for granted."
>
> "How do you know they love me?" Megan was sure they did, but she wanted Nannie to say it anyway.
>
> "Well, your father always leaves the house wearing that tie you picked out for him when your class went to the state capital." Megan had spent most of her shopping time deciding on the lime green tie with the state of Missouri embroidered on the front. Nannie knew Megan's father left it in the glove compartment every morning before he went to the office--country lawyers always wore blue. But he really had worn it last Thanksgiving and for Megan's birthday dinner, too.
>
> "And whose mother made her a spider outfit for Halloween, complete with legs that moved? And whose mother didn't tell your father when you got your best Sunday school dress caught in the spokes of your

> two-wheeler? . . . And who helped you wallpaper your clubhouse with covers from American Girl magazine? . . .
>
> "Are you sure Charlie loves me, too?" Megan had asked.
>
> "Does he carry around the arrowhead you gave him as his lucky piece? Did he stay home from a baseball game to go to your first piano recital? Did he run all the way home to tell us your tooth had been knocked loose in a game of Red Rover? . . . "
>
> "Do *you* love me, Nannie?" Megan had asked.
>
> "Little M, you ask the silliest questions sometimes," Nannie had said softly. (9-10)

Most of the time, Megan is a child sensitive to the feelings of others, and even sensitive to inanimate objects, like the old milkshake cup. It is because she feels sorry for the cup that she buys it. She offers five dollars for it because "[t]he milkshake cup looked lonely, standing there among its richer antique cousins" (18).

Megan shows her sensitivity towards others' feelings when she asks Miss Annie Gallagher, the ninety-three-year old, retired Mount Air high school English teacher, to read Shakespeare to her one summer morning. At the same time, she exhibits the kind of timidity that many children have when dealing with adults who are quick to point out fault.

When Megan knocks on Miss Annie's front door, she calls loudly, "Ann Megan McCallie. It's Ann Megan McCallie."

> "You don't have to shout. I can hear just fine," Miss Annie said as she opened the door.
>
> "My grandmother said you could read real good."
>
> "I taught Ruth senior English. She was the best student in my class, and she would never have said 'real good.' She'd have said, 'She reads really well.'" (29)

Perhaps intimidated by the age of Miss Annie, her imposing decrepitude, her indirect correcting of Megan for shouting and for misusing an adverb and an adjective, Megan's reaction is typical of a well-mannered and thoughtful child. Patterson writes, "Megan wasn't sure what to say next. Maybe she would say something else wrong. Maybe she would say it too loudly or not loudly enough" (29-30).

Miss Annie is not only ancient and authoritative, she is also proud. She has too much pride to admit that she cannot see well enough to read. She does, however, take A Midsummer Night's Dream that Megan has gotten for her from the bookshelf, and she "reads" for thirty minutes. Patterson, in her limited omniscient point of view, gives Megan's reaction to the reading: "A different voice for each character. Megan wasn't always sure what the words meant, but she knew it was better than radio. Better than The Wizard of Oz. Better than anything" (33).

Because Patterson presents Megan as a considerate and sensitive child, Megan responds gracefully and tactfully to old Miss Annie's pride and Miss Annie's not wanting people to know she is nearly blind. Megan does not tell Miss Annie that she holds A Midsummer Night's Dream upside down the whole time she quoted the passage from memory.

The image of Megan's childlike grace also comes through in her desire to make her family proud of her. More than once in the novel, Megan hopes that she will make her family proud of her, hopes that she will not disappoint them. When she goes barefooted to Mr. Dumphrey's grocery store to buy supplies for her lemonade, she does not want her family to know. She thinks that "[i]f her family saw her coming back from town barefooted, they'd be disappointed. That's what they always said when Megan had been less than her best self" (11).

That she goes barefooted without her family's approval indicates that Megan is not a paragon of virtue and that she can think for herself. While Megan is in Mr. Dumphrey's grocery buying supplies for her lemonade stand, Patterson shows that Megan is a logical-minded child with enough gumption to know that something might go wrong with her scheme to sell lemonade. Mr. Dumphrey asks her if she is having "a party or somethin.'" Megan does not want to tell him what she is doing because, she thinks,

> Too many things could go wrong. Maybe her father wouldn't be able to find the wood he needed for the stand . . . . Or maybe Mama would change her mind about letting her use the old lemonade crock that had been in the family ever since there was a family. Or maybe Charlie wouldn't help her letter the butcher-paper sign. (6)

Megan doesn't answer Mr. Dumphrey's question, but asks him one instead.

Although it may seem that Megan is a child too good to be true, she does have faults. She not only goes uptown barefooted, but after Megan returns from the grocery store, she comes quietly in the back door and slips on a pair of holey tennis shoes. Nannie asks, "'You didn't wear those holey shoes uptown did you, Little M?'" Although Megan replies truthfully that she did not, she has not told the whole truth (12).

One day in October while Megan and Willis Bailey, another third grader, are returning to school after their lunch at home, a Mennonite farmer comes down the street "in his hooded buggy, his horse clip-clopping, clip-clopping on the pavement, swishing at the flies with its tail, dropping big clumps of manure right where the car tires would squish them as they traveled to town . . . " (34). Willis suggests that they throw rocks at the horse, but Megan balks at throwing at a horse and says that throwing rocks at the buggy will not hurt. The rocks banging on the buggy frighten the horse, the farmer cannot control it, and the buggy tips over on its side (34-39).

In a little while, the Mennonite farmer and the principal, Miss Finney, start going from room to room so that the farmer can identify the boy and girl who caused his buggy to wreck. Megan is miserable; Miss Finney orders Megan and Willis to her office. When Miss Finney asks Megan if she were throwing rocks at the buggy, Megan, without thinking, says she was aiming at a bumblebee. "Willis couldn't help but laugh at her silly excuse. Miss Finney didn't smile at all." Miss Finney tells Megan, "'I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget . . . '" (44).

Miss Finney teaches Megan a lesson in compassion and understanding that she does not forget.

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In The Christmas Cup, Nancy Ruth Patterson has created a story with a protagonist and other characters highly reminiscent of the realistic novels of Elizabeth Enright, Eleanor Estes, Meindert de Jong, and others before the problem novel became dominant in the 1960s and 1970s. It is a story in which children and adults can relish and savor the naivete, the innocence--the very childishness--of a young child, who is not burdened with the problems that take young readers out of their childhood and into adulthood before they are adults. Miss Patterson presents a nostalgic image of a child that we and children meet infrequently in contemporary fiction for children.

Notes

[1] Perhaps no contemporary picture books deal as starkly with death as Babes in the Woods, popular during Victoria's reign, including the still available edition illustrated by Randolph Caldecott.

[2] The time of the setting is somewhat indefinite, but the car auctioned in the story is a "1945 Plymouth two-door sedan" (17), and Nanny refers to two radio shows popular in the late forties, "Amos and Andy" and "Baby Snooks" (28); there is no mention of television, which became fairly common in the early fifties.

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In the Image of Young America: Girls of the New Republic

In the turbulent world of the new post-Revolutionary republic, the establishment of an indigenous children's literature slowly evolved in response to the ideals of the newly formed United States. Samuel Goodrich, who wrote the immensely popular Peter Parley children's books, noted in his journal that publication figures of the percentages of British to American authored children's books shifts from 70% British, 30% American in 1820, to 70% American and 30% British by 1850 (MacLeod, *Moral Tale* 21). The didactic writers of American books for children, like English authors, focused on imparting a moral education, in this case works designed specifically for the future citizens of the new republic.

The essential difference between British books for children and American books becomes apparent not in the fundamentally didactic nature of *all* realistic (as opposed to fantasy) works for children, but rather in the greater emphasis on the political *future* found in the American works; this emphasis is reflected in what is perceived to be the moral responsibilities inherent in maintaining democracy. The youngest members of the new political system must be taught that upholding this system is morally sanctioned. The growing nation, however, was fraught with economic, social and demographic uneasiness: fortunes were made and lost nearly overnight, slavery was a divisive issue, and the rapid growth of urban areas and cultivation of the wilderness all combined to create if not an actually unstable atmosphere, at least the emotional equivalent of instability. Children's literature of this period reacts to the fears of change and the unknown, reflecting the desire for stability and stasis: "The exuberance of the young United States, its social fluidity, its fiercely competitive spirit, and its mounting tensions rarely appeared directly in juvenile fiction, yet they were all there in the reverse images of order, cooperation, and sober attention to duty and conscience that were repeated in every book" (MacLeod, "Children's Literature" 21). This fear of "social breakdown," moral decay and political destruction and the means by which they could be controlled were clearly delineated in "advice books," the American counterpart of the English conduct manuals for girls.

In *All American Girl: The Ideal of Real Womanhood in Mid-Nineteenth-Century America*, Francis Cogan convincingly argues that, in opposition to the well-acknowledged "Cult of True Womanhood" and its ideals of passive, delicate and intellectually ignorant girls and women, these advice books promulgated a variant ideal which she has called the "Ideal of Real Womanhood." This model of feminine conduct, duty, and demeanor is not, however, a feminist stance underneath which one can find attempts at subverting patriarchal control, but a *moderate* position requiring of its followers highly toned domestic skills, intellects, and physiques. Cogan describes the ideal of Real

Womanhood as

> a popular, middle-of-the-road image that recognized the disparities and the dangers protested by early feminists but tried to deal with those ugly realities in what it saw as a "female" way. It placed itself, therefore, firmly in the "separate sphere" controversy by claiming a unique sphere of action and duty for women, but one vastly extended and magically swollen past the dimensions of anything meant by that term to devotees of competing True Womanhood. (4)

The Real Womanhood expressed in advice books written especially for adolescent girls and reflected in the books written by women for a female audience (usually featuring a girl heroine) is inherently domestic. The American "cult of domesticity" is not exclusionary as is, for example, the insular world of Mansfield Park which absorbs and ultimately rejects its inhabitants by turn according to their morals, but an all-inclusive system of moral/religious/social values, which also constitutes a work ethic.

Within the domestic ideology constructed for girls were strictures on health, education, and household management, as well as those areas of concern, such as piety, charity, dress, and manners, which were reflected in eighteenth-century British conduct books. One of the most striking differences between the earlier conduct books of English heroines and the advice books of the new republic is the emphasis on physical fitness and health. Maintaining health is viewed as a moral imperative for the girl who is to become the central figure in her home. Indeed, a girl can be considered culpable if she does not attend to her health. William Alcott, a popular author of advice books in mid-nineteenth-century America, writes in Letters to a Sister (1850):

> But if you are morally bound to attend to bodily health, whatever may be your present condition, and however great your present possessions, in this particular, are you not morally culpable for neglect? Are you not, at least, blameworthy, if you do not act up to the dignity of your present convictions of what is physically right? (49)

Health is not, however, just the freedom from disease for the advice writers. Varying degrees of vigorous exercise are advocated for girls so that they become physically strong. The inimitable Dio Lewis stands at one end of the scale, arguing for such mechanical means to fitness as the pangymnastikon (a set-up of two rings popular in Germany, its country of origin) and, his own invention, the iron "gymnastic crown," worn for fifteen minutes morning and night to improve posture. A homeopathic physician, Dr. Dio Lewis wrote anecdotal and light-hearted books for young women, such as Our Girls (1871) in which, in the capacity of paternal friend, he gives advice on the totality of a girl's health and fitness, including discussions of dress, nutrition, weight, and how these relate to employment and matrimonial prospects. In his discussion of the necessity for thick-soled shoes, for example, Dr. Lewis good-humoredly chides those who would idealize girls as overly delicate or ethereal:

> Some people seem, somehow, to suppose that girls do not really step on the ground, but that, in some sort of spiritual way, they pass along just above the damp, unclean earth. But, as a matter of fact, girls do step on the ground just like boys. I have frequently walked behind them to test this point, and have noticed that when the ground is soft, they make tracks, and thus demonstrate the existence of an actual, material body. (22-23)

It is this focus on the material body which also separates the "real" girl from the "true" girl. The physically fit and healthy girl not only enlarges her capacity for work and service, but also enhances her beauty and chances on the marriage market. An almost universal complaint against American girls is that although they are the prettiest national type (in comparison with English and girls of the European continent), they often neglect their beauty through idleness and indolence. The Young Girl's Book of Healthful Amusements and Exercises (anonymous 1840) includes illustrations of a girl doing calisthenics and slyly suggests that regularly performing these exercises will fulfill every girl's wish to be admired.

The work ethic of the cult of domesticity elevated housekeeping to the level of a profession. Yankee values, such as economy, frugality, and organization, infused the popular housekeeping manuals (which often also included general advice for girls). Lydia Maria Child's The American Frugal Housewife (1829) went into at least thirty-three editions. She preached the new "American evangelicalism" of prudence:

> The true economy of housekeeping is simply the art of gathering up all the fragments, so that nothing is lost. I mean fragments, of time, as well as materials. Nothing should be thrown away so long as it is possible to make any use of it, however trifling that use may be; and whatever be the size of a family, every member should be employed either in earning, or saving money. (3)

Thus, the female members of a household--probably not out earning money--can (and must, according to this philosophy) participate in the market by saving money for the family. This saving creates value. Child's reverence for hard work and ingenuity is revealed in the following example where a few homely ingredients mixed with female muscle can improve old fabric and increase its value.

> Skim-milk and water with a bit of glue in it, heated scalding hot, is excellent to restore old, rusty black Italian crape. If clapped and pulled dry, like nice muslin, it will look as well, or better, than when new. (12)

Another important aspect of the advice books for girls was the promotion of habits believed to be part of a particularly democratic program for moral reform, feminine behavior, and domestic management. For example, Catherine Beecher and Harriet

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Beecher Stowe's American Woman's Home (1869) considers early rising to be a habit especially suited for the new republic:

> This practice [early rising] which may justly be called a domestic virtue, is one which has peculiar claim to be styled American and democratic . . . . But in aristocratic countries, especially in England, labor is regarded as the mark of the lower classes, and indolence is considered one mark of a gentleman. This impression has gradually and imperceptibly, to a great extent, regulated their customs, so that, even in their hours of meals and repose, the higher orders aim at being different and distinct from those who, by laborious pursuits, are placed below them. (191)

Much of the advice books are lavish in their praise of the domestic American woman and the opportunities which exist for her in America: Reverend George Washington Burnap, in Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Women, and other subjects (1841), feels that although women ought not to seek suffrage, "[that] better provisions ought to be made to secure to them their property, I have no doubt" (ix). He also considers the female to be the "very poetry of the world" (71) and America, with its "free" society, as the "Paradise of Women" (82). Catherine Maria Sedgwick, who, like Lydia Maria Child and many other advice book authors also wrote for children, relates an incident in Morals of Manners; or, Hints for our Young People (1846) which demonstrates her national pride in American manners and equality:

> Last winter, an elderly lady met with a similar obstruction [a street filled with water too wide to step over]. A labouring man was passing. There was no plank at hand. He set his foot in the water for a stepping-place, and extending his hand to her, begged her to put her foot on it!
>
> You may have heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry to Queen Elizabeth, how he threw the cloak from his shoulders into the mud for her to step upon. We think our American labourer's courtesy exceeded even Sir Walter Raleigh's. (40)

Sedgwick later reminds her child readers of their accountability as inheritors of a democratic system and its rewards for hard-working citizens:

> You have a great responsibility as American children. It is not here as in the old world, where one man is born with a silver spoon, and another with a pewter one, in his mouth. You may all handle silver spoons, if you will. That is, you may all rise to places of respectability. (61)

A young woman can, with her knowledge gained in the "home school," influence her brothers and sons so they will be able to participate in whatever society the fluid American "class" system makes available to them:

> A Farmer's boy accustomed, at home, to a neat table and well-conducted meal, will not in any way discredit himself, nor be abashed or flurried if he chance, in after life, (as he well may,) to be the guest of the

> President of the United States. (Sedgwick, Means and Ends 108-09)

As I briefly mentioned above, the knowledge of the instability and liquidity of the American economy, where fortunes were made and lost with alarming frequency, also affected the advice books for girls, which almost unanimously advocate the knowledge of some marketable skill or trade in the unhappy event that some evil befall the girl and her family or, after her marriage, her husband and children. Lydia Howard Sigourney in Letters to Young Ladies (1833) considers the "sphere of Woman [to be] eminently practical" (35) and that "young ladies should make themselves the mistresses of some attainment, either in art or science, by which they might secure a subsistence, should they be reduced to poverty" (31).

It is not only for the case of reduced fortune that girls are encouraged to increase their knowledge and abilities beyond domestic management, but also to render their happiness somewhat independent from these duties. As Mary Wollstonecraft had rather grimly noted in Thoughts on the Education of Daughters in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a girl's marriage might not be satisfactory or companionable, but a trial to be borne and thus a girl's (or woman's) abilities to transcend her suffering through reading and study can be a comfort and a virtue. In Means and Ends, or Self-Training (1839), an advice book written for girls ten to sixteen, Catherine Maria Sedgwick writes: "Be sure to be so educated that you can have an independent pursuit, something to occupy your time and interest your affections; then marriage will not be essential to your usefulness, respectability, or happiness" (19). She suggests the study of arithmetic as useful and beneficial as it opens employment possibilities traditionally closed to women, and serves to "inspire a love of order and accuracy, and thus aids women where they are most defective" (30).

The ideal Real Womanhood depicted in the advice books was biased in favor of the middle-class: wealth and its "benefits" were seen as tending to make its possessors idle and morally weak. In Means and Ends, Sedgwick sternly admonishes her wealthy readers: "Depend upon it, that if you are totally ignorant of domestic affairs, you are nearly as unfit to be an American wife and mother, as if you were lame in both feet and hands" (111). Grace H. Dodge's A Bundle of Letter to Busy Girls on Practical Matters (1887) was written expressly for the working girls of New York City. The advice is meant to make up for the lack of time a factory or office girl has to spend on learning domestic and personal management, and to caution against the temptations particular to urban girls with an income. The distressed circumstances of many of the girls of Dodge's "Practical Talks" is evident from some of the advice: "Buy a morning paper, read it, and then keep it for a cold spell of weather, and thus make your news useful. Girls can tuck it inside of a thin coat, and for a few hours it will keep them warm and comfortable" (29).

The Ideal of Real Womanhood, not surprisingly--and that of the advice books--operates in girls' fiction most particularly in the construction of the tomboy, a popular conception of nineteenth-century girlhood. The formulaic aspects of the novels which feature tomboys include a girl of about twelve years old (just prior to puberty), who prefers boyish games and pursuits to those activities of the domestic girl. She is always lively, intelligent and charming. (The most famous example of the nineteenth-century tomboy heroine is Jo March of Louisa May Alcott's Little Women). The tomboy's "subversive" androgynous nature, however, is ultimately subsumed within the "womanly" cares of love, marriage, and domesticity; thus the ideal American girl's training (which we have seen particularized in advice books and manuals)--hard work and self-sacrifice--enables her to negotiate a gendered "American way of life."

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> [Hector] holds out his arm to his son. But the child turns away and falls back screaming on the breast of his nurse with a beautiful belt; he takes fright at his father's appearance; the bronze scares him as well as the panache made of horse hair that he sees oscillating at the top of his terrifying helmet. His father bursts into laughter. (148)[1]

Who could forget this touching farewell scene taken from the Illiad? Homer did not hesitate to portray Astyanax as a frightened child at the time his father leaves for combat. However, in the seventeenth century, in his tragedy Andromaque in which Astyanax is the central theme of the work, Racine vigorously refuses to focus explicitly on the child.[2]

If today the child has finally obtained in French literature the attention he or she deserves, one has to admit that this recognition has been given to him at a late date in history. In neglecting the child, Racine was clearly influenced by the ideas of his time. In fact, in this period, the child was absent from all social life and made his entrance into the social world only when he reached the age of marriage. One remembers, in this respect, Madame de Lafayette's novel, La Princesse de Clèves which highlights her society's prejudices by describing a life at the court where only the young, beautiful and brilliant elite are admitted; no elderly people, no children.

One of the reasons the child is ignored may be due to his short passage on earth. Children often dying at an early age could explain the following quote taken from Molière's Le malade imaginaire:

> Why is it, my brother, that having the wealth you have and having only a daughter for a child, because I can't take into account the little one, why is it, say I, that you are talking about putting her in a convent? (3.3)

"Because I can't take into account the little one." It would be easy to become indignant at such a statement. However, the classical era never reacted that way. The absence of the child occurs in society as well as in literature.

Nevertheless, it would be unfair to say that the child is totally ignored. If he is absent in literature, certain writers will create literature to be read by the child. Although Charles Perrault's audience was originally adults, aristocrats at the court, his fairy tales were directed to youngsters and provided them with valuable lessons (1697). For example, we could interpret the story of Le petit chaperon rouge (Little Red Riding

Hood), in which a little girl listens to the advice of a stranger who happens to be the wolf, as a lesson for children who are too trusting. In another example, Cendrillon (Cinderella), who ends up marrying Prince Charming, has a difficult youth. Nonetheless, she learns how to take care of a house, how to clean, how to sew, and how to cook like any future wife who commands respect. The story reminds little girls, the same way *Blanche-Neige* (*Snow White*) does, that their role is clearly defined within society.

One could also mention La Fontaine since today French children still have to learn by heart his fables (1668, 1678, and 1694). However, La Fontaine had indicated that not only were his fables not intended for children but that he possessed a deep hatred, which he could not hide, for those who actually learned from his work: for him, the child is "doubly stupid and doubly knavish," "this age is without pity" (qtd. in Bethlenfalvay 16).

Despite these earlier works created for children, it is not until Rousseau that we find a distinct concern for children within literature. Although Locke publishes his famous work *Some Thoughts Concerning Education* in England in 1693, France has to wait until the second half of the eighteenth century before it sees the child assume a central role in literary texts, thanks to Rousseau's *Emile* (1762).

Although the child begins to emerge at this time in French literature, it appears that his presence is due to influences within that period which were actually foreign to the child per se. This concern with the child is to a large extent the product of new beliefs emerging at this time concerning the nature of the human being. Consequently this interest in the child is derived from a set of ideas external to him. For Rousseau, "Everything is good coming from the hands of the Author of things, everything degenerates in the hands of man" (5). It is, therefore, the adult that must change, and for that to occur it is necessary to begin shaping him at birth. Related to this is Rousseau's notion of the "bon sauvage" (noble savage), an idealistic alternative to civilized society. Nature is presumedly good, and one should not deviate from it. In order to prevent the degeneration of the civilized human being it is necessary to remake him, giving him a new education which will lead to true happiness. This new interest in the child in literature is due in part to the perceived need to rediscover the child's natural state through an educational process.

This fascination with the child is also due to a set of fears in eighteenth-century France concerning the loss of society's population. Many children died at a very young age. Rousseau reminds us that the first years of life are synonymous with sickness and danger and that half of the children that are born perish before they reach the age of eight (22). Fear of depopulation invades nearly all homes. It is necessary to bear many children to insure the survival of some.

Thus, we find that the success and wide-spread influence of *Emile* was related to the social ideals and economic situation of France. In articulating these concerns, society allows the child to take a more permanent place in French literature. We now begin to find the "child" in many works including Rousseau's *La nouvelle Héloïse* (1761) and *Les confessions* (1782) where the author does not conceal anything concerning his own youth. Diderot, in *Les entretiens d'un père avec ses enfants* (*Dialogues between a Father and His Children*) (1773) recalls as well certain remembrances of his youth and shares these memories with his readers. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre will utilize Rousseau's ideas concerning the ideal state of nature in his famous *Paul et Virginie* (1788) where the unforgettable heroes are of course two children. In the theater, Beaumarchais also includes a child, Chérubin, in his play *Le mariage de Figaro* (1784). Even in the opera the child begins to appear. Cherubini, for example, will use children in the stage production of his *Médée* (1797).[3]

Notwithstanding these developments, none of these works reflect the very serious problems experienced by children at this time. In spite of the newly emerging ideals and efforts during the eighteenth century aimed at raising children in the most desirable ways (we should also mention Morelly's "Lois d'Education" from the *Code de la nature* [1755] in which the author proposes education laws on how to raise children), French society's treatment of the child in the following century was far from perfect. For instance, there was no coordinated attempt to help children who were reared and educated in an atmosphere of fear and intimidation until the government intervened by passing the law of July 1889 which protected mistreated and morally abused children. Until then, children were the exclusive property of their parents who, if they desired, did not hesitate to be cruel with them (Bethlenfalvay 55).

As we move into the nineteenth century, we find that literature reflects this attitude towards the child because in novels the child is usually associated with suffering. Quite often, the child is a victim; he suffers at home, in school, or in the street. He is surrounded by people who play with his innocence and make him suffer. The theme of the unhappy child is so characteristic of the novel of this era that, even though it is not the only issue addressed by such literature, it overrides most other concerns.

In some cases, adult writers remember certain tragic episodes in their past and create a hero who is to be pitied. In both fictional and autobiographical literary works the negative childhood experiences of these authors are vividly communicated.

Although Victor Hugo wrote: "O l'amour d'une mère, amour que nul n'oublie" (the love of a mother, love that no one forgets), many young heroes will never feel the desire to turn towards their mother with tenderness, and many will dream of a better existence than the one they are forced to endure (717). For example, in Balzac's strongly autobiographical Le lys dans la vallée, the character Felix discusses his relationship with his mother:

> Which poet will tell us about the pain of the child whose lips suck a sour breast and whose smiles are repressed by the devouring flame of a severe look? To what disgrace, either physical or mental, was due my mother's coldness? (10)

However bad Felix's situation is, it does not compare to the plight experienced by the hero of Jules Vallès' L'enfant:

> Whatever breast I have bitten, I don't recall even one caress during the time I was little. I have not been fondled, pampered, pecked at. I have been whipped a lot. Who replaces a mother? A stick could have replaced mine quite well! (114)

Definitely, some mothers are quite disagreeable, but they are probably not as horrible as the mother of Poil de Carotte (Carrot Hair). The reader experiences a feeling of relief when the boy revolts against his harsh parent. Unfortunately, this situation creates great bitterness for the hero: "Surely, others have their sorrows. . . . Today I demand justice for myself. What fate couldn't be better than mine? I have a mother. This mother does not love me and I don't love her" (Renard 226). It is interesting to note that the depiction of "mères dénaturées" (abusive mothers) is quite frequent in French literature. To some extent, this might be a reaction against the sentimentalism of early nineteenth-century popular literature, such as the work of Mme de Ségur or even Dickens.

In the works of George Sand we find another author who does not spare her young heroes from misfortune. For example, in François le Champi, one can see a desperate child who is on the verge of losing his mother. La Zabelle, François' mother, has decided to abandon the son she cannot raise; but the child realizes this and begs his mother to keep him:

> O mother, sweet mother! . . . Why do you want to leave me? Do you want me to die of grief from not seeing you anymore? What did I do to you for you to stop loving me? . . . Did I do something wrong? (245)

One can imagine with anguish the fright of this poor child. In Histoire de ma vie (The Story of My Life), George Sand talks about her own fears as a child and how she had a very unhappy childhood. She recalls that one day, while taking a walk with her mother, she stopped walking for a time because she was tired. Her mother waited for her a little distance away. At that point, the lamp-lighter came towards her and terrified the girl with her words: "Beware of me, I am the one who picks up the bad little girls, and lock them all night in my street lamp" (539).

In Vie de Henry Brulard (Henry Brulard's Life) Stendhal talks about "the sad drama of [his] youth that only reminds [him] of sufferings and deep moral vexations." He is not spared by conflicts pertaining to his family and, talking about his father, writes: "It would have been very difficult for him to love me.

. . . He clearly saw that I did not love him." Later he claims: "I have been a persecuted poor little kid, always chastised at every turn" (60-62).

If certain children are unhappy at home with their parents, others experience the same unhappiness at school. In some cases the child is unhappy in both settings. Jules Vallès actually dedicates his book *L'enfant* to: "All the ones who die of boredom in school or whose family have made them cry and who, during their youth, have been tyrannized over by their teachers or thrashed by their parents" (17). And, in the same work, Jacques, who is in the same collège (school) where his father teaches, has to listen to the "mockery intended for [his] father" and sighs: "it is tough for a ten year old kid" (42). The title Alphonse Daudet gives to one of his novels refers to the surname his hero is given by one of his teachers:

> The teacher made a face and disliked me right away. From that time on, when he addressed me it was always contemptuously and in a scornful way. He never called me by my name: He was always saying: "Hey! You, over there, the little Thing!" I had told him more than twenty times that my name was Daniel Ey-sset-te. . . . In the end, my classmates nicknamed me "the little Thing" and the nickname remained. (23)

Flaubert, for his part, describes the school's atmosphere where his hero Charles Bovary is admitted. The teacher is as negative as Charles' classmates:

> -Rise, said the master.
> He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbor knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more.
> -Get rid of your helmet, said the master who had a good sense of humor. (4)

Jules Michelet, for whom, as Roland Barthes mentions (157), the child becomes the "paragon" of all his heroes, also describes his youth as a very unhappy one. In *Ma jeunesse* (*My Youth*), he tells the reader that at the end of the schoolday he was surrounded by his schoolmates who saw him as a "curiosity." The ones in the back pushed the others making it difficult for him to get away from this hostile crowd which was asking him questions only to laugh at his answers, whatever they were (qtd. in Calvet 92).

Alfred de Vigny, who was anxious to show how much childhood remembrances stigmatize the life of an adult, once said that these details about youth give another example of childhood's sorrows that leave in man a shade of barbarity that is difficult to erase for the rest of his life. Needless to say, Vigny did not escape the meanness of the others: "An impression of indelible sadness wounded my soul beginning in my youth. Inside the school I was persecuted by my companions . . . They beat me . . . They took my lunch bread . . ." (1260). In Balzac's *Le lys dans la vallée*, while Charles, his parent's favorite, was allowed to be tutored at home, his brother had to go to a school where he quickly became "a perfect object of mockery." His classmates mistreated him both mentally and physically. He recalls that one evening, on his way home from school, a handkerchief full of stones was thrown at him (8).

Sarcasm and humiliation seem, therefore, the fate of many children in nineteenth-century French literature. On the one hand, the child is a plaything of adults who enjoy torturing him in sometimes sadistic ways while, on the other hand, he is subjected to abuse and mistreatment by other children. As M. J. Chombart de Lauwe states, this hostility of children is no more than a reflection of adults' attitudes:

> The school world is a world of children among themselves, but of children already hardened, whose cruelty has been exacerbated by the life in a small society which amplifies the faults of the adult's society. (qtd. in Crubellier 75)

Finally, we find that the child of the street is not spared the miseries experienced by other children. The street child appears to be the model of a wretched society living in the city. As Maurice Crubellier suggests, Gavroche of Les misérables is the symbol of the horrible condition of urban youth who more often live in a collective fashion, i.e., in gangs, rather than in the presumedly more wholesome environment of the home (64). For example, in that work, a young child is described in the following way: "He doesn't eat everyday. . . . He doesn't have a shirt to wear, no shoes on his feet, no roof over head. . . . He is between seven and thirteen years old, lives in bands . . . sleeps outside" (694). Here, we have the example of what M. Crubellier calls "youth mixed with big cities' miseries" which the readers of Dickens are familiar with (67). The rapidly growing urban population creates very harsh conditions that the writers try to criticize by describing the characters that are injured the most by them. As Marina Bethlenfalvay declares:

> The appearance of the suffering child as a literary character coincides more or less with the awakening of the public's sensibility to reality in regard to the misery of a great part of the population. This more intense consciousness of social injustices is due in part to the fact that they reach, during the XIXth century, proportions unknown till that date. (54)

To summarize, it is in the nineteenth century that the child's place in literature, especially with the autobiography as a popular genre, is clearly established. His image is often, however, a very gloomy one. We find that most of the time he is a suffering victim, abused by his parents, especially his mother, his classmates, his teachers when he goes away to school, and/or his street environment. In this period, the child finally occupies a central or heroic role in French literary texts, but it is a treatment which often pictures the child as the unfortunate, victimized product of his personal and social milieu.

Notes

[1] The translations from French are my own.

[2] "He" will be used to refer to both the male and female child.

[3] Although born in Italy, Cherubini moved to France at the age of twenty-seven and remained there until his death.

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The Fable Child's Image in Words and Pictures

Old when Aesop first told them, the fables today's English-speaking children know were first recorded as texts for young princes who needed to learn to govern--elegant predecessors to the late twentieth-century's literature-based curriculum. Many of these eastern stories found their way to western children through Aesop's fables. Originally told for both adults and children, the fables have become "children's literature." From the fifteenth century to the twentieth, major writers--Caxton, La Fontaine, Newbery, Bewick, Caldecott--presented fables for the children of their generations. Twentieth-century writers have collected fables, illustrated them, written them, rewritten them, turned them into picture books, and parodied them. They are still very much with us. With such origins and such repeated publication for children, fables might be expected to contain children as main characters and to present plots based on children's activities. They do not. Nor do they use many animal "children." "A young colt" or "nestlings" appear no more frequently than do "infants" or "a young child." Of the more than two-hundred-fifty fables in Marianne Moore's translation of La Fontaine's Aesop's Fables, only thirty involve a child.

The Fable Child's Image in Words

What then is the image of this rare child in fable? The fable child is a middle-class male of indeterminate age who is teachable and sometimes smart enough to outwit his elders. For the most part, fable children belong to working-class families, frequently farmers. Interspersed with "schoolboys," "farmer's sons," and "young maids" are only a few "princes" and an occasional "infant son of a knight." No princesses or infant daughters of knights appear in La Fontaine's collection. In that collection, "boy(s)" and "son(s)" outnumber "girl(s)" and "daughter(s)" six to one. The fable child ranges in age from infant to "marriageable age." Boys are younger than girls. When age references exist, the boys are referred to as "infant son," "little boy," "school boy," "young lad," or "young boy." The girls, on the other hand, usually appear at least old enough to work: they are "milkmaids" or "servant girls." Several are "of marriageable age, and one (metamorphosed from a mouse) is a "girl of about fifteen years." This fable child plays various roles: serving as audience, advancing the plot, illustrating a moral, learning a lesson, and outwitting adults.

Only rarely does the fable child serve simply as audience for the story teller. In none of Aesop's fables are children specifically designated as audience. John Gower's "Adrian and Bardus" is told to the speaker's son, who evidently needs to know that ingratitude is "a sin, my son, as base as the vilest" (qtd.

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in Junior Library 205). Vernon Lere's story, "Prince Altheric and the Snake Lady" is specifically directed to a "young prince": "Now listen, courteous Prince, to/ What befell your ancestor." It seems that the ancestor had kissed a hideous and frightening serpent, which had promptly turned into a beautiful lady, thus illustrating that things are not always what they seem (Aymar 28).

Next most frequently, children are used as plot devices. One fable uses an infant to teach a wolf a lesson. In both Aesop's story and Tolstoy's retelling of it, a woman threatens a small child that she will throw him to the wolf if his crying continues. The wolf finds out too late that one should not take too seriously the threats a woman makes when she is trying to calm a child (La Fontaine 91-92, Junior Library 212). In Gotthold Lessing's "The Boy and the Snake," a young boy plays straight man for an adult who points out the boy's erroneous thinking and states clearly that false benefactors deserve the ingratitude they get (Aymar 17). Children are crucial to the Indian Bidpai fable, "The Flying Turtle." The turtle is able to fly by biting firmly on a stick which two birds are carrying over the water. Observing the strange sight, children tease the turtle. Replying to the children's taunts, the turtle finds out that if one wants to live, it is sometimes necessary to keep one's mouth shut (Junior Library 196). In "The Golden Goose," three daughters provide the situation for their deceased father's return as a golden goose whose feathers keep them from want until their mother learns the dire consequences of greedy behavior (Gaer 164-65). The Panchatantra tales of "The Moneylender's Trick" and "The Crows and the Black Snake" also use children as plot devices. The moneylender's son is kidnapped and held until his father restores a stolen scale; and a young princess' carelessness with her necklace allows the crows to steal it, lay the blame on the snake, and get their reptile enemy killed without blame or danger to themselves (Upadhyay 30-33, 7-12).

The role most frequently given children in the fables is that of a major character who undergoes an experience that illustrates a moral or teaches that child a lesson. "The Merchant, the Noble, the Shepherd, and the Prince" in Aesop's fable so named, are cast up half-drowned on an island after their boat sinks. All have grandiose suggestions about what steps to take; but it is the shepherd who, anticipating Admiral Crighton by several millennia, shows the young prince that "The hand that works without demur/ Was ordained to be our rescuer" (La Fontaine 256). The son in the story of the miller, his son, and the ass (and who should carry whom) helps convince the reader that "The world will be carping, no matter what you've done" (La Fontaine 58).

Occasionally the fable child is allowed to point out the moral to the adult. When a schoolboy is rescued from a bog by a longwinded pedant who first lectures him at length, Aesop lets the boy say, "Save me now and preach later" (Junior Library 234).

In Many Moons, modern fable-teller James Thurber lets Lenore, who wants the moon for a gift, show her father that there are indeed many moons, depending on who is doing the observing.

Sadly, the fable children who "learn something" from their experiences have mostly negative experiences. The child weeping because a nettle he barely touched has stung him is told to grasp nettles firmly the next time and experience less pain. "Do boldly what you do at all" (Junior Library 30). The three youths who jeer at an old man for planting trees whose fruit he will never eat do not eat the fruit either. All die before the old gentleman, who later carves their stories on their gravestones, proving the point he had made at the outset and the youths had learned: no one knows the future (La Fontaine 270). In "The Boy Who Cried Wolf," the boy's false cries of "Wolf" twice bring his father and the workmen racing to help him. No one responds to his third--and honest--cry, and the wolf helps himself as the boy realizes that liars are not often believed even when they tell the truth (Mathias 18). The milkmaid who learns not to count chickens before they are hatched learns it from a bad experience too. Walking to market with a pail of milk on her head, she plans to sell the milk, buy eggs, sell the resulting chickens, and make a good profit. Tossing her head in excitement, she spills the milk--and learns a lesson (La Fontaine 155).

Death and disfigurement teach the lesson in "The Two Parrots, the King, and his Son." The four have been friends for years when, in a fit of anger over the younger parrot's behavior, the prince has the parrot killed. Outraged, the father parrot plucks out the prince's eyes, flies to the top of the tallest tree in the forest, and refuses both the king's pleas to return and his promises of amnesty and friendship. Aesop does not say whether the prince learns the lesson the father parrot states, that distance is a "needful cure for hate's hot pain" (La Fontaine 250). The reader infers that the prince learned that steps taken in anger can have blinding consequences.

Trying to better one's circumstances can also have a negative result for fable children. The two young maids whose mistress sets them to work at the first crow of the cock try to get some rest by killing the cock. However, with no cock to mark the dawn, their mistress now gets them up in the middle of the night and they end up working even longer hours, having indeed learned that "Sometimes by changing situations we abhor,/ We double the predicament" (La Fontaine 106).

Compared to the negative experiences of these children, the positive ones seem mild indeed. Boys tossing stones at a family of frogs are persuaded to cease, having realized that "sometimes we do not think that our fun might hurt someone else" (Dolch 155). The boy wanting some filberts from a jar finds that he cannot withdraw his fist full of nuts from the jar, but that he is still able to get the nuts he desires by taking fewer into his hand at a time (Dolch 62). The best of the positive experiences probably belongs to Andy in James Daugherty's Andy and the Lion, who re-enacts in a twentieth-century setting the old story of Androcles.

Some of the positive stories employ trickery. A Russian fable entitled "Two Friends" makes two young boys the major characters in a story Aesop tells about two men. The boys, boasting to each other about their courage, go into the woods. There a bear comes toward them. One boy scrambles to the top of tree; the other falls on the ground and plays dead. Ignoring the boy in the tree, the bear sniffs closely at the one on the ground, nuzzling the boy's face before leaving without harming him. To the boy in the tree, the bear seems to be talking to the boy on the ground. "What did the bear say?" he asks. His companion replies that the bear told him not to choose as a companion in the woods one who climbs trees faster than squirrels (Ginsberg 20). In Aesop's "The Husbandman and His Sons," a dying farmer tells his sons that all he has to leave them is to be found in the vineyards. Searching for buried treasure, they plow the land deep, turn the earth over, break up clods--and produce bumper crops, thereby proving their father's words and learning that hard work sometimes brings rewards (La Fontaine 109). In "The Farmer, His Boy, and the Rooks," the farmer is guarding his newly planted fields from the rooks. When he says "slingshot," the boy provides him with the deadly instrument. But soon the rooks learn the word too and fly off at the word before the farmer can kill any of them. The father arranges a new signal with the boy, "Humph." Many of the rooks now die. The others avoid the field, complaining that human beings "have a way of saying one thing and meaning another that has been the death of several of our poor friends" (Jones 163).

Through experiences pleasant or unpleasant, most of the major child characters in fables do learn their lessons. Occasionally, however, a character simply ignores the lesson supposedly learned from the experience. In Aesop's "The Bundle of Sticks," a farmer who is worried about his sons' quarrels asks each son to break a bundle of sticks. None can do so. Taking the bundle apart, the father shows how easily the sticks may be broken when separated from each other, hoping to show his sons the strength in unity. Aesop does not say whether or not the sons took the message to heart (Junior Library 122). La Fontaine does. Stating that he has added "touches of my own" to the story, La Fontaine follows the boys to adulthood, their father's death, the problems arising as the inheritance is settled, and the ensuing behavior of the sons until in the end "Bankruptcy proved what had been shown them at the start,/ That tied sheaves none could break can be splintered when apart (La Fontaine 94-95).

Only rarely does a child character in the ancient fables outwit an adult. In Aesop's "The Thief and the Boy," a boy is playing happily by a well when a thief appears. The boy immediately begins crying loudly, claiming he has lost a valuable cup down the well. Offering to help, the thief strips off his clothes and descends into the well, planning of course to keep the cup for himself. Going deeper and deeper and getting colder and colder, he finally gives up and ascends, only to find that the boy is gone and so are the thief's clothes. The moral appended to the story is, "Trying to outsmart a neighbor,/ You may be outsmarted" (Junior Library 188). In the Russian fable of "The Lion, the Fish, and the Man" a fish warns a lion that men are very dangerous. The lion has never seen a man and goes in search of one. Meeting a little boy, the lion asks if he is a man. "No, not for a long time," replies the boy. Leaving him alone, the lion continues on his way until he does indeed find a man, a soldier, who also tricks him into becoming an easy target for the soldier's gun (La Fontaine 39).

The clearest examples of fable children's outwitting their elders to gain desired ends come from the pens of Florence Parry Heide and Sylvia Worth Van Clief. With a title that serves as a parental warning label, they tell children Fables You Should Not Pay Any Attention To. Typical of the stories is "Genevieve." All the other children in the family take good care of their toys, putting them away carefully after each use. They also change from good clothes to play clothes when they come in from school or an outing. Not Genevieve. Her toys are rusted, broken, or lost; her clothes are dirty, stained, or torn. When Christmas comes, the other children need nothing and receive very little. Genevieve, however, receives all new clothes and toys. Lest the reader not grasp the fable's point, Genevieve states it clearly as she rides her new bike around the block: "Carelessness pays" (Heide 13). Equally clear are the morals of other fables in the book: it pays to be selfish, greedy, lazy, and discontented--and to know when and when not to tell the truth.

The Fable Child's Image in Pictures

Fable illustrators tend to picture children as audience, as incidental parts of a larger group, or as characters at a particular moment of the plot. Walter Crane's Baby's Own Aesop suggests the importance of children as audience: Crane's book jacket shows a Greek-clad toddler knocking at the door of Aesop's fables. The front matter includes several pictures of children, including one of a child, book in lap, surrounded by fable animals. On the cover of Margaret Clark's twentieth century book of Aesop's fables, a child sandwiched between a lion and a rabbit is obviously the audience for the tales all three are reading from that book, The Best of Aesop's Fables. The same child appears on the dedication page.

Typical of the child depicted as an incidental part of a larger group is Mitsumasa Anno's illustration for "The Fortune Teller" in Anno's Aesop. It shows a young boy and girl looking at the fortune teller's wagon; they are simply part of the village crowd (46). Again, in Anno's "The Grasshopper and the

Ants," a family, including a child, is pictured playing and dancing in their house (26-27).

Other illustrators choose particular bits of action to portray: when the milkpail falls from the milkmaid's head (Dolch 8, Junior Library 11), when a by-stander scolds the miller and his son on the donkey (Mathais 60, Junior Library 53), when the money-lender's son is kidnapped (Upadhyay 10), when Andy pulls the thorn from the lion's paw (Daugherty 43, n. pag.), or when Genevieve rides her new bike and advises one and all that "It pays to be careless" (Heide 13).

But Mitsumasa Anno uses children in another way. Anno allows Mr. Fox, the narrator of the story, to incorporate children into his own fables, giving them major roles. Mr. Fox, reading to his son Freddy, reads only the pictures, so his stories seldom match the small print prose of Aesop's tale that accompanies each picture. Sometimes, in fact, two or three of Aesop's stories get folded into one of Mr. Fox's. For example, Mr. Fox reads the illustrations from two fables that have no reference to children ("The Bandit and the Mulberry Tree" and "The Walnut Tree") and uncovers a story that does. In his story, children gather walnuts to feed the bandit tied to the mulberry tree (50-51).

Anno and Mr. Fox make their most unusual use of children in the full-page illustration for Aesop's "The Farmer and his Animals" and later in the facing illustrations for "The Cat and the Mice" and "The House Mouse and the Field Mouse." In the first, a farmer and his wife roast a pig on a spit as other farm animals stand around. No child is in the picture. Mr. Fox announces, nonetheless, that a baby girl has been born into the family, that her name is Emily, and that "Right now Emily is sleeping in the house" (38-39). Twenty pages later, with no intervening mention of Emily or her family, Mr. Fox exclaims, "Look how big Emily has grown!" (58-59) The illustration depicts the interior of the house shown for the earlier fable; it is presumably also home for the mice in the two Aesop fables told on that page. Emily is a small figure in the lower right part of the picture. Mr. Fox comments that she is an excellent audience for her grandpa's stories and so brings us full circle to where we began--with children as audience for the fables.

Conclusion

For a genre that has consistently been considered children's literature, fables themselves are strikingly devoid of children. Fable children are all but indistinguishable from adults: mostly middle-class folk of varied age, status, and intelligence. Could this be part of the fables' appeal to children over the centuries? Perhaps. For in fables, children encounter a world in which the distinction between adults and children is seldom important, and in which, as La Fontaine points out, "the lowliest creature may be a schoolmaster" (La Fontaine 118).

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Hansel and Gretel as Abandoned Children: Timeless Images for a Postmodern Age

The image of the abandoned child has a long genealogy in Western literature. Our common cultural heritage includes the stories of baby Moses left floating in the bulrushes and the founding of Rome by the orphans Romulus and Remus. We remember learning in school how the Spartans exposed female and weak male babies to the elements, letting only the strongest survive to join their warrior society. John Boswell has provided a more scholarly account of the extent to which children were abandoned by their parents in Western Europe from late antiquity to the Renaissance in The Kindness of Strangers, concluding that it was a ubiquitous practice, institutionalized in many social arrangements, documented in legal records, often celebrated in literature of the period. More recently, the abandoned child appeared as a continuing motif in the didactic literature for children of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A striking example is Babes in the Woods, which appeared first as a broadside ballad, then as a chapbook, and achieved respectability in a picture book by Randolph Caldecott in 1879, in spite of Sarah Trimmer's claim that it was unfit for children (Carpenter 111).

The abandoned child also figures in folk literature. "Abandoned or exposed children" is one of the motifs listed under the classification "Unnatural Cruelty" in Stith Thompson's "Motif Index of Folk-Literature" (409). Among the folk tale characters most familiar to American children are Snow White, ordered killed by her stepmother; Cinderella, abused if not physically abandoned; and of course, Hansel and Gretel, left to die in the woods by their father and stepmother. My intent in this paper is to focus on "Hansel and Gretel," examining its meaning and relevance to contemporary children. After reviewing the most pertinent critical analyses of this story by contemporary scholars, I will examine four illustrated versions of the story published within the last thirty years.

"Hansel and Gretel," one of the tales collected by the Grimm brothers, is an example of a common type of European tale in which children fall into the hands of an ogre, tale type 327A in the Aarne-Thompson classification scheme (Thompson 481). The story outline is familiar: a woodcutter and his wife (sometimes identified as the children's stepmother) have fallen on hard times. The wife suggests that the children be left to fend for themselves in the woods. Hansel hears the parents planning this and gathers pebbles, which he drops along the way as the children are led deep into the forest. As the moon shines on the pebbles, he is able to lead his sister Gretel home again. When the parents again take the children into the forest, they prevent

Hansel from taking pebbles. This time he leaves crumbs of bread along the path. When he tries to follow the bread crumbs home, he discovers that birds have eaten them; and the children are now truly lost. A bird leads the children to a charming house made of cakes and other sweet things. Here the witch entices the children in to eat, then imprisons Hansel, intending to fatten him up before she eats him. Hansel outwits the myopic witch by showing her a bone instead of a finger when she asks to see how fat he is getting. At last, the witch decides to eat him anyway and lights the fire. Gretel succeeds in pushing the witch into the oven, and the children escape, taking with them the treasure which the witch has hidden in her home. A duck leads them across a river and back to their home, where the father now lives alone and welcomes the children back in a happy reunion (Opie 238-44).

Much of the critical commentary on this melodramatic and fanciful tale has emphasized its psychological content. Bruno Bettelheim, of course, is the standard source for psychoanalytic interpretations of the classic European folk tales. In The Uses of Enchantment, he has popularized his idea that fairy tales convey meaning to children, helping children deal with their unconscious, including the dark side of their nature. Like the child's own view of the world, fairy tales polarize the world into good and evil, black and white. Acknowledging that folk tales are also works of literary art, Bettelheim points out that their psychological effects operate at a subconscious level. He writes, "Fairy tales enrich the child's life and give it an enchanted quality just because he does not quite know how the stories have worked their wonder on him" (19). Bettelheim comments at considerable length about the particular wondrous effect that "Hansel and Gretel" works on young readers or listeners. Bettelheim sees "Hansel and Gretel" as a kind of coming-of-age story, in which the children learn effective ways of dealing with the world (159-66). It is a voyage of self-discovery in which the children learn the follies of regression and denial and discover the empowerment of self-reliance and independence.

At a still more abstract level, the child learns from fairy tales like this one how to use symbols to work through psychological struggles. Thus, the gingerbread house is an image that works powerfully on the minds of children. Bettelheim points out that the child recognizes at a conscious level that he, too, like Hansel and Gretel, would be tempted to eat up the delicious house. At an unconscious level, the child absorbs the symbolism of the house, as the image for the satisfaction of the most primitive desires, for the attractive temptation of oral greediness. As Bettelheim goes on to say, "The fairy tale is the primer from which the child learns to read his mind in the language of images, the only language which permits understanding before intellectual maturity has been achieved" (161).

Like Bettelheim, Maria Tatar finds power in the symbolism inherent in "Hansel and Gretel." She notes that the story occurs in a supernatural realm that invites interpretation. The plot itself is spare: X threatens Y, who is weaker than X; Y turns the tables on X and emerges victorious. In its simplicity, it invites multiple readings and personal interpretation. She finds it interesting that the framework to the central action in this story is realistic, if melodramatic. The abandonment of the children is plausible; their reunion with their father is described realistically. Only while the children are in the forest do the events occur in a fantastic arena (Tatar 49-52). Jack Zipes also notes the importance of the forest in the Grimms' tales. He writes, "The forest allows for enchantment and disenchantment, for it is the place where society's conventions no holder hold true. It is the source of natural right, thus the starting place where social wrongs can be righted" (45). Ruth Bottigheimer elaborates: "The forest embodies and expresses noncommunity and thus, harbors egregious creatures like witches, as in 'Hansel and Gretel'" (102).

Looking at the historical context in which "Hansel and Gretel" was first told to the Grimms, Tatar notes that:

> . . . child abandonment--along with infanticide--was not so uncommon a practice among the poor as to make its fictional portrayal appear more sensationalistic than realistic. And given the high mortality rate for women during their childbearing years, a stepmother in the household (and a hostile one at that) came perilously close to counting as the rule rather than the exception. (49-50)

One could make a convincing argument that child abandonment continues today as a practice in the United States, citing, for example, the evidence of crack babies who are left behind in hospital nurseries by their addicted mothers or the increasing numbers of children waiting for foster homes, thus providing a continuing historical relevance to this folktale. What I propose to do instead, however, is to compare four contemporary illustrated versions, one published in each of the last four decades, teasing out the author/illustrators' intent or interpretation of the story and the possible contemporary child reader's response to each.

Nibble Nibble Mousekin is Joan Walsh Anglund's illustrated 1962 retelling of the folktale. The title page is encircled with a border of strawberry plants and shows the children--with the trademark Anglund faces of wideset dots for eyes and no mouths or noses--having a picnic with a white cloth spread on a lush green lawn dotted by those decorative (and presumably nonpoisonous) toadstools, a ubiquitous design motif in the early 1960s. The children sit under a spreading tree whose thick undifferentiated pastel foliage droops down comfortingly. The gingerbread house (paired with more of those ubiquitous toadstools) figures as an element of the title typography. There is no indication that this story might have a dark or frightening side; all is sweetness and light, including a bright yellow sun, drawn as young children often do as a circle with rays coming out of it. The title itself is cute and comforting, with its diminutive of mouse.

The story opens with the usual background information that these were hard times, with not enough to eat. There is little in the accompanying illustration to back this up except for the patches on Hansel's breeches and Gretel's apron. As the story continues, the father is presented as strong in body but perhaps somewhat weak in wit, as he gives in to the "selfish stepmother." His part in the abandonment is left ambiguous; the stepmother claims they are only going to the woods to gather berries so the children will not be hungry. It is never explicit in the text that the children are deliberately left behind; they simply find themselves "lost," without their parents. In spite of this apparent ellipsis in the plot itself, the pictures make clear that the stepmother is wicked, with her long, pointed nose and evil smile, while the father looks merely sorrowful. The children are passive figures; Hansel just happens to have pebbles in his pocket which he drops to leave a trail. There is no forethought to his actions, and this is consistent with the lack of apparent foresight in the parents' leaving the children in the woods.

The Anglund woods are indeed deep and dark, with gnarled roots and branches reaching to ensnare the innocent children, but the gingerbread house is delectable. "Its roof dripped with thick white frosting, and it sparkled with gum drops and peppermint sticks. Its chimney was a cookie, and the windows were clear sugar. To the hungry children it looked delicious." Indeed. The witch, who bears an unmistakable physical resemblance to the stepmother, beckons to the children with a wee little voice:

"Nibble nibble mousekin,
Who's nibbling at my housekin."

The children are absorbed with their eating and ignore the voice until the witch opens the door and confronts them. She soothes their fears in "a voice as sweet as honey" and offers them all the traditional good things to eat--pancakes and honey, milk, apples, and nuts. The abundance of goodies overflows, spilling onto the accompanying page--cupcakes, candy canes, hot cross buns, and decorated pies. The child reader is not allowed to be fooled, however, because the narrator reveals: "For this old woman, who pretended to be so sweet and kind, was really a mean and crafty old witch who had built that sweet, sugary cottage on purpose to catch little children and pop them into her oven and make a grand feast of them."

The witch reveals her intentions soon enough, dragging Hansel off to a cage where he is locked up to be fattened into a "plump, tasty meal." Gretel bursts into tears, but she must do as the witch orders. There is little to prepare for her sudden insight when the witch tries to trick her into testing the oven, but Gretel does guess what the witch has in mind and succeeds in pushing the witch herself into the oven. As the children flee from the gingerbread house with their pockets full of the gold and treasure which they find lying around, who should they see but their father, "who had been searching day and night for his lost children." There is a joyous reunion, made even happier by the revelation that the stepmother had run away, "frightened by the evil things she had done."

Anglund's retelling denies much of the psychological content attributed to the story by Bettelheim and in its effort to edit out the more unsavory elements leaves much of the action apparently unmotivated. Evil is replaced by ugliness, clearly a dreaded quality in Anglund's cloyingly cute world. The intent is evidently to spare children any unpleasantness they might associate with the story. I have talked to children, however, who are disturbed by the truncated features of the children--"How do they talk? How do they breathe?" This is perhaps a version more for adults who do not trust children's abilities to handle frightening or unpleasant realities than one to which children would turn by choice.

Adrienne Adams' Hansel and Gretel (1972) takes place in a more conventional folktale landscape. The title page identifies that landscape--the small cottage, the family, and the thick woodland, its trees bare of all leaves, all against a deep blue sky. In the first illustration we see clearly that times were indeed hard; the parents lie sleepless in their bed, their gaunt faces reflecting their worry.

The stepmother is more overt here in her plot to abandon the children: "They will never find their way home, and so we'll be rid of them." The father objects but gives in unhappily when his wife calls him a fool. Hansel is presented from the first as a responsible lad who promises to take good care of his sister, gathering pebbles with foresight. The woods in which the children are abandoned are indeed deep and dark, but the pebbles gleam in the moonlight, leading them home. Adams retains the motif of the helpful birds, focusing a half-page illustration on the white bird that leads them to the witch's house, less cloyingly delectable than Anglund's; it is made out of brown bread and cookies. The children are not tempted by its sweetness but by its promise of nourishment. "Here is where we ought to pitch right in," says Hansel, "and have ourselves a good meal." The witch, when she appears, is an old woman, leaning on a crutch, dressed in the conventional pointed black hat and long black gown of a fairy-tale witch, with a wart on her long, pointed nose and scraggly gray hair. She entices the children with clean white sheets in two beautiful little beds as well as with a delicious meal. The narrator does not telegraph the witch's evil to the reader; she merely describes the woman's actions--locking Hansel in a shed, shaking Gretel awake and putting her to work, feeding Hansel the best food, leaving the shells for Gretel.

When the witch finally announces that she will eat Hansel no matter how fat or thin he is, Gretel bursts into tears. She is the little sister, after all. Yet she, too, has her moment of heroism when she sees through the witch's stratagem and tricks the old woman into entering the oven herself. The witch howls as the fire burns, and the narrator tells us that it was really gruesome. But Gretel is unmoved and runs to free her brother.

The children realize the value of the treasures in the witch's house; "these are even better than the pebbles," says Hansel. They make their way out of the forest until they come to the wide river that figures in traditional tellings of this story. Their reactions are consistent with their sensible, practical responses to earlier trials. Hansel observes that there are no bridges or even planks on which they may cross. Gretel notices the lack of ferryboats but points out that they might ask the white duck that is swimming there if it will help them across. She also admonishes Hansel when he suggests that they both climb on the duck's back. "No," she says, "it would be too heavy for the little duck. It will have to take us over one at a time." The duck does, against the brilliant blue sky of the title page. The children find their way home to the usual joyous reunion with their father; the wife has died while the children were away. "And so all their troubles were over at last, and they lived together in perfect happiness."

Adams' retelling is true to the traditional versions of the story, and her visual interpretations tend to emphasize the symbolic content, particularly that of the forest. Much is made of the vastness of the blue sky and the openness of the clearing around the children's home while the forest, by contrast, is not only dark but thick with trees which crowd even the witch's house. The forest--the setting for the more surreal aspects of the story--is dense, opaque and nearly impenetrable, while the everyday world of home is light and bright and clear. The people who inhabit this world remain indistinct in the illustrations; but the children come alive in the text as sensible, competent survivors, much like the protagonists that Bettelheim describes. The witch is a conventional figure, with visual cues that most children can recognize as being properly witch-like. She is not confused in the text or the illustrations with the stepmother; she is clearly the witch, nothing more and nothing less. This is a satisfying story for most children, retaining its "once upon a time" qualities while endowing its young hero and heroine with reassuring survival skills that would be useful in any number of tough situations.

Anthony Browne's controversial 1981 rendering of Hansel and Gretel, on the other hand, does not take place in the conventional landscape of fairy tales. Its setting lies somewhere in between the contemporary world of Maggie Thatcher's England and the surreal landscapes of Salvador Dali. The title page suggests the central theme of this telling, with its stark typography on a white page with a thin black border. The sole illustration is a square cage containing a white bird on a swing. This is a story about imprisonment, loss of liberty, and betrayal.

The text opens with the usual declaration of the family's poverty. Indeed, the situation in this contemporary living room is bleak. The mother stares blankly at a TV screen while the father and two children sit at a table. He is reading a newspaper, perhaps looking at the employment ads. Hansel stares at the table; Gretel looks at her father. The wallpaper hangs in shreds; the light bulb is bare; the tablecloth is torn. The rug is soiled and stained; a doll (dressed like Gretel in a striped dress) lies face down on the floor, foreshadowing the children's fate. Later, we see the children and their parents asleep in the same room, reflected in the mirror of a dresser littered with the mother's cosmetics; her stockings and underwear hang out of the opened drawers. The children's real mother, not a stepmother, is slovenly as well as unloving. She is also verbally abusive, calling the children "lazybones" as she awakens them in the morning and belittling Hansel as an idiot when he lags behind on the way to the forest. The forest has no leaves, only the twisted trunks and branches of trees and red and white toadstools, as clearly poisonous as Anglund's were benign.

Browne's Hansel is as resourceful as Adams' young hero. Hearing his parents talk about their plans, he prepares to take care of his sister by gathering pebbles in the moonlight. He comforts his sister when the children find themselves left behind by their parents and leads her home when the moonlight shines on the pebbles, as he had known it would. They are met at home by the sight of their mother staring at them through the barred window of the door, with the wilderness of the forest reflected behind her unwelcoming face. That night, Hansel looks out from that same window, trapped behind the door that his mother has locked to prevent him from collecting the life-saving pebbles. Later, the children's first glimpse of the witch will be through the barred window of the gingerbread house, her weak eyes squinting and her thin mouth stretched in a frown. Later still, their reunion with their father will take place in the frame of the open door of their home.

The Browne children are allowed to show emotions. In the opening illustration, Gretel looks at her father with concern and empathy, while Hansel appears depressed and remote. Abandoned in the forest with no resources to get them out, the brother and sister look worried. The caged Hansel is the very figure of despair. And the last illustration, although showing only one arm of each child around the back of their father, resonates with relief.

Browne is clearly mining the story for every ounce of psychological gold, with a trace of social commentary as well. It is possible that by placing his story too unambiguously in the present, he is sabotaging his own attempt to emphasize the dark emotional content. If Bettelheim is right, children read the emotional subtext subconsciously. By bringing the emotional content to the surface for an overt reading, he may be denying it the very power that he intends to convey. This story moves out of the realm of the fairy tale and into the sphere of social realism. It becomes a story about one real family rather than a story about timeless universal truths.

The final story for consideration is also the most recent, Hansel and Gretel, retold and illustrated by James Marshall in 1990. While retaining all of the basic plot elements of the traditional tale, Marshall has created a new reading through his inventive, cartoonish illustrations. Looking at this title page, we see the familiar elements--trees, the usual toadstools, the white bird, and the two rosy-cheeked children dressed in peasant clothes. Gretel is a plump, little dough-faced child, sitting primly on a stack of logs with her hands crossed in her lap and/a wide-brimmed hat on her head. Hansel leans against a tree in his leather, laced vest and tattered breeches, barefooted and reading a book. He is nearly laughing out loud; here is a boy who is on to something.

Again, the opening scene raises questions. The woodcutter is described as poor, and the house is certainly humble, but the father and children look happy. Only the mother appears dissatisfied, with her little piggy eyes and furrowed brow; but she is immensely fat and eating an apple with her great buck teeth. Times cannot be that bad! Family dynamics are established more clearly on the next page. This must be the stepmother; she refers to Hansel and Gretel as "those wretched children of yours" when she talks to her husband. The woodcutter is a wimp "afraid of his wife's ferocious temper." Gretel knows what is happening. "She doesn't like us," she says. Hansel denies this, but he does not mean it.

As this family marches off into the forest, Hansel is confident and sassy, dropping pebbles along the path like a good fairy-tale hero. Yet he looks genuinely scared as he and Gretel sit alone in the woods. Again Gretel is the character who voices the unpleasant reality: "Are you frightened?" she asks. "Of course not," Hansel replies. Later, when the children return home after their first night in the forest, the father holds out his arms. The mother raises her hands, saying, "We thought you were *never* coming back!" Hansel looks unconvinced, while Gretel just looks happy to be home.

Marshall's witch house is an obscenity of sugar confections. Although the text describes the children's activities in the usual way, with Hansel breaking off a piece of the roof and Gretel eating a piece of the sugar window, the pictures present another story. Hansel appears to have a stomach ache, and Gretel is eating her candy as if under penalty of death. Both children look miserable. The witch is as fat as their stepmother, but she is clearly a different woman. Her nose is a long pointed affair with a green tip, while their mother's is like a pig's snout. Both women have unnaturally pink cheeks and red rosebud lips. The witch has the added attraction of green fingernail polish. Dopey Hansel likes this pretty witch. "She's nice," he says. "Hmmm," says Gretel. When the witch shows her true colors and locks Hansel in a Victorian birdcage, Gretel shows her spunk: "You let my brother out!" she cries. We're not surprised when she is successful in luring the witch to the blazing oven and giving her a tremendous shove; we knew that this child had unexpected reserves. Even Hansel has to admit it: "What a clever little sister I have!" he cries.

Marshall's telling ends with the trip across the river--this duck carries both children easily--and Gretel's spotting of their father's house in the distance. The final picture shows Gretel, festooned with jewels gathered in the witch's home, sitting on her father's lap. She seems to be looking at Hansel. The father closes his eyes and smiles contentedly. He wears a large ring from the witch's booty on one hand. Hansel, also draped with jewels and wearing a bracelet on one ankle stands with one hand on his father's axe. The white bird sits on his head. He looks confidently out of the page, inviting the reader to share his good fortune or the next good adventure that happens to come along.

Marshall's juxtaposition of traditional folktale elements with comic book visuals and contemporary dialogue is an appropriately postmodern approach for children of the 1990s. His treatment of Hansel and Gretel indeed uses "traditional forms in ironic or displaced ways to treat perennial themes," one of the defining themes of postmodern writing, according to Christopher Jencks (7). There is a self-consciousness about this approach to folklore that makes it particularly accessible to self-consciously hip and sophisticated kids. They can laugh at it, get the jokes, distance themselves from its "childishness"--and still allow themselves to experience its appeal, to work its wondrous effect on them. In its pastiche of traditional folklore and tongue-in-cheek, humorous illustrations, Marshall's Hansel and Gretel approaches the parody that Frederic Jameson describes in "Postmodernism and Consumer Society" as an irresistible urge in postmodern literature. This Hansel blunders through the story much like Bart Simpson blunders through his TV episodes, meaning well, screwing up, putting on the best face in a bad situation. How children love the bravado of this "underachiever--and proud of it."

Many children must feel like Hansel and Bart Simpson as they go about their lives in a world that careens about them apparently out of control. Even the adults do not seem to have it under control. The woodcutter cannot protect his children from abandonment in the woods; Homer Simpson cannot protect his son from the arbitrary decisions of the school principal; and some American parents cannot protect their children from drive-by shootings. None of us can protect our children from knowing about a terrible war in the Persian Gulf or assure them with certainty that they are absolutely safe. James Marshall and Matt Groening are on to something; maybe humor is the best defense if one is absolutely powerless otherwise. Their image of the child as a sweet smart aleck, hip but vulnerable, rejecting the authority that has in so many ways rejected him, is as up-to-the minute as the nightly news. In Postmodernist Culture, Steven Connor discusses the difficulty of understanding the contemporary. How can we really understand contemporary events without the hindsight of historical perspective? The question in itself reflects a postmodern concern; it is only recently that we have questioned our ability to interpret the present. Is this because the present is so complex and fragmented today? Children today certainly have more to absorb in order to figure out what is going on in their world than they did in earlier generations. Cable television brings them a war happening 6,000 miles away as it happens as well as the latest rock videos.

It could be argued that these postmodern kids need the timeless truths of fairy tales more than ever, and the relevance of Hansel and Gretel most of all. If so, they have these many versions to choose from in their local libraries. Anglund's retelling is too sappy; the blood's been sucked out of it, leaving only the sticky surface of the story. Adams' edition would appeal to some: it looks "right" for a German fairy tale, and all the traditional elements are left intact. Browne might strike too close to home for many children; its emotional truths are too naked and raw. And then there's James Marshall, right on target for the media-blitzed, sweet and savvy children of the '90s.

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Abstracts

Isaac Bashevis Singer's Image of Himself as a Child

Rarely has an author left as comprehensive an image of his culture as has Isaac Bashevis Singer. Rarely has an author left as vivid an image of childhood as he has, and rarely has an author's work been as globally praised. A good deal of what Singer has written about in his fourteen books for children is autobiographical. In surveying his cultural and familial roots as he portrays them in his tales, this essay asks whether foreshadowings of his commitment to writing, as well as some of the characteristics of his storytelling ability, can be found. The answer is yes.

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Two Newbery Winners Not in the Child's Image: Hitty, Her First Hundred Years and Miss Hickory

Unlike many other doll stories, the two narratives considered here, both Newbery Medal winners--Rachel Field's Hitty, Her First Hundred Years (1929) and Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's Miss Hickory (1946)--ask child readers to respond to protagonists not in their own image: animated adult female dolls. In doing so these texts manage to project two quite different models of the female alone in the world: one developing a successful independent subjectivity; the other partaking of the "feminine mystique" in its merging with nature. This paper both examines the formal persuasive devices in these stories and speculates about cultural intertexuality in the Newbery Medal Committee's choices for 1930 and 1947.

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Repetitions: Oral and Written Story
"The Fisherman and His Wife"

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The Invisible Child in the Works of Tormod Haugen

By using the metaphor of the invisible child, Tormod Haugen, the 1990 recipient of the Hans Christian Andersen Medal, attempts to make visible adults' and society's disregard for the child's individuality and integrity, and the oppression of the child's emotional needs.

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Workshops, Special Sessions, and Panels

Children and the Future Seminar
- Discussion Leaders:
  - Nancy Huse
  - Lissa Paul
  - Lois R. Kuznets
- Guest: Aidan Chambers
- Lois R. Kuznets, Chair

Workshop: The Child(ren) We Teach
- DuBose DeVore, "Primary Students in Today's Classrooms"
- M. Sarah Smedman, "The Child(ren) I Teach: Phantasms Haunting My Children's Literature Courses"
- Wanda Hartwigsen, "Child(ren) I Teach: Phantasms Haunting Whole Group Instruction"
- Nancy Huse, "The Child(ren) We Teach: Phantasms Haunting Our Curricula"
- Nancy Huse, Chair

Phoenix Award Committee
- Agnes Perkins, "What Jessica Doesn't Say"
- Millicent Lenz, "Towards a Female Heroic: Ursula LeGuin's The Tombs of Atuan"
- Kathy Piehl, "Cold Lives and Landscapes: Dual Realities in William Mayne's A Game of Dark"
- Alethea Helbig, "Social Consciousness and Provincialism in Jane Gardam's Bilgewater and The Hollow Land"
- Alethea Helbig, Chair

Special Session: Depraved to Misbehaved
- M. Sarah Smedman, "'When She's Bad, She's Horrid': A Composite of Pariarchy's Bad Girl Emergent from Eighteenth-Century Conduct Books"
- Mark I. West, "Infant Depravity Revisited: The Portrayal of Children in John S. C. Abbott's The Child at Home"
- Daniel Shealy, "'The Wicked Wretch Quite Devoid of Grace': The Image of the Disobedient Child in 'The Prodigal Daughter'"
- Priscilla Ord, chair

Panel: International Images of the Child
- Lois Rauch Gibson, "Recent Swiss Children's Books"
- Caroline Hunt, "Russian Children's Books"
- Greta D. Little and Ania Matlak, "Children's Books in Poland"
- Greta D. Little, Chair

Panel: Multiculturalism

William Moebius, "Comparative Literature and Multiculturalism"

Donnarae MacCann, "Historiography and Multiculturalism"

Meena Khorana, "Definitions of Multiculturalism, Theoretical Approaches to Gaining Acceptance of Texts, and Implications for the Minority and Majority Populace"

Karen Patricia Smith, "Reader Response: Theoretical Approaches, the Child and the Text"

Karen Patricia Smith, Chair

Panel: Infans: Representing the Voice of the Child

Suzanne Rahn, "The Changing Language of Black Child Characters"

M. Sarah Smedman, "'I Stand on the Earth and I Sing': Conciliation of Conflict Between Native Eskimo and Modern Worlds"

Elizabeth Goodenough, Chair